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TWO PRINCIPLES IN RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

I.

NOT very long ago, — some twenty-five or thirty years, — there reached our fiction a creative movement that must be identified as a wave of what is known in the art of the world as the Feminine Principle. But what are three essential characteristics of the Feminine Principle wherever and whenever it may have made its appearance as a living influence in a living literature? They are Refinement, Delicacy, Grace. Usually, and markedly in the case now to be considered, it will put forth three other characteristics, closely akin to the foregoing and strictly deducible from them: Smallness, Rarity, Tact.

Each of these two groups of characteristics applies to the Feminine Principle in determining the material it shall choose no less than the methods it shall employ upon the material it may have chosen. Thus, whenever a writer has passed under its control, and, being so controlled, begins to look over human life for the particular portion of truth that he shall lay hold upon as the peculiar property of his art, he invariably selects the things that have been subdued by refinement, the things that have been moulded by delicacy, the things that invite by grace, the things that secrete some essence of the rare, the things that exhibit the faultless circumspection toward all the demeanors of the world that make up the supremely feminine quality of tact. And when, having

chosen any or all of these things, he thereupon looks within himself for some particular method to which they shall be mated during transformation from the loose materials of life to the constructive materials of his art, he invariably and most reasonably selects the method that answers to them as their natural counterpart: that is, to things refined he will apply only a method of refinement, to things delicate a method of delicacy; he will treat with grace the things that are graceful, he will invest things minute with their due minuteness; what is rare he will not despoil of its rarity, in what is tactful he will preserve the fitting tact. The Feminine Principle, then, is twofold in its operation and significance: it is a law of selection, it is a law of treatment. Like the real Woman it is, if it once be allowed to have its will, it must have its way.

Having thus reached our literature as a tidal wave might reach the coast of our country, it proceeded to spread abroad this law of choice and this law of method. It brought certain American novelists and short-story writers of that day under its domination, and they, being thus dominated, at once began to lay sympathetic fingers on certain refined fibres of our civilization, and to weave therefrom astonishingly refined fabrics; they sought the coverts where some of the more delicate elements of our national life escaped the lidless eye of publicity, and paid their delicate tributes to these; on the clumsy canvases of our

tumultuous democracy they watched to see where some solitary being or group of beings described lines of living grace, and with grace they detached these and transferred them to the enduring canvases of letters; they found themselves impelled to look for the minute things of our humanity, and having gathered these, to polish them, carve them, compose them into minute structures with minutest elaboration; they were inexorably driven across wide fields of the obvious in order to reach some strip of territory that would yield the rare; and while doing all things else, they never omitted from the scope of their explorations those priceless veins of gold from which human nature perpetually adorns itself for the mere comity of living.

When this law of selection and this law of method had been rigorously enforced for some years, the result declared itself in a body of American novels and short stories, — quite definite, quite new, quite unlike anything we had produced before, and to us of quite inestimable value. In the main and for a while the world of critics and the world of readers were surprised, were delighted, were grateful, — though perhaps never grateful enough. Here, beyond question, was a literature of the imagination that embodied certain fixed, indispensable elements of our common humanity; here was a literature that embodied certain fresh and characteristic elements of our New World ways; and here, whether concerning itself about the one or about the other, here was a literature that held itself fast, and that held us fast, to those primary standards of good taste, good thought, and good breeding which we can no more afford to do without in our novels than we can afford to do without them in our lives.

But for the reason that the work of the Feminine Principle is always definite in any art, and was very definite here, it was of necessity so far partial, so far inadequate and disappointing, when viewed as a full portrayal of American civilization;

and very soon, therefore, this department of our fiction began to encounter, and more and more to provoke, that temper of dissatisfaction with which the human spirit must in the end regard every expression of itself that is not complete. Any complete expression of itself in any art the human spirit can of course never and nowhere have. The very law of its own existence is the law of constant growth and change, so that what is most true of it to-day will be most false to-morrow. But though doomed never to attain anything like complete expression, it is none the less doomed forever to strive toward it; and thus its entire history throughout the centuries behind us is a long restless passage from one art to another art, and within each art from one phase of that art to another phase of that art, — always disappointed of entire self-realization, yet always hoping for the full peace of the millennial ages.

This universal, this eternal, this perfectly natural temper of dissatisfaction, having turned upon the operations of the Feminine Principle in our fiction and upon the works it had produced, began to discredit them for what they were never meant to be, to upbraid them for the lack of what they could not possibly contain. Refinement, it objected, is a good quality as far as it goes; but if you left out of American fiction everything that was not refined, you left out most of the things of value that were truly American. Delicacy, — yes; but there was something better than delicacy, — Strength. Grace, — true; yet of how little value are things graceful, in the United States, as compared with a thousand and one that are clumsy or misshapen, but that are vital! The little things of our human nature and of our national society, — are they to be preferred to the large things? As for the rare, give us rather the daily bread of the indispensable. And regarding the matter of tact, — that ceaseless state of being on guard, of holding one's self in

and holding one's self back, and of seeing that not a drop overflows the artistic banks, — have done with it and away with it! Let us try for a while the literary virtues and the literary materials of less self-consciousness, of larger self-abandonment, and thus impart to our fiction the free, the uncaring, the tremendous fling and swing that are the very genius of our time and spirit.

Dropping for a moment the subject of this plea and of this reaction, and returning to the further consideration of the work of the Feminine Principle, the writer is of the opinion that it wrought for American literature at least one service to be universally acknowledged as of the highest value. Out of those same characteristics, — out of all that delicacy, that refinement, that grace, that minute and patient and loving toil over little things, that sense of rarity and that sense of tact, — out of all these things valued as standards and as ends, the Feminine Principle became for us, as a nation of imaginative writers, the beneficent Mother of Good Prose.

Before it began its work, the literature of our fiction was well-nigh barren of names that stood accepted both at home and abroad as those of masters of style. There was Irving, there was Hawthorne, there was Poe: who, with the assurance that his claim would everywhere pass unchallenged, could add to these a fourth? More significant still, there prevailed no universal either conscious or unconscious recognition of style as an attainment vitally inseparable from the writing of any acceptable American short story or any acceptable American novel. Now, on the contrary, it is not too much to say that whether or not any new master of style has been produced by this movement, there is absolutely no abiding-place in the literature of our country for an author of indifferent prose. All the most successful writers of our day, whether viewed together as a generation, or viewed apart as the adherents of especial schools, have

at least this in common: that they have carried their work to its high and uniform plane of excellence mainly by reason of the high and uniform excellence of their workmanship. And if there is anywhere in this land any youthful aspirant who may be tripping it joyously, carelessly, from afar toward our national Temple of Letters, let him understand in advance that if he will not consent to learn first of all things the sacred use of language as masterfully as a painter learns the sacred use of brush and pigment, or a sculptor the sacred use of chisel and marble, or a violinist the sacred use of strings, there will be no possible entrance, no possible audience, for him. He may, indeed, be listened to on the outside of the walls by many loiterers, merely for what he has to say and for the caprice or amusement of the hour; but he will not be greatly respected even by these, and very soon he will most surely be forgotten.

There can be no doubt that this great change, this widespread development among us of the purely artistic appreciation of literature in its form and finish, has been directly and indirectly the work of the Feminine Principle; and while, therefore, some may choose to decry the substance of the whole movement on account of its polishing and adornment of the little things of life, — little ideas, little emotions, little states of mind and shades of feeling, climaxes and dénouements, little comedies and tragedies played quite through or not quite played through by little men and women on the little stages of little playhouses, — it is but fair, it is but reasonable, to remember that this same Age of the Carved Cherry-Stones brought in the taste and the patience to do so much with so little, and to do it with such high art; introduced into the literature of our impatient Western world of to-day the conscientiousness of the Oriental and of the mediæval craftsman, firing us to finish the work behind the altar as the work

before the altar, the point of deepest shadow as the point of highest light ; in a word, established among us the reign — may it be long and prosperous ! — the reign and the national era of adequate prose. However wisely or unwisely, therefore, the scoffer may repudiate the material embodied in this department of our fiction, he will at least not deny that it is well written. It is a shapely, highly wrought drinking-cup, although to one the cup may be empty, although another may not care for its wine. Or if the historian of our literature should hereafter come severely to regard it as but a thin moss which served rather to hide the deep rocks of American character, still he will never be able to deny that the moss was a natural, a living verdure, and that it grew thriftily and fitly wherever it was planted.

II.

No undue conclusion should be drawn from all this as to the passing of the Feminine Principle ; fortunately, it still remains an active tendency in one part of our fiction. But the contention here put forth is that, as respects the choice and the handling of material, this principle has for the time ceased to be the governing influence to which the mind of the nation once looked most curiously and expectantly for the further development of American letters. Some thirty years ago it entered upon its solitary course. It has described its path, it has closed its orbit. It may continue to traverse this curve, it may describe again and again this beautiful orbit, but the eye refuses to follow it with the same zest of discovery or with the same accession of fascinating knowledge.

Meantime, a novelty has made its appearance among us, and the curiosity, the enthusiasm, and the faith of the nation stand ready to be transferred to it. This stranger, this new favorite, approaches us under the guise of what is known in the art of the world as the Masculine Principle.

Before any attempt can be made to trace this obscure presence and as yet most dubious influence in our recent fiction, it will be well to state as clearly as brevity will permit what are three essential characteristics of the Masculine Principle, and what are the three relations any one of which it may sustain to the Feminine.

These characteristics are Virility as opposed to Refinement, Strength as opposed to Delicacy, Massiveness as opposed to Grace. Usually during the course of its operations three other qualities become disengaged, closely akin to those just mentioned and strictly deducible from them : Largeness as opposed to Smallness, Obviousness as opposed to Rarity, Primary or Instinctive Action as opposed to Tact, which is always Secondary or Pre-meditated Action : and all these things are true of this principle whether it be regarded as a law determining the choice of material, or as a law determining the choice of method. Thus, whenever and wherever a writer in any age or civilization has been brought under the sway of the Masculine Principle, whether by virtue of his own temperament, or by race or environment, or by any or all of these combined, and being thus swayed looks out upon life for the things wherefrom he shall fabricate his peculiar creations, always and primarily he chooses the Virile, — those life-holding, life-giving forces of the universe which scatter abroad and perpetuate the forms of leadership and of mastery ; the Strong, — those types that represent both the dynamic builders and the static pillars by whose hands are fashioned and on whose shoulders rest the foundations and roofs of things ; the Massive, — the bulk and weight of which, not the fibre and shape, are the properties he demands and must consider ; the Large, — in the survey and grasp of which the imagination may realize at once the triumph of its capabilities and the pathos of its limitations ; the Obvious, — those outer and inner elements

of experience that beleaguer sadly our common lot, or that attend as a gay pageant upon the issues of our destiny; the Instinctive, — those primitive impulses, actions, passions, that lie always close to the beating of the heart and the action of the muscles. Having chosen any or all of these things for his materials, as regards his methods he will need only to match worthily kind with kind.

Such, then, being the main characteristics of the Masculine Principle, what are the three relations any one of which it may possibly hold to the Feminine? First, it may make its appearance in any literature — for let the illustration be narrowed to literature — before the Feminine, and be followed by the Feminine as a reaction pledged to accomplish what it did not; secondly, it may make its appearance after the Feminine, becoming itself, in this case, the reaction pledged to accomplish what the Feminine did not; or thirdly, it may make its appearance at the same time as the Feminine, and the two may either work against each other as enemies, or work with each other as friends.

The last situation is most seldom realized. Most rare, most happy the land, happy the people, in which it has been witnessed. To one race alone on our planet has it been given to celebrate the ideal nuptials of this mighty pair, and afterwards to dwell surrounded by the offspring of their perfectly blended powers, — the Greeks. In Greek art alone, in its sculpture, in its literature, virility and refinement achieved and maintained a perfect balance. There strength was made to gain by reason of delicacy, and delicacy to be founded on strength. There the massive could be graceful, and the graceful could be massive. There the obvious was so ennobled that it became the rare, and the rare was revealed in lineaments so essential to the human soul that it was hailed as the obvious. There the smallest things of life were so justly valued that they grew large to the

eye and heart, and the largest things — even the divinest images of the imagination — were brought down to the plane of the little and became the every-day treasures of the humble. There instinct and tact, all the primary elements of life and all the secondary elements of culture, — the low earth of humanity and the high heaven of thought, — were presented each in its due relation, as naturally as the ground in a landscape stretches itself under the sky, or the sky stretches itself above the ground.

Outside the Greeks, no race has ever known what it is to celebrate a perfect union of the Masculine and Feminine Principles in its art. Without a doubt some races have always been preponderantly masculine in their genius, and their masterpieces have been widely and deeply stamped with the evidences of this bias; other races have as surely been rather feminine in their genius, with a prevalence of corresponding æsthetic expression. In yet others, whose history lies revealed as drawn unbrokenly across many centuries, these two mighty tendencies exhibit themselves on a vast scale of operation, as by turn succeeding each other, and as accomplishing, either alone or together, but a partial work.

Of this kind is the imperfect art history of our own Anglo-Saxon race; for be its limitations what they may, it has never proposed to itself any lesser end than to conquer and occupy the whole realm of mortal art for the heritage of its spirit, as it has resolved to win the entire earth for the measure of its strength. It has never thus far achieved such a triumph in any art but one, nor in the case of any man but one. On the throne of that universe which was Shakespeare's mind these two august principles sat side by side as coequal sovereigns, entitled each to rule over half a realm, but consenting both to rule each half conjointly. His art came thus to include all that is most feminine in woman, all that is most masculine in man. For the first time in

the literature of the Anglo-Saxon race, and possibly for the last, perfect virility and perfect refinement, strength and delicacy, massiveness and grace, things the vastest and things the most minute, things close to the common eye and things drawn for an instant into the remotest ether of human ken, the deepest bases of life and the loftiest insubstantial pinnacles of cloudlike fancy, — each of these old pairs of artistic opposites, which were lashed together in friendliness, but have so lived at variance, laid aside their enmity, and wrought each for the good of the other, and each for the good of all.

Shakespeare excepted, what man or woman can be named, in the imaginative literature of the race, whose genius has not been masculine rather than feminine, or feminine rather than masculine, and whose writings do not fall mainly on the one side or the other side of this line of vital classification? Is it not true, likewise, of the definite movements or schools or ages in the history of our racial literature, that each represents the temporary supremacy of one of these principles rather than the other, or the clash and inadequate expression of both?

III.

In the opinion of the writer, then, the peculiar state of American fiction at the present time is due to the fact that it is passing through one of those intervals which separate the departing supremacy of one principle from the approaching supremacy of the other.

During such intervals — such interregna of both critical authority and creative obedience — there are two phases of activity by which the change of dynasty is always effected. The first of these is a destructive work: it sums up those evidences of impatience, displeasure, and revolt — all the injustice and unkindness — with which the latest ruler is overturned and banished. The second is a constructive work: it sums up those signs and preparations of approval with which

the coming sovereign is to be received. If our existing literary situation is closely analyzed, it will be found to comprise exactly these two components, these two phases of activity.

As to the first, reference has already been made to a general and ever growing temper of dissatisfaction with the operations of the Feminine Principle in our fiction and with the works it has produced. If we state in its most radical form the substance of the protest, we conceive it to be as follows: —

“You American novelists and short-story writers, as the result of following the leadership of this principle, have succeeded in producing a literature of what kind? Of effeminacy, of decadence. For in the main it is a literature of the over-civilized, the ultra-refined, the hyper-fastidious; of the fragile, the trivial, the rarefied, the bloodless. All your little comedies and tragedies, played through or not played through by little actors and actresses on the little stages of little playhouses, — what do they amount to in the end? What kind of men are these, what kind of women? Gather this entire body of your fiction into one library, and what adequate relation does it bear in its totality to the drama of the Anglo-Saxon race in its civilization of the New World? Or what satisfying relation to the human soul, which more and more looks to literature for delight and guidance in its present, for wisdom and consolation as to its past, for the fresh wings of hope and faith on which to breast evermore its viewless future?”

“And meantime what has become of the greater things of our land, of our race, of our humanity? The greater actions and passions and ideals, the greater comedies and tragedies played by greater men and women on the greater stages of the greater playhouses of the imagination? Henceforth, for a while, at least, we will work to embody these in the literature of our country, our race, our destiny.”

Such is the protest: he who has not heard it of late in some form, in many forms, has had no ear for the decisive voices of his time. But what is this protest, with its ingratitude, its unfairness, its forgetfulness of genuine services otherwise rendered, — what is this new cry but the old, old cry with which the human spirit has time and again turned away from the Feminine Principle, having tried it and found it wanting, and taken up the Masculine Principle which promises it completer self-liberation?

If, on the other hand, we consider the remaining phase of our transitional activity, that second component of our literary situation which is made up of pledges of allegiance to the new tendency, we shall come upon something more significant still; for we shall discover that these pledges already lie embodied in our latest fiction itself.

Entering upon this subject of our latest fiction as a whole, we shall readily note that it consists of a certain miscellaneous portion, which cannot be said to lie within any zone of tendency whatever; and this, as foreign to the immediate purpose in hand, may be at once and finally disregarded. Then there is a second portion, which continues on and on under the leadership of the Feminine Principle; and this is likewise to be set aside. But finally there is a third portion, which does lie within a definite zone of tendency, yet does not fall under the leadership of the Feminine Principle; and it is this that we are now to study, as containing the germs of our future development, as exhibiting already the earliest buds of tendency.

At first glance, it is true, this third portion does not appear to reveal any prevalent characteristics or to be susceptible of classification. It has sprung up quite naturally and unconsciously in unrelated parts of the nation as independent centres; it continues no artistic traditions; it has no common subject matter; it has no common form; it ranges in scope

from a short story to a full-sized novel; in method it is either realistic or romantic; while as to personal leadership, alas, it is like a flock of sheep without a shepherd, a school of pupils without a master.

Upon a second and closer inspection, however, this part of our fiction does reveal a group of characteristics that give it a certain sameness of kind and definiteness of boundary. For one thing, it has lost something of the refinement of the older work. Beyond a doubt it is less delicate, less graceful. Nor does it give such heed to little things, fondle them with such patience and loving toil in order to make sure that they shall each be exquisitely polished, exquisitely mounted. It is less strenuous in its quest of the rare, less imperious in demand for mere quality. Withal, it is not so finely mannered, either, so held in and held down, so self-mastered, nor, as respects its materials, so precise and unrelaxed in its mastery of these. Finally, and in consequence, it is not so well written, the prose of it is not so good prose.

What do all these things denote in common if not a distinct falling away from devotion to the Feminine Principle? What but a disposition to value as of less than prime importance the canons and standards of the preceding craftsmen? As respects those canons and standards, therefore, this newest body of our fiction is marked by a set of purely negative characteristics: it shows simply a letting down, a lessening, in respect to every artistic virtue that they have been upholding and magnifying as supreme.

A final and yet closer inspection of this same part of our literature reveals a second group of characteristics, not negative at all, — rather, most positive; and it is these that constitute its last differentia, its true distinction. For there is in it, first of all, more masculinity and also more passion; and being at once more masculine and more passionate, it is more virile. Then, again, it is resolutely

working for strength, — for strength as a quality freshly to be cultivated and achieved in our literature, freshly to be enjoyed; a present need, an everlasting stand-by. Quite as surely, also, it is bent upon treating its subjects rather in the rough natural mass than in graceful detail; bent upon getting truth, or beauty, or whatever else may be wanted, from them as a whole, instead of stretching each particular atom on a graceful rack of psychological confession, and bending the ear close to catch the last faint whispers of its excruciating and moribund self-consciousness. It is striking out boldly for larger things, — larger areas of adventure, larger spaces of history, with freer movements through both: it would have the wings of a bird in the air, and not the wings of a bird on a woman's hat. It reveals a disposition to place its scenery, its companies of players, and the logic of its dramas, not in rare, pale, half-lighted, dimly beheld back-grounds, but nearer to the footlights of the obvious. And if, finally, it has any one characteristic more discernible than another, it is the movement away from the summits of life downward toward the bases of life; from the heights of civilization to the primitive springs of action; from the thin-aired regions of consciousness which are ruled over by Tact to the underworld of unconsciousness where are situated the mighty workshops, and where toils on forever the cyclopean youth, Instinct.

It is by no means an easy matter, of course, to trace even thus imperfectly the evidences of all these things in this portion of our newest literature; but certainly they are there, recognizable as the earliest buds of development, as a common growth toward the common light of a single tendency; and it is because, in the opinion of the writer, they do thus exhibit themselves in this common guise and do possess this common character, that he has ventured to gather them together as the first embodied pledges of

our allegiance to the Masculine Principle.

If this reasoning be true and this conclusion just, then we are fairly in a position to understand exactly what stage we have reached in our literary evolution. There is, first, a miscellaneous portion of our fiction that does not contain or indicate any tendency at all; there is a second portion that continues its development under the leadership of the Feminine Principle; and there is a third portion that constitutes our first literature of reaction, as a rise of another movement, a Masculine School. From this point of view, likewise, we should be in a position to watch henceforth with clearer understanding the reciprocal behavior of these two old artistic antagonists, now encountering each other among us. Will the one wane apart, fade out, disappear? Will the other wax, become omnipresent, omniprevalent? Or will they, as sometimes happens, will they later on haply and happily blend? Can it be possible that we are on the verge of one of those most wide-minded, peaceful eras of the imagination, during which it is granted these two principles to dwell together in unity, and to bring forth their doubly endowed children?

Whatever the future may reveal in this regard, one thing has been made very clear to us by our present and by our past: we have never, as a nation, been able to handle the Masculine Principle alone in fiction with the same success that we have handled the Feminine; and never with so much success as our kindred across the sea. Our best novels, our best short stories, are in the main an expression of feminine rather than of masculine genius, and bear the marks of the one rather than the other. That is, our consummate and most valued works of prose imaginative art are such by reason of their refinement, their delicacy, their grace, their slightness of compass and texture, their fineness of quality, and

their subtlety of insight joined to exquisitely poised reflection, rather than by the tremendous vigor, the colossal strength, the nobler massiveness, the simple bigness in everything, the more palpable truth, and the deeper instinctive energy, on all which rest both the earliest and the latest masterpieces of masculine English fiction.

Among American books there may be found, of course, some novels of undoubted masculinity; but the question is, To how many such novels can we point as taking high rank in our literature to the glory of our art? In how many memorable instances have we solved the problem of being at once wholly masculine and thoroughly artistic?

It may well be, therefore, that we are now about to be tested, as never in the past, for our ability to wield with entire success this mighty principle in its solitary exercise. If so, the latest output of our masculine fiction does not yet bring us the comforting assurance that we have become its masters. For the admission must in candor be made that, on the score of art pure and simple, this is below the level of the feminine literature that lies just behind it. Furthermore, there can be no question that sometimes, in seeking to be virile, this literature has merely become vulgar; in seeking strength, it has acquired rather violence and coarseness. On the other hand, a woeful day it will be for us when the grace of the work of our predecessors becomes the tender grace of a day that is dead.

If, then, it should strangely turn out that we as a nation prove ourselves but poor artists in the mastery of all those qualities that underlie the fiction of distinctive masculinity, there could be no happier issue imaginable out of our discomfiture than that we should thus be thrown back upon the qualities of the feminine, and should be made to reconcile and to blend the two principles.

For they are not irreconcilable. In

life there is no antagonism between virility and refinement, between strength and delicacy, as any gentleman may know. There is none between them in art, as the greatest art of the world will bear witness. In truth, what better conclusion could await this brief paper on so vast a theme than the actual citation of a newest piece of literature in which they should be exhibited as inseparably inwrought with perfect balance and perfect harmony? The specimen that the writer ventures to introduce for this purpose is not, indeed, American; it would be invidious if it were. Nor is it prose; an illustration in prose would be too spacious. But it is all the better for being poetry, and for being the work of an Englishman, since he, among all young living writers of the Anglo-Saxon race, is believed to represent, both in his poetry and in his prose, the utmost expression of the Masculine Principle, and to stand to us in the New World as the authoritative exponent of its living tendency. But in this his very latest, probably his noblest and most enduring poetic achievement, Mr. Kipling has gone farther than that: he has interfused the Masculine with the Feminine; he has achieved a triumph *through* them both and *for* them both.

A faithful analysis of his remarkable poem, *Recessional*, is needed to confirm this with the force of a demonstration. It is virile, — nothing that he ever wrote is more so; yet is refined, — as little else that he has ever written is. It is strong, but it is equally delicate. It is massive as a whole; it is in every line just as graceful. It is large enough to compass the scope of British empire; it creates this immensity by the use of a few small details. It may be instantly understood and felt by all men in its obviousness; yet it is so rare that he alone of all the millions of Englishmen could even think of writing it. The new, vast prayer of it rises to the Infinite; but it rises from the ancient sacrifice of a contrite heart.

James Lane Allen.

THE FRENCH MASTERY OF STYLE.¹

"THE natural bent, the need, the mania, to influence others is the most salient trait of French character. . . . Every people has its mission ; this is the mission of the French. The most trifling idea they launch upon Europe is a battering-ram driven forward by thirty million men. Ever hungering for success and influence, the French would seem to live only to gratify this craving ; and inasmuch as a nation cannot have been given a mission without the means of fulfilling it, the French have been given this means in their language, by which they rule much more effectually than by their arms, though their arms have shaken the world." This praise, possibly the highest the French language has ever received, cannot be said to emanate from one who was an entire foreigner : he was a native of Savoy, and everybody knows what affection, frequently chiding and captious, the Savoyards, from Vaugelas to François Buloz, have shown toward the French language. On the other hand, it can hardly be called the utterance of a Frenchman, coming as it does from Joseph de Maistre, ambassador from his Majesty the King of Sardinia to his Majesty the Tsar of all the Russias : and that is why I venture to quote it. There are things that modesty forbids us to say ourselves, but which we have the right to appropriate when others have said them, especially when their way of saying them makes us feel that there is a little jealousy mingled with the genuineness of their admiration. This same Joseph de Maistre writes furthermore : "I recollect having read formerly a letter of the famous architect Christopher Wren, in which he discusses the right dimensions for a church. He fixes upon them solely with

¹ Author's manuscript translated by Irving Babbitt.

reference to the carrying power of the human voice, and he sets the limits beyond which the voice for any English ear becomes inaudible ; 'but,' he says on this point, 'a French orator would make himself heard farther away, his pronunciation being firmer and more distinct.' " And finally, de Maistre adds by way of comment on this quotation : "What Wren has said of oral speech appears to me still truer of that far more penetrating speech heard in books. The speech of Frenchmen is always audible farther away." Let us take his word for it.

What, then, is the reason of this fact ? It is a question which has seemed to me worth discussing, now that all the great American universities are organizing their "departments of Romance languages" on a more liberal scale than they have done hitherto. If, speaking from the other side of the Atlantic, I could give them good reasons for persevering in this path, I should possibly be rendering them a service. For, these reasons being purely literary, the American universities would doubtless then grant to "literature" proper an attention that several of them seem up to the present to have reserved entirely for "philology." We, for our part, should gain through coming into closer relations with these universities, and thereby with what is best in the American democracy. It is hard to see who in Europe or America could take exception to this exchange of kindly offices, at least if it be true that the French language and literature possess the distinctive features which I shall attempt to show.

Let us put aside at the start all thought of any superiority in French as a natural organism over other languages, especially over the other Romance languages. If our language has its native points of excellence, other lan-

guages have theirs : Italian, for instance, is sweeter, and Spanish more sonorous. Sonorousness and sweetness are neither of them points of excellence which we can afford to despise in a language ; and because they are to a certain extent "physical," they are none the less real or unusual. A fine voice, too, is only a fine voice ; and yet how much does it not contribute to the success of a great orator. It may even be said almost literally of Demosthenes and Cicero that they are the "greatest voices" that have been heard among men. It must be confessed that the physical properties of the French language are not at all out of the common ; and the truth is that, before turning them to account, most of our great writers in prose and verse have had a preliminary struggle to surmount them.

We must not be led, either, into thinking that we have had greater writers than the English or the Germans. This would be mere impertinence. If we could be tempted into believing it, all the labor of criticism for more than a hundred years would have been thrown away. Victor Hugo is a great poet, but Goethe and Shakespeare are great poets also. Genius has no national preferences.

But what may be truthfully said is that in France, from the very start, and especially during the last four hundred years, everybody has conspired to make of the French language that instrument of international exchange and universal communication which it has become. Noble ladies, from Marguerite de Valois, author of the *Heptameron*, to the Marquise de Rambouillet ; ministers of state, like the Cardinal de Richelieu ; princes and kings, Francis I., Charles IX. (the protector and rival of Ronsard), Louis XIV., have formed, as it were, part of a conspiracy which had as its definite object to gain for French universal acceptance in place of the classics. The French Academy was founded with no other purpose ; its charter attests the

fact, as also its membership, which, happily, has never been entirely confined to men of letters. Our writers, in order to conform to this design, have usually consented to give up a part of their originality. It has not been enough for them to understand themselves, or to be understood by their countrymen and within the limits of their frontiers. They believed long before Rivarol said it — in an *Essay on the Universal Diffusion of the French Language*, a subject for the best treatment of which the Berlin Academy had offered a prize in 1781 — that "what is not clear is not French." To achieve this transparent and radiant clearness, to make some approach, at least, to this universal diffusion, so that in Germany and England, in Italy and America, the knowledge of the French language is a sign of culture, a mark of education, — to arrive at these results, I do not deny that they have been forced to make some sacrifices. These, however, I shall choose to ignore for the present, and I propose simply to discuss here two or three of the principal means that these conspirators of a somewhat unusual kind have taken to compass their end.

I.

In the first place, for three or four hundred years back, French writers, and we the public in common with them, have treated our language as a work of art. Let us have a clear understanding of the meaning of this word "art." The Greeks in antiquity, the Italians of the Renaissance, gave an artistic stamp or character to the commonest utensils, — to an earthen jar or a tin plate, an amphora, a ewer. It is a stamp of a similar kind that our writers from the time of Ronsard have tried to give the French language. They have thought that every language, apart from the services it renders in the ordinary usage and every-day intercourse of life, is capable of receiving an artistic form, and this form they

have desired to bestow upon our own language. Read with reference to this point the manifesto of the *Pléiade*, *The Defense and Ennoblement of the French Language* by Joachim du Bellay, which bears the date of 1549, and you will see that such is throughout not merely its general spirit, but its special and particular object. Since then not only have French prose writers and poets had the same ambition, but all their readers, even princes themselves, have encouraged it, have made it almost a question of state; and the consequence is that no literary revolution or transformation has taken place in France which did not begin by being, knowingly and deliberately, a transformation or a modification of the language. This is what Malherbe, after Ronsard and in opposition to him, desired to do: namely, to give to the French language a precision and a clearness of outline, a musical cadence, a harmony of phrase, and finally a fullness of sense and sound, which seemed to him to be still lacking in the work of Ronsard; and along with Malherbe, by other means, but in a parallel direction, this was likewise the aim of the *précieuses*. The same is true of Boileau, as well as of Molière. It was through language, since it was by the means of style and the criticism of style, as is seen in works like the *Satires* and the *Précieuses Ridicules*, that they brought the art of their time back to the imitation of nature. Even in our own days, what was romanticism, what were realism and naturalism, at the start? The answer is always the same: they were theories of style before being doctrines of art; ways of writing before being ways of feeling or thinking; a reform of the language and an emancipation of the vocabulary, the striving after a greater flexibility of syntax, before it was known what use would be made of these conquests.

There is, then, in French, in the method of handling the language, a continu-

ous artistic tradition. By very different and sometimes even opposing means, our writers have desired to please, in the best sense of the word,—to please themselves first of all, to please the public, to please foreigners; to make of their language a universal language, analogous in a fashion to the language of music, to that of sounds or colors; and as the crowning triumph to make of a page of Bossuet or Racine, for instance, a monument of art, for qualities of the same order as a statue of Michael Angelo or a painting of Raphael.

From our great writers, and the cultivated and intelligent readers who are their natural judges, this concern for art has spread to the whole race, if indeed it were not truer to say that it was a matter of instinct. Who is not familiar with the phrase, “*Duas res . . . gens Gallica industriosissime persequitur: rem militarem et argute loqui*”? “*Argute loqui*,”—this is to be artistic in one’s speech, and this everybody has been and tries to be among us; and nowhere, surely, possibly not even in Greece, in the Athenian cafés, would you come across more “elegant talkers” (*beaux parleurs*) than in France: they are to be met with in the villages; they are to be found in the workshops. Some of them, I am well aware, are insufferable withal, as for example the druggist Homais in *Madame Bovary*, and again the illustrious Gaudissart in the *Comédie Humaine* of Honoré de Balzac. But what medal is without its reverse? If we have so many “elegant talkers,” it is because, in our whole system of public education, and even in our primary schools, this concern for art prevails. The fact is worthy of remark. What our little children learn in the schools under the name of orthography—the word itself, when connected with its etymology, expresses the idea clearly enough—is to see in their language a work of art, since it is to recognize and enjoy what is well written. It is not possible, indeed, to fix in the memory

the outer form of a word, its appearance, its physiognomy, so as not to confuse it with any other word, without its exact meaning being also stamped in the mind.

In this respect, the oddities, or, as we sometimes call them, the "Chinese puzzles" (*chinoiseries*) of orthography help to preserve shades of thought. The same may be said of the peculiarities of syntax. You will not teach children that Goliath was a tall man (*un homme grand*), and David a great man (*un grand homme*), without teaching them at the same time a number of ideas that are epitomized in these two ways of placing the adjective. You will not explain to little Walloons or to little Picards that a *bonnet blanc* is a white cap, and that a *blanc bonnet* is a woman, in their patois, without their deriving some profit even from this pastime or playing on words. Need I speak of the rules of our participles, — those participles which, as the vaudeville says, are always getting one into a muddle,¹ so much apparent fancifulness and caprice there is in their agreements; and is it necessary for me to show that the most delicate analysis of the relations of ideas is implied in these very rules? The whole question here is not whether our farmers or our workmen have need of all this knowledge, whether it would not be more profitable for them to learn other things, and whether they might not give less time to picking up the peculiarities of orthography or the *exceptions* of French grammar. I am not passing judgment; I am simply taking cognizance of the facts, and trying to arrive at an explanation. Whatever qualities, then, are to be peculiarly admired in French, we may say without hesitation, are due less to the language itself, to its original nature, than to the intensive cultivation which it has always received at every step of our educational system, and which, for my part, I hope it may long continue to receive.

¹ *Ces participes avec lesquels, comme dit le vaudeville, on ne sait jamais quel parti prendre.*

Not that this cultivation may not have and has not had its dangers, like those to which "euphuism," "Marinism," and "Gongorism" have, in their time, exposed English, Italian, and Spanish. So much importance must not be attached to form as to lead to the sacrifice of substance; more than one writer in French could be named who has fallen into this mistake, — for it is a mistake. They are the writers to whom we have given the name of *précieux*. However, before condemning them in a lump on the authority of Molière, it is well to remember that we find in their number men like Fontenelle, Marivaux, Massillon, and Montesquieu. But it remains true that to treat a language as a work of art is to run the risk of seeing in it, sooner or later, only itself. Its words take on a mystical value, independent and entirely apart, as it were, from the ideas they are meant to convey. "Examine," said Baudelaire, "this word," — any ordinary word. "Is it not of a glowing vermilion, and is the heavenly azure as blue as that word? Look: has not this word the gentle lustre of the morning stars, and that one the livid paleness of the moon?" And Flaubert has written: "I recollect that my heart throbbed violently . . . from looking at a wall of the Acropolis, a perfectly bare wall! . . . The question occurs to me, then, Cannot a book, *quite apart from what it says*, produce the same effect? Is there not an intrinsic virtue in the choiceness of the materials, in the nicety with which they are put together, in the polish of the surfaces, in the harmony of the total effect?" They both failed to remember one thing, — which is that words express ideas before having a "color" or "virtue" peculiar to themselves, and that they are precise and luminous only with the clearness or the precision of these ideas. But Flaubert and Baudelaire are consistent with the principles of their school, and they show us what a man comes to when he no

longer sees in language anything more than a work of art. Like them, he values words for themselves, for their appearance, for the sound they render, for various reasons which have nothing to do with the art of thinking. He detects genius in the turn of a phrase. Style becomes something intrinsic and mysterious, existing in and for itself. Virtuosity, which is only the indifference to the content of forms, gets possession of art, makes a plaything of it, perverts it or corrupts it; and through the sheer desire "to write well," one finally comes, as George Sand pointed out to Flaubert, to write only for a dozen initiates; even they do not always understand one, and besides, they never admire one for the reasons one would prefer.

II.

In what way may we avoid this danger? Is it possible to point out several ways, or is there perhaps only one? In any case, we can easily define and characterize the one our great writers have taken, although not always of their own accord. They have understood, or have been made to understand, that language, though a work of art, still continues to be above all a medium for the communication of thoughts and feelings, — what may be called their instrument of exchange, their current coin; and that consequently perfect art cannot be conceived or sought for apart from those attributes which are the attributes of thought itself.

In French, as in English or German, and I presume also in Chinese, both prose writers and poets have always tended to make of their art an image or expression of themselves. It is for this very reason that they are writers, — because the things that had been said did not satisfy them, or because they wished to say them in another way, or else to say things that had not been said. Only in France, the court, "society," criticism, have reminded them that if they wrote, it was in order to be understood. From

Ronsard to Victor Hugo, they have had imposed upon them, as a rule, the twofold condition to remain themselves, and at the same time to talk the language of everybody. The interest which they had inspired in a whole people for the things of literature turned in some sort against them. Having themselves invited all the cultivated minds about them to become judges of art, they were not allowed, when the fancy came over them later, to arrogate to themselves the right to be the sole judges of art. Public opinion, in return for the admiration and applause they solicited from it, felt constrained to ask of them certain definite concessions, — concessions which they consented to make; and doubtless they were right in so doing, after all, since they were thus enabled to give, not only to French literature, but to the French language, that social character which it possesses in so high a degree.

It was in this wise, in fact, that there found its way into our literature — or if the reader prefers, into our rhetoric — that tenet which Buffon summed up at the end of the classic period in the recommendation never to name things except by "the most general terms." Those who have ridiculed this phrase have misunderstood it; they have quibbled about the words; they have feigned to believe, and possibly they really have believed, that the most general terms are the most abstract, the vaguest, the most colorless, the opposite of the exact, appropriate, and special term. Yet it would have been enough for them to read more carefully Buffon himself, and Voltaire, and Racine, and Molière, and Bossuet, and Pascal! They would then have seen that the most general terms are the terms of ordinary usage, those in everybody's vocabulary, — terms that are intelligible without any need of going to the dictionary, that are not the peculiar dialect of a trade or the jargon of a coterie. "If in talking of savages or of the ancient Franks," Taine writes some-

where, "I say the 'battle-axe,' every one understands at once; if I say the 'toma-hawk' or the 'francisca,' a great many people will fancy I am talking Teutonic or Iroquois." And this strikes him as extremely amusing. It is natural that it should, harboring, as he does, the superstition of "local color" and of the "technical term." But he is wrong, and to prove it I need only seven lines of Boileau, from the tenth Satire: —

"Le doux charme pour toi de voir, chaque
journée,

De nobles champions ta femme environnée,

S'en aller méditer une vole au jeu d'homme,

S'écrier sur un as mal à propos jeté,

Se plaindre d'un gâno qu'on n'a point écouté,

Ou querellant tout bas le ciel qu'elle regarde,

A la bête gémir d'un roi venu sans garde."

Whereby, it seems to me, two things are made plain: the one, that upon occasion Boileau — Boileau himself! — called things by their names, did not shrink from technical terms; and the other, that in thus using technical terms in his verse, and because he did use them, he has rendered himself unintelligible to every one who is not acquainted with the game of *ombre*. Is a cultivated man required to know the game of *ombre*? Therein lies the danger of technical terms. In the first place, few persons understand them; and when it happens that everybody does understand them, they are no longer technical. This is what Buffon meant: Use general terms, because if you do not use them, you condemn yourself by your own act to be understood by only a small number of readers; because technical terms, in so far as they are technical, are a stumbling-block in the way of expressing general truths, which alone constitute the domain of literature. Nay, more: try by means of general terms to bring into this very domain as much as possible of what is technical; do what Descartes did for philosophy, Pascal for theology, Montesquieu for politics, or what I myself, Buffon, have done for natural history.

— Such has been the practice of our great writers; and doubtless nothing has contributed more to the success of the French language than its having become, thanks to them, the best fitted for the expression of general ideas.

It has likewise become the most "oratorical;" and by this word I do not mean at all the most eloquent or the most grandiloquent, — Spanish might claim this honor, — but, on the contrary, the nearest to conversation and to the spoken language. We are sometimes told that we must not write as we talk. This is a mistake, against which, in case of need, our whole classic literature would protest. To write as we talk is precisely what we should do, with the proviso, of course, that we talk correctly. Vaugelas, who, as everybody knows, was the great French grammarian of the classic period, has said so expressly: "The spoken word is the first in order *and in dignity*, inasmuch as the written word is only its image, as the other is the image of thought." Possibly this may seem an odd bit of reasoning; it may even strike one as an amusing application of the law of primogeniture to criticism; and one is quite free to deny that the dignity of the different kinds of composition and literary forms is to be measured by their age. But what, on the other hand, is certain, and what I recollect to have pointed out more than once, in conformity with Vaugelas's suggestion, is that all the blunders with which puristical and pedantic grammarians are fond of reproaching Molière and La Fontaine, Pascal and Bossuet, are not even irregularities; on the contrary, they are seen to be the most natural and expressive form of their thought, as soon as we "speak" their comedies or sermons instead of "reading" them. In verse, as in prose, the grand style of the seventeenth century was a spoken style. Its merits are the merits of the conversation of well-bred people.

Or again, to use the language of ex-

perimental psychology of the present day, if it is true that writers are to be divided into "hearers" (*auditifs*) who hear themselves speak, and "visualizers" (*visuels*) who see themselves write, the greater part of the French writers of the seventeenth century belong to the first class. The ear, and not the eye, was their guide. It was not of their paper that they thought in writing, but of a body of hearers; and just as they use the most general terms to make themselves better understood by these hearers, so they strive to give to their "discourse," as they call it, the swing, the flexibility, and, it would not be too much to say, the familiar tone of conversation. Their way of arranging this discourse, which seems artificial to us, is, on the contrary, the most natural, since it follows the very movement of the thought. Their long periods, which we suppose to be premeditated and balanced by dint of laborious application, are, in truth, only the necessary form of sustained improvisation. If they happen to raise their voices, as do Pascal in his *Thoughts* and Bossuet in his *Sermons*, it is because the grandeur or the seriousness of the subject calls for it; and as a matter of fact, neither God nor death is to be spoken of lightly. But Molière in his great comedies and La Fontaine in his *Fables* give us the illusion of what is least set and formal in daily conversation. "You might think that you were there yourself;" you will see, too, if you scrutinize them closely, that their sentence structure does not differ from that of Bossuet and Pascal. That is what is meant when French is said to be of all modern languages the most "oratorical," the most similar when written — I mean, of course, when well written — to what it is when spoken, and consequently the most natural.

It is also "the most exact and the clearest:" the clearest, because what is obscure is precisely what is peculiar, special, or technical, the speech of the artilleryman or that of the sailor, the

dialect of the factory or workshop; the most exact, because conversation would become a monologue if its finest shades of meaning were not caught, understood, and taken up immediately and as fast as the words fall from the lips. We cannot wait a quarter of an hour to laugh at a joke, and an epigram or a madrigal should have no need of commentary.

This clearness, moreover, is a result of the oratorical character of the French language as it has just been defined. We must think of other men, since we are speaking to them or for them, and spare no effort to give them ready access to our thought. This, again, is thoroughly French. Great writers, especially poets and philosophers, Carlyle and Browning in English, Schelling and even Goethe in German, have thought less of being intelligible to others than to themselves. "I have just finished reading *Sordello*," wrote Carlyle to his wife, "without being able to find out whether *Sordello* was a poem, a city, or a man;" and who will deny that there is some obscurity — willful and deliberate obscurity, it is true — in Sartor Resartus and in the famous lectures on Hero Worship? But a French writer always speaks to his reader as he would to a hearer, or to one with whom he is conversing. He believes with Boileau that "the mind of man teems with a host of confused ideas and vague half-glimpses of the truth," and also that "we like nothing better than to have one of these ideas *well elucidated and clearly presented* to us." His endeavor is, not to veil his thought, but, on the contrary, to lay it bare. He does not try to screen it, as it were, from the eyes of the profane, but, on the contrary, he takes every pains to render it accessible to them. He does not keep his secret jealously to himself, but he desires rather to impart it to everybody, — to his countrymen, to foreigners, to the world. "The only good works," Voltaire has said, "are those that *find their way into foreign countries* and are translated there." Is

it surprising, then, that French, the one modern language having this ambition, has succeeded, so far as it has realized its purpose, only by divesting itself of all ambiguity; only by filtering its ideas, so to speak, and ridding them of all impurities which would sully their transparent clearness; and sometimes, too, by sacrificing everything which calls for too close reflection? That is why, as I said, its precision and clearness did not come to it from any special or innate property, from any virtue which it brought with it as a natural dower, but from the application, the toil, the conscious effort, of its great writers. I may add that in this particular, the greatest of these writers, reserving for themselves other means of originality, have followed rather than guided public opinion.

What is indeed remarkable about these characteristics, which have come with time to belong to the French language, is that the demands of public opinion, its watchfulness and persistency, have done no less than the talent or even the genius of the individual writer in fixing and establishing them. Who took the first step, the public or the writer? It would be difficult to find an answer for the question stated thus barely: at one time it has chanced to be the public, at another time the writer, who has taken the lead. Yet it will be observed that nearly all the literary revolutions in France have been anticipated, desired, and encouraged before a Ronsard, a Pascal, or a Hugo has appeared to bring them about. The revolution once begun, the public has always taken pains to see that the writer did not indulge his idiosyncrasies too far. Free to choose their thought, — this our writers have rarely been; they have rarely even been more than half free in their manner of expressing this thought. They have been brought back, as often as they showed signs of wishing to depart from it, to the respect of an ideal, or rather to the working out of a design which was

that of a whole race. To use the fine expression of Bossuet, praising this very feature in Greek literature, and admiring it there above all others, they have been forced to labor to “the perfecting of civil life.” They have not been forced to confound art with morality, but they have not been allowed to forget that in a highly organized civilization literature is in some sort a social institution. They have even been rather sharply reminded of the fact, at times, when they have seemed to forget it. What they may have lost by being forced to bend to these requirements is not at present for me to say, concerned as I am with what they have gained: this is to have made of French literature a literature eminently human.

III.

“Men’s passions,” it has been truly said, “everywhere originally the same, live amidst the ices of the pole as well as under the tropical sun. The Cossack Poogatchef was ambitious, like the Italian Masaniello, and the fever of love burns the Kamschatkan no less than the African.” These are the “original” passions which the greatest of the French writers have studied in man. Other writers may have portrayed them more energetically, but surely no one has penetrated more thoroughly their innermost workings, or has had a closer knowledge of their psychology. This, we venture to say, is what foreigners like or value in our great writers. They are vaguely grateful to them, almost unconsciously so, for this effort to observe and note in man what is most general and most permanent. For in this way a particular literature has passed beyond its own boundaries, not in order to encroach on the boundaries of other literatures, or to appropriate qualities which did not belong to it, but to adapt them to its uses, and thereby establish itself, as it were, outside of space and time. It has not specially affected either its own ideas or those of others; but with

the ideas of others and with its own mingled, fused together, and made to correct one another, freed from what was transitory in some of them and in some local, and consequently in either case accidental, French literature has tried to attain to an universal ideal which should be as lasting as the form in which it was clothed. Is not this very much what Italian painting of the Renaissance and Greek sculpture of the great period had done before? And is not that why the tragedies of Racine and the sermons of Bossuet, like the marbles of Phidias and the paintings of Raphael, speak very nearly the same language to everybody? Andromaque is for the drama what the Madonnas of Raphael are in the history of painting; and in like manner, the Funeral Oration of Henrietta of England holds a position in oratory not unlike that of the Daughters of Niobe in sculpture.

The result has been a tendency in French literature, and secondarily a special fitness in the language, to discuss what are called nowadays "social problems." Whether the rights of man in general, or those of woman in particular, are being debated, we have in French a large vocabulary more suitable than any other, more precise and more extensive, to plead for them; we have what the ancients called *loci*, — a store of ready-made phrases on which the orator and the publicist have only to draw. If we must turn to the English for arguments and even for words to discuss the "rights of the individual," and to the Germans for reasons to uphold the "rights of association," no literature has found more generous accents than ours, nor any language words more capable of expressing the rights of man so far as he is a subject for justice and charity. No loftier strains of eloquence have ever been uttered, to remind men of their equality in the presence of pain and death, than by our great preachers, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon; and this in language

of marvelous strength, simplicity, and harmony. And where has all that can be said to make the powers of this world tremble for the validity of their claims been expressed in a keener or more impassioned form than in some of the pamphlets of Voltaire or in the fiery discourses of Rousseau?

Nothing, again, was more characteristic of the French press for many years, — I say "was," for of late things have changed somewhat, — as compared with the English or American press, for example, than the satisfaction, the copiousness, and the perfect clearness with which it treated those doctrinal questions which are the point of contact, or, if I may be allowed the expression, the point of intersection of morals and politics. The reason is that French journalism found in the language an instrument ready for its use, and had only to draw on the common stock of literary tradition. If it wanted, for instance, to show the iniquity of slavery, it had only to remember the *Philosophic History* of the two Indias or the *Spirit of Laws*. If it wished to remind wealth of its duties, it could consult, not Rousseau merely, but Massillon in his sermon on Dives, or Bossuet in his sermon on the Eminent Dignity of the Poor. Rather, it had no need of consulting the latter or remembering the former; the dictionary of every-day speech was sufficient. Two hundred years of literature had made social problems circulate in the very veins of the language; it had embodied them in its words. It had made of French the conspiracy spoken of by Joseph de Maistre: "*Omnia quæ loquitur populus iste conjuratio est.*" Even to-day no other language has a power of propaganda like French, and so long as it keeps this power we need have no fear of its being neglected. To assure its position in the world, we have only to guard against giving up lightly the qualities it still retains; the abandonment of them, so far from being a progress, as some of the

"symbolists" have supposed, would be a retrogression toward the origins.

Need I add here, to reassure those who may possibly see in the French language only an instrument of socialistic propaganda, that it is possible to give a good meaning to the word "socialism;" or should I not say rather that nothing is more dangerous than to leave the monopoly of the word to those who abuse it? This is to do violence to its etymology! It would be better to point out that social problems, comprising as they do all that is of interest or concern to society, include in their number the problems of the "polite world." And so, for the same reasons that have made French the language of social discussion, it has become, in the hands of our great writers, the language of polite conversation. This is one of the rare services we owe to the salons, — not to those most in repute, the salon of Madame Geoffrin or that of Madame Tencin, but, on the contrary, to those most ridiculed, especially to the salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet. Now, inasmuch as "society," or what passes under that name, has no other object than the putting in common of all that is deemed agreeable, elegant, and noble in life in order to enjoy it more fully, we can readily imagine what vivacity, flexibility, and ease two hundred years of society must have given to the French language. It was there, in society, and in the salons where women held sway, that a literature till then too pedantic and too masculine was forced to bend and yield, to learn to have respect for their modesty for their delicacy, and to adorn itself, so to speak, with some, at least, of the virtues of their sex. It was there that due stress, and at times a little more than due stress, was laid on the art of enhancing what one says by the way of saying it. It was there that the plan was formed to make of French a universal language in place of the classics, and to this end to give it the qualities it

still lacked. It was there, too, that the fact was realized that, language being a human product, it was the duty of men to rescue it from the fatality of its natural development, and to subordinate it not only to the requirements of art, but also to the necessities of social progress.

In conclusion, it is well to remember that Horace's line is only half true: —

"*Usus*

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi."

No! Usage is not wholly this master or this capricious tyrant of language. Granting that it were, its fluctuations or its peculiarities would still have their history, this history its reasons, and these reasons their explanation; or rather, usage is only a name which serves to hide our ignorance of the causes, and if, instead of taking it for granted, we analyze it, languages are found to be the work of those who write them. The example of French would be enough to prove this. It was not naturally clearer than any other language; it has become so. It was no better fitted than any other language for the expression of general ideas; it has become so. It was not a work of art in the time of the Strasburg Oaths or the Canticle of St. Eulalia, and yet it has become so. I have tried to show how, by what means, in virtue of what united effort, and I hope I have made it clear. Americans, I fancy, will not be sorry to see thus restored to the domain of the will what philologists or linguists had unjustly taken away from it, — if indeed this be not, in their eyes, an additional reason for valuing our language. They are supposed to prize nothing more highly than the victories of the will: the diffusion of the French language in the world is one of these victories; and may I not say that what renders it more precious is the fact — evident, I trust, from the foregoing — that our writers have won it only by identifying the interests of their self-love with the interests of art and of humanity?

F. Brunetière.

CALEB WEST.

I.

THE CAPE ANN SLOOP.

WHEN Sanford signed the contract for the building of Shark Ledge Light off Keyport Harbor, he found himself confronted with a problem.

The Light was to be erected on a mass of rough stone which had been placed over a sunken ledge to form an artificial island. This was situated eight miles from land, and breasted a tide running six miles an hour. The government plans provided that this island should be protected not only from sea action, but from the thrust of floating ice as well. This was to be done by paving the under-water slopes of the artificial island with huge granite blocks forming an enrockment. The engineer-in-chief of the Lighthouse Board at Washington had expressed grave doubts as to the practicability of the working plans which Sanford had submitted, questioning whether these protecting enrockment blocks, weighing twelve tons each, could be swung overboard from the deck of a vessel while moored in a six-mile current. As, however, the selection of the methods to be employed lay with the contracting engineer, and not with the Board, Sanford's working plans had been accepted, and the responsibility for their success rested with him.

So soon, therefore, as the notification to begin work had come from Washington, Sanford had telegraphed to Captain Joe Bell, his foreman of construction, at Keyport, to secure a sloop at once, with hoisting-engine and boiler of sufficient power to handle the heavy stones, and to report to him at his apartments in New York. The sloop was to be of so light a draught that she could work in the rolling surf on the shoal of the Ledge, and

yet be staunch enough to sustain the strain of a derrick and boom rigged to her mast. If such a sloop could be found, Sanford's problem would solve itself; the rest would depend on the pluck and grit of his men.

Sanford received Captain Joe in his working office, separated by a small vestibule from his bachelor apartments.

"Are you sure she'll handle the stones?" were the first words that Sanford in his eagerness addressed to the captain. There were no formalities between these men; they knew each other too well. "Nothing but a ten-horse engine will lift them from the dock. What's the sloop's beam?"

"Thirty foot over all, an' she's stiff's a church," answered Captain Joe, tugging at his stubby chin-beard with his thole-pin fingers. "I see her cap'n'fore I come down yesterday. Looks's ef he hed th' right stuff in him. Says he ain't afeard o' th' Ledge, an' don't mind lay-in' her broadside on, even ef she does git a leetle mite scraped."

"How's her boiler?"

"I ain't looked her b'iler over yit, but her cylinders is big enough. If her steam gives out, I'll put one of our own aboard. She'll do, sir. Don't worry a mite; we'll spank that baby when we git to 't," — his leathery, weather-tanned face cracking into smiles as he spoke.

Sanford laughed. He found his anxieties disappearing before the cheerful courage of this man, whose judgment of men never failed him, and whose knowledge of sea-things made him invaluable.

"I'm glad you like her skipper," he said, taking from a pigeonhole in his perfectly appointed desk, as he spoke, the charter-party of the sloop. "I see his name is Brandt, and the sloop's name is the Screamer. The charter-party, I think, ought to contain some allusion to

the coast-chart, in case of any protest Brandt may make afterwards about the shoaliness of the water. Better have him put his initials on the chart," he added, with the instinctive habit of caution which always distinguished his business methods. "Do you think the shoals will scare him?" he continued, as he crossed the room to a row of shelves filled with mechanical drawings, in search of a round tin case holding the various charts of Long Island Sound.

Captain Joe moved back the pile of books from the middle of the table with the same consideration he would have shown to so many bricks; corked a bottle of liquid ink for safety; flattened with his big hands the chart which Sanford had unrolled, weighted the four corners with a T square and some color-pans, and then, bending his massive head, began studying its details with all the easy confidence of a first officer on a Cunarder. He had not yet answered Sanford's question.

As the light from the window fell across his head, it brought into stronger relief the few gray hairs which silvered the short brown curls crisped about his neck and temples. These hairs marked the only change seen in him since the memorable winter's day, when off Hoboken he had saved the lives of the passengers on the sinking ferry-boat by calking with his own body the gash left in her side by a colliding tug. He was the same broad-as-he-was-long old sea-dog; tough, sturdy, tender-eyed, and fearless; his teeth were as white, his mouth was as firm, his jaw as strong and determined. It was only around his temples and neck that time had touched him.

The captain placed his horn-tipped finger on a dot marked "Shark's Ledge Spindle," obliterating in the act some forty miles of sea-space; repeated to himself in a low voice, "Six fathoms — four — one and a half — hum, 't ain't nothin'; that Cape Ann sloop can do it;" and then suddenly remembering Sanford's ques-

tion, he answered, with quick lifting of his head and with a cheery laugh, "Scare him? Wait till ye see him, sir."

When the coast-chart had been rolled and replaced in the tin case, to be taken to Keyport for the skipper's initials, both men resumed their seats by Sanford's desk.

"Anything left of the old house, captain?" asked Sanford, picking up a rough sketch of the new shanty to be built on the Ledge, — the one used the previous year, while the artificial island was being built, having been injured by the winter storms.

"Not much, sir: one side's stove in an' the roof's smashed. Some o' the men are in it now, gittin' things in shape, but it's purty rickety. I'm a-goin' to put the new one here," — his finger on the drawing, — "an' I'm goin' to make it o' tongue-an'-grooved stuff an' tar the roof ter git it water-tight. Then I'll hev some iron bands made with turnbuckles to go over the top timbers an' fasten it all down in the stone-pile. Oh, we'll git her so she'll stay put when hell breaks loose some night down Montauk way!" and another hearty laugh rang out as he rolled up the drawing and tucked it in the case for safety.

"There's no doubt we'll have plenty of that, captain," said Sanford, joining in the laugh. "And now about the working force. Will you make many changes?"

"No, sir. We'll put Caleb West in charge of the divin'; ain't no better man 'n Caleb in er out a dress. Them enrockments is mighty ugly things to set under water, an' I won't trust nobody but Caleb to do it. Lonny Bowles 'll help tend derricks; an' there's our regular gang, — George Nickles an' the rest of 'em. I only got one new man so far: that's a young feller named Bill Lacey. He looks like a skylarkin' chap, but I kin take that out o' him. But he kin climb like a cat, an' we want a man like that to shin the derricks. He's tended

divers, too, he says, an' he 'll do to look after Caleb's life-line an' hose when I can't. By the way, sir, I forgot to ask ye about them derricks. We got to hev four whackin' big sticks to set them big stone on top o' the concrete when we git it finished, an' there ain't no time to lose on 'em. I thought may be ye 'd order 'em to-day from Medford?"

Sanford wrote a telegram to a ship-builder at Medford ordering "four, clean, straight, white pine masts not less than twenty inches at the butt," called his negro servant, Sam, from the adjoining room, and directed the dispatch sent at once.

Captain Joe had risen from his chair and put on his Derby hat, without which he never came to New York,—it was his one concession to metropolitan exactions.

"But, Captain Joe," said Sanford, looking up, "breakfast will be ready in a minute. Young Mr. Hardy is coming, whom you met here once before. You must n't go."

"Not this mornin', sir. I've got a lot o' things to look after 'fore I catch the 3.10. I'm obleeged to ye all the same." As he spoke he humped his arms and shoulders into his pea-jacket and picked up the tin case.

"Well, I wish you would." Sanford's hand now rested on the captain's shoulder. "But you know best," he said, with real disappointment in his tone.

The tie between these two men was no ordinary one. They had worked together long enough to believe in each other. What one lacked, the other possessed. There was, too, a feeling of close comradeship between them, which had strengthened in the years of their acquaintance to downright affection. Sanford shook the big brown hand of the captain and followed him to the top of the stairs, where he stood watching the burly figure descending the spiral staircase, the tin case under his arm, spy-glass fashion.

"You 'll see me in the morning, captain," Sanford called out, not wanting him to go without another word. "I 'll come by the midnight train."

The captain looked up and waved his hand cheerily in lieu of a reply.

When he had finally disappeared, Sanford turned, and, drawing the heavy curtains of the vestibule, passed through it to his private apartments.

II.

A MORNING'S MAIL.

Sanford dropped into a brown leather chair, and Sam, with the fawning droop of a water spaniel, placed the morning paper before him, moved a small table nearer, on which his master could lay the morning's mail as it was opened, adjusted the curtains so as to keep the glare from his eyes, and with noiseless tread withdrew to the kitchen.

Whatever the faults of this product of reconstruction might have been,—and Sam had many,—neglect of Sanford's comfort was not one of them. While he dressed with more care on Sunday afternoons than his master,—generally in that gentleman's cast-off clothes, and always in his discarded neckties and gloves; while he smoked his tobacco, purloined his cigars, and occasionally drank his wine, whenever the demands of his social life made such inroads on Sanford's private stock necessary to maintain a certain prestige among his ebonized brethren, he invariably drew the line at his master's loose change and his shirt-studs. He had, doubtless, trickling down through his veins some drops of blood, inherited from an old family butler of an ancestor, which, while they permitted him the free use of everything his master ate, drank, and wore,—a common privilege of the slave days,—debarred him completely from greater crimes. He possessed, moreover, certain paramount virtues: he

never burned a chop, overcooked an egg, or delayed a meal.

His delinquencies — all of them perfectly well known to Sanford — never lost him his master's confidence. He knew the race, and never expected the impossible. Not only did he place his servant in charge of his household expenditures, but he gave him entire supervision as well of his rooms and their contents.

Sam took the greatest pride in the young engineer's apartments. They were at the top of one of those old-fashioned, hip-roofed, dormer-windowed houses still to be found on Washington Square, and consisted of five rooms, with dining-room and salon. Of them all, the salon was by far the most spacious. It was a large, high-ceiled room with heavy cornices and mahogany doors; with wide French windows, one of which opened on a balcony overlooking the square. Against the walls stood low bookcases, their tops covered with curios and the hundred and one knickknacks that encumber a bachelor's apartment. Above these again hung a collection of etchings and sketches in and out of frames; many of them signed by fellow members of the Buzzards, a small Bohemian club of ten who often held their meetings here.

Under the frieze ran a continuous shelf, holding samples of half the pots of the universe, from a Heidelberg beer-mug to an East Indian water-jar; and over the doors were grouped bunches of African arrows, spears, and clubs, and curious barbaric shields; while the centre of the room was occupied by a square table covered with books and magazines, ash-trays, Japanese ivories, and the like, and set in among them was an umbrella-lamp with a shade of sealing-wax red. At intervals about the room were smaller tables, convenient for decanters and crushed ice, and against the walls, facing the piano, were wide divans piled high with silk cushions.

Within easy reach of reading-lamp

and chair rested a four-sided bookcase on rollers. This was filled with works on engineering and books of reference; while a high, narrow case between two doors was packed with photographs and engravings of the principal marine structures of our own and other coasts.

Late as was the season, a little wood fire smouldered in the open fireplace, — one of the sentiments to which Sanford clung, — while before it stood the brown leather chair in which he sat.

"Captain Bell will not be here to breakfast, Sam, but Mr. Hardy is coming," said Sanford, suddenly recollecting himself.

"Yaas, sah; everything's ready, sah," replied Sam, who, now that the telegram had been dispatched and the morning papers and letters delivered, had slipped into his white jacket again.

Sanford glanced at the shipping news, ran over the list of arrivals to see if any vessels bringing material for the Light had reached Keyport, picked up the package of letters, a dozen or more, and began cutting the envelopes. He read most of them rapidly, marked them in the margin, and laid them in a pile beside him. There were two which he placed by themselves without opening them. One was from his friend Mrs. Morgan Leroy, inviting him to luncheon the following day, and the other from Major Tom Slocomb, of Pocomoke, Maryland, informing him of his approaching visit to New York, accompanied by his niece, Miss Helen Shirley, of Kent County, — "a daughter, sir, of Colonel Talbot Shirley, one of our foremost citizens, whom I believe you had the honor of meeting during your never-to-be-forgotten visit among us."

The never-to-be-forgotten visit was one Sanford had made the major the winter before, when he was inspecting the site for a stone and brush jetty he was about to build for the government, in the Chesapeake. This jetty was to be near the major's famous estates which he had in-

herited from his wife, "the widow of Major Talbot, suh."

Sanford's daily contact with the major during his visit had rather endeared him to the young engineer. Under all the Pocomokian's veneer of delightful mendacity, utter shiftlessness, and luxurious extravagance he had detected certain qualities of true loyalty to those whom he loved, and a very tender sympathy for the many in the world worse off than himself. The major's conversion from a vagabond with gentlemanly instincts to a gentleman with strong Bohemian tendencies, Sanford felt, might have been easily accomplished had a little more money been placed at the Pocomokian's disposal. Given an endless check-book with unlimited overdrafts, and with settlements made every hundred years, the major would have been a prince among men.

The niece to whom the major referred in his letter lived on an adjoining estate with a relative much nearer of kin. Like many other possessions of this acclimated Marylander, she was really not his niece at all, but another heritage from his deceased wife. Her well-bred air and her lovely face and character had always made her a marked figure wherever she went. The major first saw her on horseback, in a neat-fitting riding-habit which she had made out of some blue army kersey bought at the country store. The poise of her head, the easy grace of her seat, and her admirable horsemanship decided the major at once. Henceforward her name was emblazoned on the scroll of his family tree.

It was not until Sanford had finished his other letters that he turned to that from Mrs. Leroy. He looked first at the circular postmark to see the exact hour at which it had been mailed; then rising from the big chair, he threw himself on the divan, tucked a pillow under his head, and slowly broke the seal. The envelope was large and square, decorated with the crest of the Leroy's in violet wax, and

addressed in a clear, round, almost masculine hand. It contained only half a dozen lines, beginning with "My dear Henry, — If you are going to the Ledge, please stop at Medford and see how my new dining-room is getting on. Be sure to come to luncheon to-morrow, so we can talk it over," etc., and ending with the hope that he had not taken cold when he left her house the night before.

When Mrs. Leroy's letter, which Sanford held for some time before him, had been placed at last in its envelope and thrust under the sofa-pillow, he picked up again that of the major, looking for the date of Helen Shirley's arrival.

"Jack Hardy will be glad," he said, as he threw the major's epistle on the table. Then glancing again at the date and initials of Mrs. Leroy's missive, he put the envelope, as well as the letter, in his pocket, and began pacing the room.

He was evidently restless. He threw wide the sashes of the French window which opened on the iron balcony, letting in the fresh morning air. He looked for a moment over the square below, the hard, pen-line drawing of its trees blurred by the yellow-green bloom of the early spring, rearranged a photograph or two on the mantel, and, picking up a vase filled with roses, inhaled their fragrance and placed them in the centre of the dainty breakfast-table, with its snowy linen and polished silver, that Sam had just been setting near him. Then reseating himself in his chair, he called again to the ever watchful dorky, who had been following his movements through the crack of the pantry door. "Sam."

"Yaas, r," came a voice apparently from the far end of the pantry; "comin', sah."

"Look over the balcony again and see if Mr. Hardy is on his way across the square. It's after ten now," he said, consulting the empire clock with broken columns which decorated the mantel.

"I 'spec's dat's him a-comin' up now, sah. I yeared de downstairs do' click a

minute ago. Dar he is, sah," drawing aside the curtain that hid the entrance to the outer hall.

"Sorry, old man," came a voice increasing in distinctness as the speaker approached, "but I could n't help it. I had a lot of letters to answer this morning, or I should have been on time. Don't make any difference to you; it's your day off."

"My day off, is it? I was out of bed this morning at six o'clock. Captain Joe stopped here on his way from the train; he has just left; and if you had stayed away a minute more, I'd have breakfasted without you. And that is n't the worst of it. That Cape Ann sloop I told you of has arrived, and I go to Keyport to-night."

"The devil you do!" said Jack, a shade of disappointment crossing his face. "That means, I suppose, you won't be back this spring. How long are you going to be building that light-house, anyhow?"

"Two years more, I'm afraid," said Sanford thoughtfully. "Breakfast right away, Sam. Take the seat by the window, Jack. I thought we'd breakfast here instead of in the dining-room; the air's fresher."

Jack opened his cutaway coat, took a rose from the vase, adjusted it in his buttonhole, and spread his napkin over his knees.

He was much the younger of the two men, and his lot in life had been far easier. Junior partner in a large banking-house down town, founded and still sustained by the energy and business tact of his father, he had not found it a difficult task to sail through life without a jar.

"What do you hear from Crab Island, Jack?" asked Sanford, a sly twinkle in his eye, as he passed him the muffins.

"They've started the new club-house," said Jack, with absolute composure. "We are going to run out that extension you suggested when you were down there

last winter." He clipped his egg lightly, without a change of countenance.

"Anything from Helen Shirley?"

"Just a line, thanking me for the magazines," Jack answered in a casual tone, not the faintest interest betraying itself in the inflections of his voice. Sanford thought he detected a slight increase of color on his young friend's always rosy cheeks.

"Did she say anything about coming to New York?" Sanford asked, looking at Jack quizzically out of the corner of his eye.

"Yes; now I come to think of it, I believe she did say something about the major's coming, but nothing very definite."

Jack spoke as if he had been aroused from some reverie entirely foreign to the subject under discussion. He continued to play with his egg, flecking off the broken bits of shell with the point of his spoon, but with all his pretended composure he could not raise his eyes to those of his host.

"What a first-class fraud you are, Jack!" said Sanford, laughing at last. He leaned back in his chair and looked at Hardy good-humoredly from under his eyebrows. "I would have read you Slocomb's letter, lying right before you, if I had n't been sure you knew every detail in it. Helen and the major will be here next week, and you have been told the very hour she'll arrive, and have staked out every moment of her time. Now don't try any of your boy's games on me. What are you going to do next Tuesday night?"

Jack laughed, but made no attempt to parry a word of Sanford's thrust. He looked up at last inquiringly over his plate and said, "Why?"

"Because I want you to dine here with them. I'll ask Mrs. Leroy to matronize Helen. Leroy is still abroad, and she can come. We'll get Bock, too, with his 'cello. What ladies are in town?"

Jack's face was aglow in an instant.

The possibility of dining in Sanford's room, with its background of rich color and with all the pretty things about that Helen he knew would love so well, lent instant interest to Sanford's proposition. He looked about the room. He saw at a glance just where he would seat her after dinner: the divan nearest the curtains was the best. How happy she would be, and how new it would all be to her! He could have planned nothing more delightful for her. Then remembering that Sanford had asked him a question, he nonchalantly gave the names of several young women he knew who might be agreeable guests. After a moment's silence he suggested that Sanford leave these details to Mrs. Leroy. Jack knew her tact, and he knew to a nicety just how many young girls Mrs. Leroy would bring. The success of bachelor dinners, from Hardy's standpoint, was not due to half a dozen young women and two men; quite the reverse.

The date for the dinner arranged, and the wisdom of leaving the list of guests to Mrs. Leroy agreed upon, the talk drifted into other channels: the Whistler pastels at Klein's; the garden-party to be given at Mrs. Leroy's country-seat near Medford when the new dining-room was finished and the roses were in bloom; the opportunity Sanford might now enjoy of combining business with pleasure, Medford being a short run from Shark Ledge; the success of Smearly's last portrait at the Academy, a photograph of which lay on the table; the probable change in Slocomb's fortunes, now that, with the consent of the insurance company who held the mortgage, he had rented what was left of the Widow Talbot's estate to a strawberry planter from the North, in order to live in New York; and finally, under Jack's guidance, back to Helen Shirley's visit.

When the two men, an hour later, passed into the corridor, Sanford held two letters in his hand ready to mail: one addressed to Major Slocomb, with

an inclosure to Miss Shirley, the other to Mrs. Morgan Leroy.

Sam watched them over the balcony until they crossed the square, cut a double shuffle with both feet, admired his black grinning face in the mirror, took a corn-cob pipe from the shelf in the pantry, filled it with some of Sanford's best tobacco, and began packing his master's bag for the night train to Keyport.

III.

CAPTAIN BOB HOLDS THE THROTTLE.

It was not yet five o'clock, though the sun had been up for an hour, when Sanford arrived at Keyport. He turned quickly toward the road leading from the station to Captain Joe's cottage, a spring and lightness in his step which indicated not only robust health, but an eagerness to reach at once the work absorbing his mind. When he gained the high ground overlooking the cottage and dock, he paused for a view that always charmed him with its play of light and color, and which seemed never so beautiful as in the early morning light.

Below him lay Keyport village, built about a rocky half-moon of a harbor, its old wharves piled high with rotting oil-barrels and flanked by empty warehouses. Behind these crouched low, gray-roofed houses, squatting in a tangle of streets, with here and there a slender white spire tipped with a restless weather-vane. Higher, on the hills, nestled some old houses with sloping roofs and wide porches, and away up on the crest of the heights, overlooking the sea, stood the more costly structures with well-shaved lawns.

The brimming harbor itself was dotted with motionless yachts and various fishing-craft, all reflected upside down in the still sea, its glassy surface rippled now and then by the dipping buckets of men washing down the decks, or by the

quick water-spider strokes of some lobster-fisherman pulling homeward with his catch, the click of the rowlocks pulsating in the breathless morning air.

On the near point of the half-moon stood Keyport Light, an old-fashioned factory chimney of a light, built of brick, but painted snow-white with a black cigar band around its middle, its top surmounted by a copper lantern. This flashed red and white at night, over a radius of twenty miles. Braced up against its base, for a better hold, was a little building hiding a great fog-horn, which on thick days and nights bellowed out its welcome to Keyport's best. On the far point of the moon — the one opposite the Light, and some two miles away — stretched sea-meadows broken with clumps of rock and shelter-houses for cattle. Between these two points, almost athwart the mouth of the harbor, like a huge motionless whale, its backbone knotted with summer cottages, lay Crotch Island. Beyond the island away out under the white glare of the risen sun could be seen a speck of purplish-gray fringed with bright splashes of spray glinting in the dazzling light. This was Shark's Ledge.

As Sanford looked toward the site of the new Light a strange sensation came over him. There lay the work on which his reputation would rest and by which he would hereafter be judged. Everything else he had so far accomplished was, he knew, but a preparation for this his greatest undertaking. Not only were the engineering problems involved new to his experience, but in his attitude in regard to them he had gone against all precedents as well as against the judgments of older heads, and had relied almost alone on Captain Joe's personal skill and pluck. The risk, then, was his own. While he never doubted his ultimate success, there always came a tugging at his heartstrings whenever he looked toward the site of the light-house, and a tightening of his throat

which proved, almost unconsciously to himself, how well he understood the magnitude of the work before him.

Turning from the scene, he walked with slackened step down the slope that led to the long dock fronting the captain's cottage. As he drew nearer he saw that the Screamer had been moored between the captain's dock (always lumbered with paraphernalia required for sea-work) and the great granite-wharf, which was piled high with enormous cubes of stone, each as big as two pianos.

The sloop was just such a boat as Captain Joe had described, — a stanch, heavily built Eastern stone-sloop, with a stout mast and a heavy boom always used as a derrick. On her forward deck was bolted a hoisting-engine, and thrust up through the hatch of the forecabin was the smoke-stack of the boiler, already puffing trial feathers of white steam into the morning air. Captain Joe had evidently seen no reason to change his mind about her, for he was at the moment on her after-deck, overhauling a heavy coil of manilla rope, and reeving it in the block himself, the men standing by to catch the end of the line.

When Sanford joined the group there was no general touching of hats, — outward sign of deference that a group of laborers on land would have paid their employer. In a certain sense, each man was chief here. Each man knew his duty and did it, quietly, effectually, and cheerfully. The day's work had no limit of hours. The pay was never fixed by a board of delegates, one half of whom could not tell a marlinespike from a monkey-wrench. The men had enlisted for a war with winds and storms and changing seas, and victory meant something more to them than pay once a month and plum duff once a week. It meant hours of battling with the sea, of tugging at the lines, waist-deep in the boiling surf that rolled in from Montauk. It meant constant, unceasing vigilance day and night, in order that some exposed site

necessary for a bedstone might be captured and held before a southeaster could wreck it, and thus a vantage-point be lost in the laying of the masonry.

Each man took his share of wet and cold and exposure without grumbling. When a cowardly and selfish spirit joined the force, Captain Joe, on his first word of complaint, handed him his money and put him ashore. It was only against those common enemies, the winds and the seas, that murmurs were heard. "Drat that wind!" one would say. "Here she's a-haulin' to the east'rd agin, an' we ain't got them j'int's [in the masonry] p'inted." Or, "It makes a man sick to see th' way this month's been a-goin' on, — not a decent day since las' Tuesday."

Sanford liked these men. He was always at home with them. He loved their courage, their grit, their loyalty to one another and to the work itself. The absence of ceremony among them never offended him. His cheery "Good-morning" as he stepped aboard was as cheerily answered.

Captain Joe stopped work long enough to shake Sanford's hand and to present him to the newcomer, Captain Bob Brandt of the Screamer.

"Cap'n Bob!" he called, waving his hand.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the ready response of his early training.

"Come aft, sir. Mr. Sanford wants ye." The "sir" was merely a recognition of the captain's rank.

A tall, straight, blue-eyed young fellow of twenty-two, with a face like an open book, walked down the deck toward where Sanford stood, — one of those perfectly simple, absolutely fearless, alert men found so often on the New England coast, with legs and arms of steel, body of hickory, and hands of whalebone: cabin-boy at twelve, common sailor at sixteen, first mate at twenty, and full captain the year he voted.

Sanford looked him all over, from his

shoes to his cap. He knew a round man when he saw him. This one seemed to be without a flaw. He saw too that he possessed that yeast of good nature without which the best of men are heavy and dull.

"Can you lift these blocks, Captain Brandt?" he asked in a hearty tone, more like that of a comrade than an employer, his hand extended in greeting.

"Well, I can try, sir," came the modest reply, the young man's face lighting up as he looked into Sanford's eyes, where he read with equal quickness a ready appreciation, so encouraging to every man who intends to do his best.

Captain Brandt and every member of the gang knew that it was not the mere weight of these enrockment blocks which made the handling of them so serious a matter; twelve tons is a light lift for many boat-derricks. It was the fact that they must be loaded aboard a vessel not only small enough to be easily handled in any reasonable weather, but with a water-draught shoal enough to permit her lying safely in a running tide alongside the Ledge while the individual stones were being lowered over her side.

The hangers-on about the dock questioned whether any sloop could do this work.

"Billy," said old Marrows, an assumed authority on stone-sloops, but not in Sanford's employ, although a constant applicant, "I ain't sayin' nothin' agin her beam, mind, but she's too peaked forrard. 'Nother thing, when she's got them stones slung, them chain-plates won't hold 'er shrouds. I would n't be s'prised to see that mast jerked clean out'er her."

Bill Lacey, the handsome young rigger, leaned over the sloop's rail, scanned every bolt in her plates, glanced up at the standing rigging, tried it with his hand as if it were a tight-rope, and with a satisfied air remarked: "Them plates is all right, Marrows, — it's her b'iler that's a-worryin' me. What do you say,

Caleb?" turning to Caleb West, a broad-shouldered, grizzled man in a sou'wester, who was mending a leak in a diving-dress, the odor of the burning cement mingling with the savory smell of frying ham coming up from the galley.

"Wall, I ain't said, Billy," replied Caleb in a cheery voice, stroking his bushy gray beard. "Them as don't know better keep shet."

There was a loud laugh at the young rigger's expense, in which everybody except Lacey and Caleb joined. Lacey's face hardened under the thrust, while Caleb still smiled, a quaint expression overspreading his features, — one that often came when something pleased him, and which by its sweetness showed how little venom lay behind his reproofs.

"These 'ere sloops is jes' like women," said George Nickles, the cook, a big, oily man, with his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, a greasy apron about his waist. He was dipping a bucket overboard. "Ye can't tell nothin' about 'em till ye tries 'em."

The application of the simile not being immediately apparent, nobody answered. Lacey stole a look at Nickles and then at Caleb, to see if the shot had been meant for him, and meeting the diver's unconscious clear blue eyes, looked seaward again.

Lonny Bowles, a big derrickman from Noank quarries, in a red shirt, discolored on the back with a pink Y where his suspenders had crossed, moved nearer and joined in the discussion.

"She kin h'ist any two on 'em," he said, "an' never wet 'er deck combin's. I seen them Cape Ann sloops afore, when we wuz buildin' Stonin'ton breakwater. Yer would n't believe they had it in 'em till ye see 'em work. Her b'iler's all right."

"Don't you like the sloop, Caleb?" said Sanford, who had been listening, moving a rebellious leg of the rubber dress to sit the closer. "Don't you think she 'll do her work?"

"Well, sir, of course I ain't knowed 'er long 'nough to swear by yit. She's fittin' for loadin' 'em on land, may be, but she may have some trouble gittin' rid of 'em at the Ledge. Her b'iler looks kind o' weak to me," said the master diver, stirring the boiling cement with his sheath-knife, the rubber suit sprawled out over his knees, the awkward, stiff, empty legs and arms of the dress flopping about as he patched its many leaks. "But if Cap'n Joe says she's all right, ye can pin to her."

Sanford moved a little closer to Caleb, one of his stanchest friends among the men, holding the pan of cement for him, and watching him at work. He had known him for years as a fearless diver of marvelous pluck and endurance; one capable of working seven consecutive hours under water. He had done this only the year before, just after entering Sanford's employ, — when an English bark ran on top of Big Spindle Reef and backed off into one hundred and ten feet of water. The captain and six of the crew were saved, but the captain's wife, helpless in the cabin, was drowned. Caleb went below, cleared away the broken deck that pinned her down, and brought her body up in his arms. His helmet was splattered inside with the blood that trickled from his ears, owing to the enormous pressure of the sea.

The constant facing of dangers like these had made of the diver a quiet, reticent man. There was, too, a gentleness and quaint patience about him that always appealed to Sanford. Of late his pale blue eyes seemed to shine with a softer light, as if he were perpetually hugging some happiness to himself. Since he had joined Sanford's working force he had married a second and a younger wife, — a mere child, the men said, — young enough to be his daughter, too young for a man of forty-five. But those who knew him best said that all this happy gentleness had come with the girl wife.

His cabin, a small, two-story affair, bought with the money he had saved during his fifteen years on the Lightship and after his first wife's death, lay a short distance up the shore above that of Captain Joe, and in plain sight of where they both sat. Just before Sanford had taken his seat beside the diver, he had seen him wave his hand gayly in answer to a blue apron tossing on its distant porch. Bill Lacey had seen the apron too, and had answered it a moment later with a little wave of his own. Caleb did not notice Billy's signal, but Captain Joe did, and a peculiar look filled his eye that the men did not often see. In his confusion Lacey flushed scarlet, and upset the pan of cement.

When the men turned to wash their hands for breakfast, Sanford slipped his clothes and plunged overboard, one of the crew holding the sail flat to shield him from the shore. His frequent dips always amused Captain Joe, who was so often overboard without his consent and in his clothes, that he could never understand why any other man should take to the element from choice, even if he left his garments on board ship.

Captain Joe soused a bucket overboard, rested it on the rail and plunged in his hands, the splashing drops glistening in the sunlight.

"Come, Mr. Sanford, — breakfast's ready, men," he called. Then, waving his hand to Caleb and the others, he said laughing, "All you men what's gittin' skeery 'bout the Screamer kin step ashore. I'm a-goin' to load three o' them stone aboard the sloop after breakfast, if I roll her over bottom side up."

Sanford sat at the head of the table, his back to the companionway, the crew's bunks within reach of his hand. He was the only man who wore a coat. Before him were fried eggs sizzling in squares of pork; hashed potatoes, browned in what was left of the sizzle; saleratus biscuit, full of dark spots; and coffee in tin cups. There was also a small jug of

molasses, protected by a pewter top, and a bottle of tomato catsup, its contents repeatedly spattered over every plate.

Long years of association had familiarized Sanford with certain rules of etiquette to be always observed at a meal like this. Whoever finished first he knew must push back his stool out of the way and instantly mount to the deck. In confined quarters, elbow-room is a luxury, and its free gift a courtesy. He also knew that to leave anything on his plate would have been regarded as an evidence of extreme bad manners, suggesting beside a reflection upon the skill of the cook. It was also a part of the code to wipe one's knife carefully on the last piece of bread, which was to be swallowed immediately, thus obliterating all traces of the repast, except, of course, the bones, which must be picked clean and piled on one side of the plate. Captain Joe never neglected these little amenities.

Sanford forgot none of them. He drank from his tin cup, and ate his eggs and fried ham apparently with the same zest that he would have felt before one of Sam's choicest breakfasts. He found something wonderfully inspiring in watching a group of big, strong, broad-breasted, horny-handed laboring men intent on satisfying a hunger born of fresh air and hard labor. There was an eagerness about their movements, a relish as each mouthful disappeared, attended by a good humor and sound digestion that would have given a sallow-faced dyspeptic a new view of life, and gone far toward converting a dilettante to the belief that although forks and napkins were perhaps indispensable luxuries, existence would not be wholly desolate with plain fingers and shirt-cuffs.

Captain Joe was the first man on deck. He had left his pea-jacket in the cabin, and now wore his every-day outfit — the blue flannel shirt, long since stretched out of shape in its efforts to accommodate itself to the spread of his shoulders, and a pair of trousers in

which each corrugated wrinkle outlined a knotted muscle twisted up and down his sturdy rudder-posts of legs.

"Come, men!" he called in a commanding voice, with none of the gentler tones heard at the breakfast-table. "Pull yourselves together. Bill Lacey, lower away that hook and git them chains ready. Fire up, Cap'n Brandt, and give 't every pound o' steam she 'll carry. Here, one or two of ye, run this 'ere line ashore and make her bow fast. Drop that divin'-suit, Caleb; this ain't no time to patch things."

These orders were volleyed at the men one after another, as he stepped from the sloop to the wharf, each man springing to his place. Sanford, standing by him, gave suggestions in lowered tones, while the sloop was made ready for the trial.

Captain Joe moved down the dock and adjusted with his own hands the steel "Lewis" that was to be driven into the big trial stone. Important details like this he never left to others. If this Lewis should slip, with the stone suspended over the sloop's deck, the huge block would crush through her timbers, sinking her instantly.

The sloop was lying alongside the wharf, with beam and stern lines made fast to the outlying water-spiles to steady her. When the tackle was shaken clear, the boom was lowered at the proper angle; the heavy chain terminating in an enormous S-hook, which hung immediately over the centre of one of the big enrockment blocks.

The Screamer's captain held the throttle, watching the steadily rising steam-gauge.

"Give 'er a turn and take up the slack!" shouted Captain Joe.

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the quick answer of the skipper, as the cogs of the hoisting-engine began to move, winding all the loose slackened "fall" around the drum, until it straightened out like a telegraph wire.

"What's she carryin' now, Cap'n Bob?" again shouted Captain Joe.

"Seventy-six pounds, sir."

"Give 'er time — don't push 'er."

A crowd began to gather on the dock: fishermen and workmen on their way to the village, idlers along the shore road, and others. They all understood that the trial of the sloop was to be made this morning, and great interest was felt. The huge stones had rested all winter on this wharf, and the loungers around every tavern stove in Keyport had discussed and rediscussed their size, until each one outweighed the Pyramids. Loading such pieces on board a vessel like the Screamer had never been done in Keyport before.

Old Marrows's whispered misgivings, as he made fast a line far up on the wharf, were soon shared by others. Some of the onlookers moved back across the road, yielding to the vague fear of the inexperienced. Bets were offered that "her mast would be tore clean out of her;" or that "she'd put her starboard rail under water afore she'd start 'em;" and that "she'd sink where she lay."

The needle of the gauge on the sloop's boiler revolved slowly until it registered ninety pounds. Little puffs of blue vaporless steam hissed from the safety-valve. The boiler was getting ready to do its duty.

Captain Joe looked aloft, ordered the boom topped a few inches, so that the lift would be plumb, sprang upon the sloop's deck, scrutinized the steam-gauge, saw that the rope was evenly wound on the drum, emptied an oil-can into the sunken wooden saddle in which the butt of the boom rested, followed with his eye every foot of the manilla fall from the drum through the double blocks to the chain hanging over the big stone, called to the people on the dock to get out of harm's way, and saw that every man was in his place; then rang out the order, clear and sharp, —

"Go ahead!"

The cogs of the drum of the hoisting-engine spun around until the great weight began to tell; then the strokes of the steam-pistons slowed down. The outboard mooring-lines were now tight as standing rigging. The butt of the boom in the sunken saddle was creaking as it turned, a pungent odor from the friction-heated oil filling the air. The strain increased, and the sloop careened toward the wharf until her bilge struck the water, drawing taut as bars of steel her outboard shrouds. Ominous clicks came from the new manilla as its twists were straightened out.

Captain Bob Brandt still stood by the throttle, one of his crew firing, sometimes with cotton waste soaked in kerosene. He was watching every part of his sloop then under strain to see how she stood the test.

The slow movement of the pistons continued. The strain became intense. A dead silence prevailed, broken only by the clicking fall and the creak of the roller blocks. Twice the safety-valve blew a hoarse note of warning.

Slowly, inch by inch, the sloop settled in the water, — stopped suddenly, — quivered her entire length, — gathered herself together, like a strong man getting well under his load; the huge stone canted a point, slid the width of a dock plank, and with a hoarse, scraping sound swung clear of the wharf.

A cheer went up from the motley crowd on the dock. Not a word escaped the men at work. Not a man moved from his place. The worst was yet to come. The swinging stone must yet be lowered on deck.

"Tighten up that guy," said Captain Joe quietly, between his teeth, never taking his eyes from the stone; his hand meanwhile on the fall, to test its strain.

Bill Lacey and Caleb ran to the end of the dock, whipped one end of a line around a mooring-post, and with their knees bent to the ground held on with all their strength. The other end of the

guy was fastened to the steel S-hook that held the Lewis in the stone.

"Easy — ea-s-y!" said Captain Joe, a momentary shadow of anxiety on his face. The guy held by Caleb and Lacey gradually slackened. The great stone, now free to swing clear, moved slowly in mid-air over the edge of the wharf, passed above the water, cleared the rail of the sloop, and settled on her deck as gently as a grounding balloon.

The cheer that broke from all hands brought the fishwives to their porches.

IV.

AMONG THE BLACKFISH AND TOMCODS.

Hardly had the men ceased cheering when the boom was swung back, another huge stone was lifted from the wharf, and loaded aboard the sloop. A third followed, was lowered upon rollers on the deck and warped amidships, to trim the boat. The mooring-lines were cast off, and the sloop's sail partly hoisted for better steering, and a nervous, sputtering little tug tightened a tow-line over the Screamer's bow.

The flotilla now moved slowly out of the harbor toward the Ledge. Captain Brandt stood at the wheel. His face was radiant. His boat had met the test, just as he knew she would. Boat and captain had stood by each other many a time before; that night at Rockport was one, when they lay bow on to a gale, within a cable's length of the breakwater. This saw-toothed Ledge could not scare him.

Yet not a word of boasting passed his lips. Whatever the risk to come might be, while she lay to these new floating buoys of Captain Joe's, he meant to put the stones where the captain wanted them, if the sloop's bones were laid beside them. Captain Joe, he well knew, never sent another man's vessel where he would not have sent his own. So Cap-

tain Brandt spun his wheel and held his peace.

Close association with Captain Joe always inspired this confidence; not only among his own men, but in all the others who sprang to his orders. His personal magnetism, his enthusiasm, his seemingly reckless fearlessness, and yet extreme caution and watchful care for the safety of his men, had created among them a blind confidence in his judgment that always resulted in immediate and unquestioned obedience to his orders, no matter what the risk might seem.

When the open harbor was reached, the men overhauled the boom-tackle, getting ready for the real work of the day. Bill Lacey and Caleb West lifted the air-pump from its case, and oiled the plunger. Caleb was to dive that day himself, and find a bed for these first three stones as they were lowered under water. Work like this required an experienced hand. Lacey was to tend the life-line.

As the tug and sloop passed into the broad water, Medford Village could be seen toward the southeast. Sanford adjusted his marine-glass, and focused its lens on Mrs. Leroy's country-house. It lay near the water, and was surmounted by a cupola he had often used as a lookout when he had been Mrs. Leroy's guest, and the weather had been too rough for him to land at the Ledge. He saw that the bricklayers were really at work, and that the dining-room extension was already well under way, the scaffolding being above the roof. He meant, if the weather permitted, to stop there on his way home.

Soon the Ledge itself loomed up, with its small platforms, and what was left of last year's shanty. The concrete men were evidently busy, for the white steam from the mixers rose straight into the still air.

An hour more and the windows on the lee side of the shanty could be distinguished, and a little later, the men on

the platform as they gathered to await the approaching flotilla. When they caught sight of the big blocks stored on the Screamer's deck, they broke into a cheer that was followed by a shrill saluting whistle from the big hoisting-engine on the Ledge. This was answered as cheerily by the approaching tug. Work on the Ledge could now begin in earnest.

If Crotch Island was like the back of a motionless whale, Shark's Ledge was like that of a turtle, — a turtle say one hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred wide, lying still in a moving sea, and always fringed by a ruffling of surf curls, or swept by great waves that rolled in from Montauk. No landing could ever be made here except in the eddy formed by the turtle itself, and then only in the stillest weather.

The shell of this rock-incrusted turtle had been formed by dumping on the original Ledge, and completely covering it, thousands of tons of rough stone, each piece as big as a bureau. Upon this stony shell, which rose above high-water mark, a wooden platform had been erected for the proper storage of stone, sand, barrels of cement, hoisting-engines, concrete mixers, tools, and a shanty for the men. It was down by the turtle's side — down below the slop of the surf — that the big enrockment blocks were to be placed, one on the other, their sides touching close as those on a street pavement. The lowest stone of all was to be laid on the bottom of the sea in thirty feet of water; the top one was to be placed where its upper edges would be thrust above the sea. In this way the loose rough stones of the turtle's shell would have a cover, and the finished structure be protected from the crush of floating ice and the fury of winter gales.

By a change of plan the year before, a deep hole nearly sixty feet in diameter had been made in the back of this turtle. This hole was now being filled with concrete up to low-water level and

retained in form by circular iron bands. On top of this enormous artificial bed-stone was to be placed the tower of the lighthouse itself, of dressed stone, many of the single pieces to be larger than those now on the Screamer's deck. The four great derrick-masts with "twenty-inch butts" which had been ordered by telegraph the day before in Sanford's office — the telegram Sam took — were to be used to place these dressed stones in position.

The nearest land to the Ledge was Crotch Island, two miles away. To the east stretched the wide sea, hungry for fresh victims, and losing no chance to worst the men on the Ledge. For two years it had fought the captain and his men without avail. The Old Man of the Sea hates the warning voice of the fog-horn and the cheery light in the tall tower — they rob him of his prey.

The tug continued on her course for half a mile, steered closer, the sloop following, and gained the eddy of the Ledge out of the racing tide. Four men from the platform now sprang into a whaleboat and pulled out to meet the sloop, carrying one end of a heavy hawser which was being paid out by the men on the Ledge. The hawser was made fast to the sloop's cleats and hauled tight. The tug was cast loose and sent back to Keyport. Outboard hawsers were run by the crew of the whaleboat to the floating anchor-buoys, to keep the sloop off the stone-pile when the enrockment blocks were swung clear of her sides.

Caleb and Lacey began at once to overhaul the diving-gear. The air-pump was set close to the sloop's rail; a short ladder was lashed to her side, to enable the diver to reach the water easily. The air-hose and life-lines were then uncoiled. Caleb threw off his coat and trousers, that he might move the more freely in his diving-dress, and with Lonny Bowles's assistance wormed himself into his rubber suit, — body, arms, and legs being

made of one piece of air and water tight rubber cloth.

By the time the sloop had been moored, and the boom-tackle made ready to lift the stone, Caleb stood on the ladder completely equipped, except for his copper helmet, which Captain Joe always adjusted himself. On his breast and between his shoulders hung two lead plates weighing twenty-five pounds each, and on his feet were two iron-shod shoes of equal weight. These were needed as ballast, to overbalance the buoyancy of his inflated dress, and enable him to sink or rise at his pleasure. Firmly tied to his wrist was a stout cord, — his life-line, — and attached to the back of the copper helmet was a long rubber hose, through which a constant stream of fresh air was pumped inside his helmet and dress.

In addition to these necessary appointments there was hung over one shoulder a canvas haversack, containing a small cord, a chisel, a water-compass, and a sheath-knife. The sheath-knife is the last desperate hope of the diver when his air-hose becomes tangled or clogged, his signals are misunderstood, and he must either cut his hose in the effort to free himself and reach the surface, or suffocate where he is.

Captain Joe adjusted the copper helmet, and stood with Caleb's glass face-plate in his hand, thus leaving his helmet open for a final order, before he lowered him overboard. The cogs of the Screamer's drum began turning, followed by the same creaking and snapping of manilla and straining of boom that had been heard when she was loaded.

Between the sea and the sloop a fight was now raging. The current which swept by within ten feet of her bilge curled and eddied about the buoy-floats, tugging at their chains, while wave after wave tried to reach her bow, only to fall back beaten and snapping like hungry wolves.

The Cape Ann sloop had fought these

fight before. All along her timber rail were the scars of similar battles. If she could keep her bow-cheeks from the teeth of these murderous rocks, she could laugh all day at their open jaws.

When the hoisting-engine was started and the steam began to hiss through the safety-valve, the bow-lines of the sloop straightened like strands of steel. Then there came a slight, staggering movement as she adjusted herself to the shifting weight. Without a sound, the stone rose from the deck, cleared the rail, and hung over the sea. Another cheer went up — this time from both the men on board the sloop and those on the Ledge. Captain Brandt smiled, with closed lips. Life was easy for him now.

"Lower away," said Captain Joe in the same tone he would have used in asking for the butter, as he turned to screw on Caleb's face-plate, shutting out the fresh air, and giving the diver only pumped air to breathe. Screwing on the glass face-plate is the last thing done before a diver goes under water.

The stone sank slowly into the sea, the dust and dirt of its long storage discolored the clear water.

"Hold her," continued Captain Joe, his hand still on Caleb's face-plate, as he stood erect on the ladder. "Stand by, Billy. Go on with that pump, men, — give him plenty of air."

Two men began turning the handles of the pump. Caleb's dress filled out like a balloon; Lacey took his place near the small ladder, the other end of Caleb's life-line having been made fast to his wrist, and the diver sank slowly out of sight, his hammer in his hand, the air bubbles from his exhaust-valve marking his downward course.

As Caleb sank, he hugged his arms close to his body, pressed his knees together, forcing the surplus air from his dress, and dropped rapidly toward the bottom. The thick lead soles of his shoes kept his feet down and his head up, and the breast-plates steadied him.

At the depth of twenty feet he touched the tops of the sea-kelp growing on the rocks below, — he could feel the long tongues of leaves scraping his legs. Then, as he sank deeper, his shoes struck an outlying boulder. Caleb floated around this, measured it with his arms, and settled to the gravel. He was now between the outlying boulder and the Ledge. Here he raised himself erect on his feet and looked about: the gravel beneath him was white and spangled with star-fish; little crabs lay motionless, or scuttled away at his crunching tread; the sides of the isolated boulder were smooth and clean, the top being covered with waving kelp. In the dim, greenish light this boulder looked like a weird head, — a kind of submarine Medusa, with her hair streaming upward. The jagged rock-pile next it resembled a hill of purple and brown corn swaying in the ceaseless current.

Caleb thrust his hand into his haversack, grasped his long knife, slashed at the kelp of the rock-pile to see the bottom stones the clearer, and sent a quick signal of "All right — lower away!" through the life-line, to Lacey, who stood on the sloop's deck above him.

Almost instantly a huge green shadow edged with a brilliant iridescent light fell about him, growing larger and larger in its descent. Caleb peered upward through his face-plate, followed the course of the stone, and jerked a second signal to Lacey's wrist. This signal was repeated in words by Lacey to Captain Brandt, who held the throttle, and the shadowy stone was stopped within three feet of the gravel bottom. Here it swayed slowly, half turned, and touched on the boulder.

Caleb watched the stone carefully until it was perfectly still, crept along, swimming with one hand, and measured carefully with his eye the distance between the boulder and the Ledge. Then he sent a quick signal of "Lower — all gone," up to Lacey's wrist. The great

stone dropped a chain's link ; slid half-way the boulder, scraping the kelp in its course ; careened, and hung over the gravel with one end tilted on a point of the rocky ledge. As it hung suspended, one end buried itself in the gravel near the boulder, while the other end lay aslant up the slope of the rock-covered ledge.

Caleb again swam carefully around the stone, opened his arms, and inflating his dress rose five or six feet through the green water, floated over the huge stone, and grasping with his bare hand the lowering chain by which the stone hung, tested its strain. The chain was as rigid as a bar of steel. This showed that the stone was not fully grounded, and therefore dangerous, being likely to slide off at any moment. The diver now sent a telegram of short and long jerks aloft, asking for a crowbar ; hooked his legs around the lowering chain and pressed his copper helmet to the chain links to listen to Captain Joe's answer. A series of dull thuds, long and short, struck by a hammer above — a means of communication often possible when the depth of water is not great — told him that the crowbar he had asked for would be sent down at once. While he waited motionless, a blackfish pressed his nose to the glass of his face-plate, and scurried off to tell his fellows living in the kelp how strange a thing he had seen that day.

A quick jerk from Lacey, and the point of the crowbar dangled over Caleb's head. In an instant, to prevent his losing it in the kelp, he had lashed another and smaller cord about its middle, and with the bar firmly in his hand laid himself flat on the stone. The diver now examined carefully the points of contact between the boulder and the hanging stone, inserted one end of the bar under its edge, sent a warning signal above, braced both feet against the lowering chain, threw his whole strength on the bar, and gave a sharp, quick pull. The next instant the chain tightened ; the bar, released from the strain, bound-

ed from his hand ; there was a headlong surge of the huge shadowy mass through the waving kelp, and the great block slipped into its place, stirring up the bottom silt in a great cloud of water-dust.

The first stone of the system of en-rockment had been bedded !

Caleb clung with both hands to the lowering chain, waited until the water cleared, knocked out the Lewis pin that held the S-hook, thus freeing the chain, and signaled " All clear — hoist." Then he hauled the crowbar towards him by the cord, signaled for the next stone, moved away from the reach of falling bodies, and sat down on a bed of sea-kelp as comfortably as if it had been a sofa-cushion.

These breathing spells rest the lungs of a diver and lighten his work. Being at rest he can manage his dress the better, inflating it so that he is able to get his air with greater ease and regularity. The relief is sometimes so soothing that in long waits the droning of the air-valve will lull the diver into a sleep, from which he is suddenly awakened by a quick jerk on his wrist. Many divers, while waiting for the movements of those above, play with the fish, watch the crabs, or rake over the gravel in search of the thousand and one things that are lost overboard and that everybody hopes to find on the bottom of the sea.

Caleb did none of these things. He was too expert a diver to allow himself to go to sleep, and he had too much to think about. He sat quietly awaiting his call, his thoughts on the day of the week and how long it would be before Saturday night came again, and whether, when he left that morning, he had arranged everything for the little wife, so that she would be comfortable until his return. Once a lobster, thinking them some tidbit previously unknown, moved slowly up and nipped his red fingers with its claw. The dress terminates at the wrist with a waterproof and air-tight band, leaving the hands bare. At an-

other time two tomecods came sailing past, side by side, flapped their tails on his helmet, and scampered off. But Caleb, sitting comfortably on his sofa-cushion of seaweed thirty feet under water, paid little heed to outside things.

In the world above, a world of fleecy clouds and shimmering sea, some changes had taken place since Caleb sank out of the sunlight. Hardly had the second stone been made ready to be swung overboard and lowered to Caleb, when there came a sudden uplifting of the sea. One of those tramp waves preceding a heavy storm had strayed in from Montauk and was making straight for the Ledge.

Captain Joe sprang on the sloop's rail and looked seaward, and a shade of disappointment crossed his face.

"Stand by on that outboard guy!" he shouted in a voice that was heard all over the Ledge.

The heavy outboard hawser holding the sloop whipped out of the sea with the sudden strain, thrashed the spray from its twists, and quivered like a fiddle-string. The sloop staggered for an instant; plunged bow under, careened to her rail, and righted herself within oar's touch of the Ledge. Three feet from her bilge streak crouched a grinning rock with its teeth set!

Captain Joe smiled and looked at Captain Brandt.

"Ain't nothin' when ye git used to 't, Cap'n Bob. I ain't a-goin' ter scratch 'er paint. The jig's up now till the tide turns. Got to bank yer fires. Them other two stone 'll have to wait."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the skipper, throwing the furnace door wide open. Then he walked down the deck and said to Captain Joe in a tone as if he were only asking for information, but without a shade of nervous anxiety, "If that 'ere hawser'd parted, Cap'n Joe, when she give that plunge, it would 'a' been all up with us, — eh?"

"Yes, — 'spec' so," answered the cap-

tain, his mind, now that the danger had passed, neither on the question nor on the answer. Then suddenly awakening with a look of intense interest, "That line was a new one, Cap'n Bob. I picked it out a-purpose; them kind don't part."

Sanford, who had been standing by the tiller, anxiously watching the conflict, walked forward and grasped the skipper's hand.

"I want to congratulate you," he said, "on your sloop and on your pluck. It is not every man can lie around this stone-pile for the first time and keep his head."

Captain Brandt flushed like a bashful girl, and turned away his face. "Well, sir — ye see" — He never finished the sentence. The compliment had upset him more than the escape of the sloop.

All was bustle now on board the Screamer. The boom was swung in aboard, lowered, and laid on the deck. Caleb had been hauled up to the surface, his helmet unscrewed, and his shoes and breast-plate taken off. He still wore his dress, so that he could be ready for the other two stones when the tide turned. Meanwhile he walked about the deck looking like a great bear on his hind legs, his bushy beard puffed out over his copper collar.

During the interval of the change of tide dinner was announced, and the Screamer's crew went below to more sizzle and dough-balls, and this time a piece of corned beef, while Sanford, Captain Joe, Caleb, and Lacey sprang into the sloop's yawl and sculled for the shanty, keeping close to the hawser still holding the sloop.

The unexpected made half the battle at the Ledge. It was not unusual to see a southeast roll, three days old, cut down in an hour to the smoothness of a mill-pond by a northwest gale, and before night to find this same dead calm followed by a semi-cyclone. Only an expert could checkmate the consequences

of weather manœuvres like these. Before Captain Joe had filled each man's plate with his fair porportion of cabbage and pork, a whiff of wind puffed in the bit of calico that served as a curtain for the shanty's pantry window, — the one facing east. Captain Joe sprang from his seat, and, bareheaded as he was, mounted the concrete platforms and looked seaward. Off towards Block Island he saw a little wrinkling line of silver flashing out of the deepening haze, while toward Crotch Island scattered flurries of wind furred the glittering surface of the sea with dull splotches, — as when one breathes upon a mirror. The captain turned quickly, entered the shanty, and examined the barometer. It had fallen two points.

"Finish yer dinner, men," he said quietly. "That 's the las' stone to-day, Mr. Sanford. It's beginnin' ter git lumpy. It 'll blow a livin' gale o' wind by sundown."

A second and stronger puff now swayed the men's oilskins, hanging against the east door. This time the air was colder and more moist. The sky overhead had thickened. In the southeast lay two sun-dog clouds, their backs shimmering like opals, while about the feverish eye of the sun gathered a reddish circle like an inflammation.

Sanford was on the platform, reading the signs of the coming gale. It was important that he should reach Keyport by night, and he had no time to spare. As the men came out one after another, each of them glanced toward the horizon, and quickening his movements fell to

work putting the place in order. The loose barrow planks were quickly racked up on the shanty's roof, out of the wash of the surf; an extra safety-guy was made fast to the platform holding the hoisting-engine, and a great tarpaulin drawn over the cement and lashed fast. Captain Joe busied himself meanwhile in examining the turnbuckles of the iron holding-down rods, which bound the shanty to the Ledge, and giving them another tightening twist. He ordered the heavy wooden shutters for the east side of the shanty to be put up, and saw that the stovepipe that stuck through the roof was taken down and stored inside.

The Screamer tugged harder at her hawser, her bow surging as the ever-increasing swell raced past her. Orders to man the yawl were given and promptly obeyed. Captain Joe was the last to step into the boat.

"Keep everything snug, Caleb, while I'm gone," he shouted. "It looks soapy, but it may be out to the nor'ard an' clear by daylight. Sit astern, Mr. Sanford. Pull away, men, we ain't got a minute."

When the Screamer, with two unset stones still on her deck, bore away from the Ledge with Sanford, Captain Joe, and Lacey on board, the spray was flying over the shanty roof.

Caleb stood on the platform waving his hand. He was still in his diving-dress.

"Tell Betty I'll be home for Sunday," the men heard him call out, as they flew by under close reef.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be continued.)

FOREVER AND A DAY.

A SONG.

I.

I LITTLE know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air
With his soft crescendo now ;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May —
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day !

II.

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight ;
For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she come again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

A FULL account of the extraordinary advances made in Africa during the last twenty-five years would require volumes, and in a single magazine article I can give but a résumé of the progress which has taken place in the equatorial portion of the continent. I begin with 1872, for in July of that year I returned to England with the six years' journals and latest news of Dr. Livingstone.

If the reader will take the trouble to lay a sheet of tracing-paper on the now crowded map of Africa, mark out a track from Zanzibar to Lake Tanganika, and from about the centre of that line another running north to the Victoria Nyanza, then draw a curving line of march through the intra-lake region to the outlet of the lake on the north side and add the eastern coast of Lake Albert, he will

realize far better than from any verbal description how little of Equatorial Africa was known at that time. He will see that nine tenths of inner Africa remained unexplored. The tracks drawn will illustrate what Burton and Speke, Speke and Grant, and Sir Samuel Baker had accomplished in seven years, 1857-64.

In September, 1872, I was requested to meet the British Association at Brighton, to tell its geographical section what new discoveries Livingstone had made during his six years' absence between Lakes Nyassa, Mweru, and Tanganika, and along the Lualaba River. At that meeting one geographer insisted that, since domestic swine were unknown in Africa, the "Old Traveler" must have lost his wits when he declared that he had found natives who kept tame pigs. The president observed that it was his duty to "veto" stories of that kind, because a geographical society discussed facts, not fictions. Sir Henry Rawlinson was inclined to believe that the great river discovered by Livingstone, if not the Congo, emptied into some vast marsh or swamp. The kindly way in which Livingstone had referred to the amiable Manyemas was suspected by some of those present to be an attempt on his part to create a favorable impression of the people, from among whom, it was said by Captain Burton, he had taken a princess for a wife. When the audience filed out from the hall, I was mobbed by persons who were curious to know if Zanzibar was an island!

But the way in which Americans received the news of Livingstone's achievements was the most amusing of all. They did not resort to personal detraction of Livingstone, but turned their powers of raillery upon me. Every humorous expression in the Old Traveler's letters to the New York Herald was taken to be a proof that I must have concocted the fables about "winsome Manyema girls," and so on. One journalist went so far as to assert that he

had reason to know I had never left New York city, and that I was a married man with a large family, who occasionally relieved my imagination by attempts to rival Defoe. Mark Twain dealt me the worst stroke of all. He wrote in the Hartford Courant, with the most perfect assurance, that when I found Livingstone, I was urged by him to relate first what great national events had happened during the long years in which he had been wandering, and that after describing how the Suez Canal had been opened, reporting the completion of the American transcontinental railway, the election of General Grant to the presidency, and the Franco-German war, I began to tell how Horace Greeley had become a candidate for the presidential honor, whereupon Livingstone exclaimed suddenly, "Hold on, Mr. Stanley! I must say I was inclined to believe you at first, but when you take advantage of my guilelessness and tell me that Horace Greeley has been accepted as a candidate by the American people, I'll be — if I can believe anything you say now." The English papers reprinted this solemn squib, and asked "if Mr. Stanley could be surprised that people expressed doubt of his finding Livingstone when he attributed such profanity to a man so noted for his piety"!

All this seems to me to have occurred ages ago. It will be incredible to many in this day that my simple story was received with such general unbelief. But such was the obscurity hanging over the centre of Africa in 1872 that, befogged by stay-at-home geographers, the public did not know whom to believe. Nine tenths of Equatorial Africa, as we have seen, were unknown, and the tenth that was known had required fifteen years for Burton, Speke, Baker, and Livingstone to explore. At such a rate of progress it would have taken 135 years to reveal inner Africa. Several things had conspired to keep Africa dark. In the first place, the public appeared to con-

sider that the exploration of continents and oceans should be reserved for governments or for wealthy societies. Then geographical associations regarded private enterprises with suspicion, or as impertinent intrusions upon their domain. The maps of Africa were generally accepted as drawn from authentic surveys and accurate observations, whereas in reality they were mere inferences based upon native reports and exaggerated estimates of distances. Traditions of disastrous expeditions also discouraged pioneers. Mungo Park's violent death on the Niger closed that river for over forty years. The fatalities attending Tuckey's expedition on the Congo in 1816 prejudiced every one against that river for sixty-two years. The failure of Macgregor Laird's mission at Lukoja, on the Lower Niger, in 1841 turned men's thoughts away from that river for another forty years. The misfortunes which followed Bishop Mackenzie's mission to the Zambesi in 1863-64 suspended mission work inland for twelve years. The singularly bad repute of the West Coast, the murders of Van der Decken and Le Saint on the East Coast, contributed to make Africa a terror to explorers. Another strong deterrent, I think, was the impression, derived from the books of travelers, that Africa had a most deadly climate, which only about six per cent of those who braved it could survive. Burton's book, *The Lake Regions of Central Africa*, was enough to inspire horror in any weak mind. To him the aspect of the interior "realized every preconceived idea at once hideous and grotesque, so that the traveler is made to think a corpse lies hidden behind every bush, and the firmament a fitting frame to the picture of miasma."

My experience during the search for Livingstone had proved to me that these were morbid and puerile stories, and when Livingstone's death occurred, in 1873, I was easily induced to undertake a second journey to Africa.

It was during this journey to the unexplored Victoria Nyanza, in 1874, that it first dawned upon me that Africa had been sadly neglected, and deserved a better future than to be kept as a continental reserve for the benefit of explorers and geographical societies; and once this idea became fixed in my mind I found myself regarding the land and people with kindlier eyes. Ebullitions of temper from a few tribes, chance accidents and misadventures in a savage land, did not prejudice me against the region, for balm soon succeeded bane, and the next view and the next experience generally compensated me for past sufferings. During the voyage around Lake Victoria the ever varying shores and the character of the natives developed this considerate judgment, and by the time I had completed the survey of the fountain head of the Nile, I was possessed by the belief that Africa should be explored for its purely human interest as much as for its geographical features.

In 1876 I came at last to "Livingstone's farthest" on the mighty Lualaba. The first glance at the magnificent stream fascinated me, and I felt that I had before me a problem the solution of which would settle once and for all time whether the heart of Africa was to remain forever inaccessible.

The nine months occupied in descending 1800 miles to the ocean gave me ample time to consider the question from every point of view, and when I reached the Atlantic my conclusions were suggested in the last sentence of the last letter I wrote to the journals which had dispatched the expedition. "I feel convinced," I then wrote, "that this mighty waterway will become an international question some day. It is bound to be the grand highway of commerce to Central Africa. A word to the wise is sufficient."

In pursuit of this idea, I devoted the greater part of 1878 to addressing English commercial communities upon the ne-

cessity of taking possession of this "No Man's Land" before it should be too late. But my connection with journalism was invariably associated by business men with a "want of ballast" and general impracticableness. Geographers were also wanting in breadth of mind in their estimates of the value of the river. One day in April of that year Colonel Grant and Lord Houghton visited my rooms, and after exchanging some general remarks the latter asked, "How many years will elapse before another traveler will see Stanley Falls?"

"Two, perhaps," I answered.

"Two!" he exclaimed. "I should have thought fifty years would have been nearer the mark."

"Ah, Lord Houghton," I said, "you may be sure that twenty-five years hence there will scarcely be one hundred square miles left unexplored."

"What!" cried Colonel Grant. "I would like to make a small bet on that."

"Done!" I said. "What do you say to making a note of it, and letting ten pounds be the forfeit?"

The bet was accepted, and we both laughingly recorded it.

Nineteen years have passed since that date, and we have still six years before us. Meantime, sixteen travelers have crossed Africa; the Congo basin has been thoroughly explored; the horn of East Africa from the Red Sea to Masai Land has been several times traversed; countless travelers have been up and down the Masai region; the intra-lake region has been fairly mapped out, and military stations have been founded in it; the Germans know their East African colony thoroughly; Mozambique Africa is almost as well known as Massachusetts; and French explorers have repeatedly crossed the Congo-Shari watershed to Lake Chad. To-day there is scarcely a thousand-square-mile plot of inner Africa left unpenetrated, and considering that there are over 2800 white

men in the central Africa which in 1877 contained only myself, I think I shall be able to claim my forfeit.

The process of waking Europe to the value of Africa was slow at first, and had it not been for the king of the Belgians it might have lasted fifty years longer. As probably I should not have returned to Africa after the finding of Livingstone but for the universal skepticism, so this new and general unbelief contributed to induce me to accept the commission of King Leopold by which I was to prove, by actual practice, that African lands were habitable, their cannibal aborigines manageable, and legitimate commerce possible. The reports of our steady progress during the first six years so stimulated the European nations that, in 1884, they were at fever-heat, and the scramble for African territory began. At the close of the Congo Conference in February, 1885, France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and finally Great Britain, were prepared to imitate the example of King Leopold, in conformity with the regulations laid down by that great assembly of ambassadors.

Since that period the whole of Equatorial Africa has been annexed as follows:

	Sq. Miles.	Population.
The Congo State . . .	905,900	16,300,000
Congo Française . . .	496,290	8,950,000
Portuguese Africa . . .	810,450	5,140,000
German East Africa and Cameruns	544,610	7,370,000
British Central Africa, Zanzibar and Pemba, Uganda and White Nile, East Africa . . .	954,540	9,568,000
Italian Somal and Galla Lands	277,330	800,000
Total	3,989,120	48,128,000

It will be seen that this area is equal to the whole of the United States, including Alaska, and two thirds of Mexico, put together. Yet, outside of Angola and a thin fringe of coast, Livingstone and myself were the only whites within this territory between 1866 and 1872; between

1874 and 1876 there were only Cameron and myself within it; in 1877 I was the sole white there; between 1877 and 1884 our own expedition and some missionaries had increased the number to one hundred Europeans.

The first body to move toward Africa in answer to my appeals was the Church Missionary Society, which sent five English missionaries to Uganda. A year later, these were followed by the French Fathers. The third expedition was sent by the International Association; the fourth, by the Belgian Société d'Etudes du Haut Congo; the fifth was the English Baptist mission; the sixth was M. de Bruzza's political mission to what is now Congo Française, after which numerous religious societies followed, and European powers began the work of annexation.

The honor of first mention must be accorded to the Uganda mission, not only because it preceded the army of missionaries now at work, but for the splendid perseverance shown by its members, and the marvelous success which has crowned their efforts. The story of the Uganda missionary enterprise is an epic poem. I know of few secular enterprises, military or otherwise, deserving of greater praise. I am unable to view it with illusions, for I am familiar with the circumstances attending the long march to Uganda, the sordid pagans who harassed it at every camp, the squalid details of African life, the sinister ambitions of its rivals, the atmosphere of wickedness in which it labored; when I brush these thoughts aside, I picture to myself band after band of missionaries pressing on to the goal, where they are to be woefully tried, with their motto of "Courage and always forward," each face imbued with the faith that though near to destruction "the gates of hell shall not prevail" against them. For fifteen years after they had landed in Uganda we heard frequently of their distress: of tragedy

after tragedy, of deaths by fever, of horrible persecution, the murder of their bishop, the massacre of their followers, the martyrdom of their converts, and finally of their expulsion. Still a glorious few persevered and wrestled against misfortune, and at last, after twenty years' work, their achievements have been so great that the effect of them must endure.

The letter which invited this mission was written by me April 14, 1875, and was published on the following 15th of November in the London Daily Telegraph. The editor, in commenting upon it, was almost prophetic when he said: "It may turn out that the letters which bring this strange and earnest appeal to Christendom, saved from oblivion by a chance so extraordinary, had this as their most important burden; and that Mr. Stanley may have done far more than he knew." My letter had been committed to Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, who with his entire company of thirty-six Soudanese soldiers was murdered by the Baris. Near the body of the colonel it was found by General Gordon, blood-stained and tattered. The care of the message from Uganda, as well as the wonderful results which followed its publication, was wholly due to another.

Eight days after the appearance of my appeal in the Telegraph the Church Missionary Society was stimulated by an offer of \$25,000 to undertake the enterprise. A few days later the fund was increased to \$75,000. In the following March the mission left England, and on the 30th of June, 1877, while I was yet six weeks from the Atlantic Ocean, the missionaries entered Uganda. For five years they labored with poor results. In the seventh year twenty-one converts partook of the Lord's Supper, and seventy-five had been baptized. In the eighth year the baptized numbered 108. After eleven years' work the missionaries were expelled from Uganda by

the young Nero, the son of King Mtesa who had received them. In 1890 they reoccupied it, and by January, 1891, the Christians here numbered 2000. By January, 1897, Uganda contained twenty-three English Protestant clergymen, 699 native teachers, 6905 baptized Christians, 2591 communicants, 57,380 readers, 372 churches, and a cathedral which can hold 3000 worshippers.

These figures do not represent the whole of what has been achieved by the zealous missionaries, for the church of Uganda imitates the example of the parent church in England, and dispatches native missionaries to all the countries round about. Nasa in Usukuma, south of Lake Victoria, has become a centre of missionary effort. In Usoga, east of the Nile, native teachers impart instruction at nine stations. Unyoro, to the north of Uganda, has been invaded by native propagandists. Toro, to the west, has been so moved that it promises to become as zealous as Uganda; and Koki witnesses the power of native eloquence and devotion to the cause. What is most noticeable among all these people around the lake is their avidity for instruction. Every scrap of old paper, the white margins of newspapers, the backs of envelopes, and parcel wrappers are eagerly secured for writing purposes. Books and stationery find ready purchasers everywhere. The number of converts has become so formidable that it would task the powers of a hundred white missionaries to organize, develop, and supervise them properly.

The French Roman Catholics in Buddu, west of the lake, have also been most successful, but the statistics of their operations are not so accessible. The number of their proselytes is estimated at 20,000. The Catholic field is just emerging from the transitional stage consequent upon the transfer of the diocese to the English. Under French superintendence there existed a constant soreness between them and the Protestants,

owing to the inclination of the Fathers for politics; but since the arrival of the English Roman Catholic bishop the natives have become tranquilized.

The line of stations founded by the International Association is in German East Africa, and need not be alluded to here.

The next to be mentioned is, therefore, the Congo Free State. In August, 1879, I began operations at the mouth of the Congo with thirteen European officers and sixty-eight Zanzibaris. At the date of my departure in 1884, my force had increased to 142 European officers, 780 colored troops, and 1500 native carriers. There were also twenty-two missionaries occupying seven stations.

Between the years 1884 and 1897 the state has made such rapid progress in every branch that, for brevity's sake, I must be statistical only. When I surrendered my command to my successor we had launched three steamers and three barges on the Upper Congo, one large stern wheeler was a third of the way on the overland route, and one mission steamer was on the stocks at Stanley Pool. It will be remembered, of course, that the Lower Congo is separated from the Upper Congo by a 230-mile stretch of rapids and cataracts which make a land transport past the rapids inevitable. Everything, therefore, destined for the upper river must be conveyed by porters in loads not exceeding sixty pounds in weight. Since there are now forty-five steamers and twice as many barges, or rowboats of steel, afloat on the Upper Congo, these represent, with their fittings, a total of nearly one hundred thousand porter loads. Of these steamers, twenty belong to the Congo State, four to France, eight to the Belgian Commercial Company, four to the Dutch Company, one to an Anglo-Belgian Company, four to Protestant missions, and three to Roman Catholic missions. The length of navigable rivers above Stanley Pool exceeds eight thousand

miles. Being a region remarkable for its natural produce of gums, oils, rubber, ivory, and timber of the finest description, the Upper Congo must, a few years hence, present such a sight of steamboat navigation as the Mississippi used to exhibit before the civil war.

Until 1890 the Congo State had very little commerce, but by December, 1896, the value of its imports and exports amounted to \$6,226,302. The principal exports were groundnuts, coffee, rubber, gum copal, palm-oil, nuts, and ivory. Since 427,491 coffee plants and 87,896 cocoa plants are now thriving, a great forest of 400,000 square miles has scarcely been tapped for its rubber or timber, and a vast area has not been searched for its gums, it is probable that, after the completion of the railway past the rapids, the chief exports will consist of coffee, cocoa, gum, rubber, and timber.

The revenue in 1896 had increased to \$1,873,860, of which \$600,000 consists of subsidies given by King Leopold and Belgium. The expenditure naturally exceeds the revenue annually, for a new country requires to be developed. The frontiers which stretch to a length of 4500 miles must be policed, as well as the main avenues of commerce. England, France, and Germany need be under no anxiety as to their African frontiers: their power commands sufficient respect for their possessions. But a state which is a dependency of the king of the Belgians must vindicate its ability to meet its obligations according to the rules of the Brussels Conference, and therefore the sovereign must have an observant eye against possible trespassers.

The supreme power of the state is vested in the sovereign, King Leopold II. He is assisted by a secretary of state, a chief of cabinet, a treasurer-general, and three secretaries-general, who conduct foreign affairs, finances, and internal matters. The local government has its seat at Boma, the principal town on the Lower Congo. It is administered by a

governor-general, an inspector of state, a secretary-general, and several directors-general. The state is divided into fourteen administrative divisions, guarded by 115 military stations or small forts and seven camps of instruction. The army at present consists of 8000 Congolese militia, 4000 native volunteers, and 2000 soldiers from other African countries. There are, besides, a special force raised for the defense of the railway line, and three special police corps for the security of public order at Matadi, Boma, and Leopoldville. Post-offices are established at fifty-one stations, and the number of letters which passed through them last year aggregated 227,946. The telegraph line extends from Boma, the capital, to the head of the railway. It crosses the Congo where the river is but 877 yards wide. A cable to connect the Congo with St. Thomas Island is about to be constructed at a cost of \$350,000.

The white population of the Congo State, which in 1884 consisted of 142 officials and twenty-two missionaries, had increased by December, 1896, to 1277 officials and traders, and 223 missionaries representing fifteen different missionary societies. In 1895 there were 839 Belgians, eighty-eight British, eighty-three Portuguese, seventy-nine Swedes and Norwegians, forty-nine Italians, forty-five Americans, forty-two French, thirty-nine Dutch, twenty-one Germans, and forty of other nationalities. The missionaries are established at sixty-seven stations, the larger number belonging to the Catholics, through whom about 5000 children receive instruction. The Protestants have also been singularly successful, and have made a greater number of converts. From results in East and West Africa one is inclined to think that a mission makes scarcely any serious impression on the native mind before the sixth year of work, but there have been several remarkable instances of wholesale conversion in a later period.

In 1878 I began agitating for a rail-

way to connect the Lower with the Upper Congo, but although I nearly succeeded that year in forming a company, it was deemed best to defer its organization until my expedition of 1879-84 had demonstrated more clearly the practicability of the project. After the Berlin Conference of 1884-85 I renewed the attempt, and by the spring of 1886 I was so far advanced that a charter was drawn up, and over a million dollars were subscribed. There was, however, one article in the charter which was pronounced inadmissible by the capitalists, and since the king was inflexible the idea was abandoned. Subsequently the success of the Emin Relief Expedition revived interest in the project, and soon after my return from Africa in 1890 a Belgian company was formed, and a surveying party was sent out. In 1891 the first twenty kilometres of the railway were laid. The line is to be 247 miles long, extending from Matadi on the Lower Congo to the port at Stanley Pool. At the piers at Matadi the ocean steamers will discharge their freight, and at the terminus on the Pool, well above the Cataracts, the Upper Congo steamers will receive their cargoes. At last accounts the line was in running order for 165 miles, and it is confidently stated that by June, 1898, the entire line will be opened for traffic. I had estimated the cost of construction at \$25,000 a mile, and I find that the actual cost of the 247 miles will not exceed \$6,000,000, a little under my estimate. In some parts the difficulties have been so great that a mile has cost nearly \$50,000, but the many stretches of level plateau between the various gorges and rocky defiles were railed at comparatively slight expense.

Congo Française did not exist before the advent of M. le Comte de Brazza on the river in 1880. He had been commissioned by the International Association to form a line of stations from the Ogowai River to Stanley Pool, but his

method differed from mine. He took with him a number of French officers, whom he distributed along the route, and delegating to them the task of building, he marched lightly to his destination, making treaties with the natives as he went. Since these treaties were made on behalf of France, it was only then discovered that the International Association had no control over the territory acquired by De Brazza, and on this basis Congo Française was founded. It has now expanded to an area covering half a million square miles, and has become a confirmed possession of the French by treaties with Germany and the Congo Free State.

The white population of the territory numbers to-day over 300, exclusive of the coast garrisons. The Gaboon portion, however, was settled as early as 1842, and in 1862 the mouth of the Ogowai was occupied by the administration. Twenty-seven stations are established in the interior, eleven of which are along the Ogowai. The seat of government is at Brazzaville, at Stanley Pool. Although France has not been over-liberal toward her new colony, the settlement exhibits the aptitudes of the French for giving a civilized appearance to whatever they touch. From all accounts, the houses are better built and the gardens and avenues are finer than those on the Belgian side, although the practical results are not so favorable.

The French missionaries have established twenty schools, which contain nearly one thousand pupils. There are thirty-one post-offices in the territory. The revenue of Congo Française for 1895 was \$618,109, while the expenditure was only \$439,572. The surplus shows the difference of method pursued by the French as compared with that of the Belgians. The name of France is a sufficient bulwark against aggression, while the poor Congo State must possess substantial defenses. The French expect their colonies to remunerate them

for their outlay, while the Belgians are bent more upon stimulating development.

In considering the progress of Portuguese Africa we must not include that made in Angola and Mozambique, for both these colonies are comparatively old. Yet it is undoubted that the neighborhood of the Congo State to Angola has given the latter a great impetus, just as the proximity of Nyassa Land to Mozambique has added thousands to the revenue of that colony. For until the eighties the condition of Angola and Mozambique was deplorable. They were hedged around by high protective duties which stifled enterprise; their officials were so meanly paid that the administration was corrupt. Of late, however, the examples furnished to these colonies by their progressive neighbors have materially changed them for the better. Within seven years the trade of Angola has doubled, and it is now valued at \$7,650,000. Its revenue amounts to \$2,050,000, while the expenditure is only \$1,920,000. Mozambique north of the Zambesi, stimulated by the enterprise of the British Lakes Company, shows now a trade worth \$1,520,000, — a remarkable showing when it is considered that seven years ago it reached scarcely a third of that amount.

German East Africa dates from the Berlin Conference of 1885. The advent of Germany into the Dark Continent would have been hailed with more pleasure had she appeared with less violence. East Africa became German by the simple process of Bismarck's laying his hands on the map and saying, "This shall be mine." He was not challenged, because France had not recovered from her terror, and England was paralyzed by Gladstonism. Of such moral right as exploration, discovery, protection of natives, establishment of religious missions, or philanthropic sympathy gives, Germany had none. Might was right in her case. But, indirectly, this forcible acquisition

of the territory first made known to the world by Burton, Speke, and myself had a beneficial influence on England; for without this determined aggressiveness of Germany it is doubtful whether Great Britain would have stirred at all in Equatorial Africa. She had absolutely refused to move in the matter of the Congo; she had turned a deaf ear to the reproaches of her pioneers in East Africa, and she had miserably equivocated in Southwest Africa, although for forty-four years she had patrolled the two coasts, had been the protector of Zanzibar for nearly fifty years, had explored the interior, and had planted all the missions in Equatorial Africa. Fortunately, before it was too late, Lord Salisbury was roused to write a few dispatches which saved for England a small portion of East Africa, and it may be that we are indebted for this small mercy as much to admiration of Germany's energy as to the entreaties of Englishmen. We ought, certainly, to be grateful that Germany is our neighbor, for she is likely to be as stimulative in the future as she has been since 1890. Indeed, without the influence of her example, I doubt if England would have treated Uganda any better than Portugal has treated Angola.

The Germans in East Africa now number 378. In the Tanga district there are 151, who are engaged in cultivation; in the Kilimanjaro district there are twenty-six, on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza eighteen, in Kilossa twelve; and there are 171 officials in the constabulary force. The troops number about 2000, with fifty-eight pieces of artillery. In the Christianizing of the natives seven Protestant and three Roman Catholic missions are engaged. Thirty miles of railway have been laid from Tanga to the interior, and it is asserted that this line will be continued as far as the lakes.

Ujiji, now the principal port on Lake Tanganika, is the place where I met Livingstone in November, 1871. Ac-

counts received from it as late as last March state that the place has quite a civilized appearance. The government buildings are of stone, pointed with lime, and two stories high. One long, wide street runs through the entire length of the town, and a large number of mangotrees serve to beautify and shade it. The population is about 20,000, and order is maintained by a garrison of 200 soldiers.

The trade of German East Africa is valued at \$2,907,500. The revenue reaches the sum of \$1,092,500, while the expenditure is \$1,517,450.

The Cameruns, also German, which ought to be included in Equatorial Africa, has a white population of 236, and a trade which figures up to \$2,419,220.

Of the British territories we must first consider the British Central African Protectorate, which has a native population of 845,000, and covers an area of 285,900 square miles. It has sprung mainly from the reverence which Scotchmen bear the memory of Livingstone. In the year 1856 the British government confided to Livingstone the task of opening the region about the Nyassa Lake to trade, and at the same time the universities sent out a mission under Bishop Mackenzie to avail itself of Livingstone's experience in missionary work, in which he had spent sixteen years in South Africa. The region at that time was very wild, owing to slaver raids and internecine wars. Through overzeal the missionaries were soon drawn into strife with the natives, and what with fatal fevers and other accidents due to their ignorance of African habits, few survived long. Accordingly, Livingstone was withdrawn, and the Universities mission was transferred to Zanzibar. In 1881 Bishop Steere undertook a journey to Nyassa Lake, and, being more practical than his two predecessors, saw enough to justify him in reestablishing the Universities mission in Nyassa Land. The Livingstonia Free Church mission planted itself at Blan-

tyre as early as 1875; the Church of Scotland mission followed in 1876; then came the Dutch Reformed Church in 1889, the Zambesi industrial mission in 1892, and the Baptist industrial mission the same year. Altogether, there are now thirty-six white clergy and five white women teachers, who, with 129 native teachers, conduct fifty-five schools in which 6000 children are taught.

Meantime commercial Scotchmen had not been idle. Led by a worthy gentleman named James Stevenson, they had founded the African Lakes Company to assist the secular business of the missions and the development of trade generally. The company has been eminently successful, and is now the mainstay of the Protectorate.

The British government took charge of the region in 1891, with the assistance of an annual subsidy of \$50,000 from the famous Cecil Rhodes. Although the administration has been only six years at work, principally under Sir H. H. Johnston, the signs of prosperity are numerous. The white population numbers 289, the British Indians 263. Twenty post-offices have been established, through which 29,802 letters and parcels have passed. The exports for 1895-96 reached \$99,340, while the imports amounted to \$512,140.

The Protectorate possesses, on Lake Tanganika, one steamer and one boat; on Lake Nyassa, five steamers and one boat; on the Upper Shire, two steamers and fifteen boats; on the Lower Shire and Zambesi, sixteen steamers and forty-five boats: altogether, twenty-four steamers and sixty-two steel boats or barges. The public force of the administration is composed of two hundred Sikh soldiers from India, and five hundred native police.

British East Africa extends along the Indian Ocean from German territory to the Juba River, and inland as far as the Victoria Nyanza and Usoga. It is divided into four administrative districts,

under the chief control of the consul-general at Zanzibar. Mombasa, an old Arabo-Portuguese town, situated on an island in the midst of a deep bay which forms an excellent natural harbor, is the capital. Its beginning as a British African territory dates from a trifling concession granted to Sir H. H. Johnston by the African chief of Taveta. Upon this as a basis, Sir William Mackinnon, Mr. J. F. Hutton, and I formed a small limited liability company in December, 1885. Its utility is proved by the agreement of December 3, 1886, which marks out the line of demarcation between the German district of Chagga and the British district of Taveta. Two years later, this small district was merged in the East African concessions obtained by Mackinnon from the Sultan of Zanzibar, upon which the Imperial British East African Company was formed with a capital of \$5,000,000. Between 1889 and 1892 this chartered company expended enormous sums in expanding its possessions. By 1892 the British sphere of influence included all the native lands from the Indian Ocean to Lake Albert Edward and the Semliki River, and from the German frontier to north latitude eight degrees; and it covered an area of about 750,000 square miles. In that year the Radical administration of Lord Rosebery came into power, and the operations of the "I. B. E. A.," as the company was called, received a check. The company had already spent about \$2,000,000 in rescuing this territory from the grasp of the Germans, and had neglected its own duties of developing its concessions in its zeal for furthering the imperial cause. Convinced by parliamentary criticism that the Rosebery administration did not intend to support it, the company made the fact known that it intended to withdraw from the interior, and devote itself to its own proper commercial business. Hence began an agitation throughout England for the retention of Uganda under im-

perial protection, to prevent the utter collapse of the missionary work, which, under the company's rule, had made such striking progress. Large subscriptions from the public prolonged for a year the occupation of Uganda by the company's troops, but at the end of March, 1893, the final withdrawal was made, and shortly after Uganda became an imperial protectorate. In the middle of 1895 the government assumed entire control of the company's territory, at an expense of only \$250,000 to the British nation.

The region acquired by the Mackinnon company now forms the two protectorates of British East Africa and Uganda. The customs revenue of the first is about \$86,000, while the trade is valued at \$1,093,750. During the session of 1895 the Unionist Parliament voted \$15,000,000 for the construction of a railway from the port of Mombasa to Lake Victoria, of which, at last accounts (May 18, 1897), fifty-eight miles have been laid.

Since July, 1896, the Uganda protectorate has included all that intermediate country lying between Lakes Victoria, Albert Edward, and Albert, with Usoga. The administration is supported by a subsidy from the British government, which last year amounted to \$250,000. The trade for 1896, despite the fact that the produce and goods had to be transported by porters a thousand miles overland, amounted to nearly \$150,000. Although the commerce is meagre, Uganda being the youngest and most distant protectorate, the results from a moral and Christian point of view exceed those obtained from all the rest of Equatorial Africa. Until Uganda is connected with civilization by the railway there can be no great expansion of trade; but I believe that its unique geographical position, coupled with the remarkable intelligence of the people, will make it, upon the completion of the line, as brilliant commercially as it was renowned in pagan days for its martial

prowess, and is to-day remarkable for its Christian zeal. Uganda is preëminently the Japan of Africa.

I do not think I need mention the Italian possessions in Equatorial Africa, for since the disaster at Adowa a blight seems to have fallen upon them, which will probably soon result in their complete abandonment.

The tabular summary below may enable the reader more clearly to realize the difference between the tropical Africa of 1872-77 — in which Livingstone, Cameron, and I were the only white visitors, and which had neither mission, school, church, convert, nor any trade — and the Equatorial Africa of January, 1897, exhibiting the following results:—

NAME OF STATE OR TERRITORY.	White Population.	Railway in Miles.	Missions, Schools, or Churches.	Christian Converts.	Value of Trade in Dollars.	Revenues including Subsidies.
Uganda Protectorate..	68	—	372	97,575	\$142,000	\$250,000
British East Africa....	90	68	6	600	1,094,000	86,000
British Central Africa..	289	—	55	5,000	611,480	100,000
Congo Free State.....	1,500	165	67	10,000	6,226,302	1,873,860
Congo Française.....	300	—	25	2,500	2,261,414	618,109
German East Africa...	378	30	15	2,500	2,907,500	1,092,500
German Cameruns....	236	—	5	900	2,419,220	176,705
Total.....	2,861	263	545	119,075	\$15,661,916	\$4,197,174

It is only about twenty-five years ago that Monteiro said he could see no hope of the negro ever attaining to any considerable degree of civilization, and that it was impossible for the white race to people his country sufficiently to enforce his civilization. Burton wrote, a few years before, that the negro united the incapacity of infancy with the unpliance of age, the futility of childhood with the skepticism of the adult and the stubbornness of the old. As soon as travelers returned from Africa they either joined the Burtonian clique or ranged themselves on the side of Livingstone, who held a more favorable opinion of the African. The old Athenians employed similar language regarding all white barbarians beyond Attica, and the Roman exquisites in the time of Claudius as contemptuously underrated our British ancestors. We know to-day how grossly mistaken they were.

When I think of the cathedral church of Blantyre, which, without exaggeration, would be a credit to any provincial town in New England, and which has been built by native labor; or of the

stone and brick mission buildings on the shores of Lake Tanganika or of the extensive establishments in brick erected on the Upper Congo by the Bangalas, who so late as 1883 were mere ferocious cannibals; or of the civilized-looking town of Ujiji; or of Brazzaville's neat and picturesque aspect; or of the ship-building yards and foundries of Leopoldville, where natives have turned out forty-five steel steamers, — when I contemplate such achievements, I submit that Burton and Monteiro must have been somewhat prejudiced in their views of Africa and her dark races.

Twenty-five years ago the outlook for Africa was dark indeed. Its climate was little understood, and inspired terror in the white pioneer. But to-day travelers go and return by fifties, and they have ceased to generalize in a bitter style. The white men retain kindly memories of the Africans among whom they have lived and labored, and their dearest wish is to return, at the end of their furloughs, to the land once so dreaded. The postbags are weighted with the correspondence which they maintain with their dark

friends. It is only the new and casual white who speaks of the African as a "nigger," and condemns the climate of the tropics. The whites have created valuable interests in the land; they understand the dialects of their workmen; and they know that the black who distinguished himself in his village, by his self-taught art and industry, in fashioning his fetish god, his light canoe, his elegant assegai or sword, may be taught to turn a screw at the lathe, to rivet a boiler-plate, to mould bricks, to build a stone wall or a brick arch. No one now advocates, like Monteiro, the introduction of coolies, or Chinese or European "navvies," to show the native African how to work. There are 7200 native navvies on the Congo railway, and all the stone piers and long steel structures which bridge the ravines and rivers, and the gaps cleft in the rocky hills, have been made by them.

Twenty-five years ago, the explorer might land on any part of east or west Equatorial Africa, unquestioned by any official as to whither he was bound and what baggage he possessed. To-day, at every port there are commodious custom-houses, where he must declare the nature of his belongings, pay duties, and obtain permits for traveling. In 1872, the whole of Central Africa, from one ocean to the other, was a mere continental slave-park, where the Arab slave-raider and Portuguese half-caste roamed at will, and culled the choicest boys and girls, and youths of both sexes, to be driven in herds to the slave-marts of Angola and Zanzibar. To-day, the only Arabs in Africa, excepting some solitary traders who observed the approach of civilization in time, are convicts, sentenced to hard labor for their cruel devastations.

Twenty-five years ago it took me eight months to reach Ujiji from the coast, whereas now it takes a caravan only three months. Up to four years ago it required five months to reach Uganda from the coast, but to-day loaded porters do the journey in less than ninety

days, while bicyclists have performed it in twenty-one days. Fourteen years ago the voyage from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls was made by me, in the first steamer that was floated in the Upper Congo, in 379 hours. Now steamers accomplish the distance in 120 hours. In 1882-83 I was forty-six days going from Europe to Stanley Pool. The ordinary passenger in these times requires but twenty-five days; and two years hence the trip will take only twenty days.

Throughout the region now known as the Congo State death raged in every form, twenty-five years ago. Once a month, on an average, every village, of the hundred thousand estimated to be in the state, witnessed a fearful tragedy of one kind or another. In each case of alleged witchcraft, upon the death of a chief, a sudden fatality, the outbreak of a pest, the evil effects of debauch or gluttony, the birth of twins, a lightning stroke, a bad dream, the acquisition of property, a drought or a flood, ill luck or any mischance, native superstition demanded its victims according to savage custom. The Mganda, or witch-doctor, had but to proclaim his belief that expiation was necessary, and the victims were soon haled to the place of death. I should not be far wrong if I placed these public murders at a million a year for the state, and two millions for the whole of Equatorial Africa. Added to these was the fearful waste of human life caused by intertribal wars, the wholesale exterminations under such sanguinary chiefs as Mtesa, Kabba Rega, Mirambo, Nyungu, Msidi, the destructive raids of such famous slavers as Said bin Habib, Tagamoyo, Tippu-Tib, Abed bin Salim, Kilonga-Longa, and hundreds of others. In fact, every district was a battlefield, and every tribe was subject to decimation.

I do not say that the awful slaughters resulting from native lawlessness and superstition have ceased altogether, but the 540 missions, schools, and churches,

and as many little military forts that have been planted across the continent with the aid of the steam flotillas of the Congo and the swift cruisers which navigate the great lakes, have completely extirpated the native tyrants and the Arab freebooters; and wherever military power has established itself or religion has lent a saving hand, the murderous witch-doctor can no longer practice the cruel

rites of paganism. But although in parts of the far interior there yet remains many a habitation of cruelty awaiting the cleansing light of civilization, there is every reason for believing confidently that the time is not far distant when Africa, neglected for so long, shall as fully enjoy the blessings of freedom, peace, and prosperity as any of her sister continents.

Henry M. Stanley.

RECENT DISCOVERIES RESPECTING THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.

I.

THE origin of the heavenly bodies was one of the earliest philosophical subjects which engaged the attention of the Greeks. With their keen sense of the beautiful and the orderly, and their genuine admiration of surrounding nature and of all celestial phenomena, they were the first to realize that the processes of cosmical evolution, by which the existing order of things has come about, must ever be regarded as one of the ultimate problems of the inquiring mind. Whence and how came the beautiful cosmos? was the question of the Ionian nature-philosophers of the seventh century. Yet with even so keen an interest in natural phenomena, the undeveloped state of the physical sciences in the pre-Socratic age permitted the acute reasoning of Anaximander and Anaxagoras, and also of Democritus and Plato at a later date, to reach only the general conclusion that the earth and other heavenly bodies had gradually arisen from the falling together of diffused atoms. After the decline of the ancient civilization and the advent of the less philosophical races and ideas which continued dominant till modern times, further advances in a purely speculative, not practical or moral

question could hardly be expected; and we meet with no important cosmogonic inquiry till the publication of Kant's *Natural History and Theory of the Heavens*, in 1755. In this work we have a distinct advance, based upon the laws of mechanics and of gravitation discovered in the preceding age by Galileo, Huyghens, and Newton; and hence the work of Kant is to be regarded as the first speculation founded upon exact physical laws. But in that age the whole question of cosmogony was so completely unfathomed, and so little was known of the universe of fixed stars, that Kant not unnaturally limited his inquiries to the most simple phenomena, and gave little consideration to the manifold detail with which all nature abounds. His most important contribution to cosmogonic thought consisted in the assumption (at that time nearly incredible) that the universe had not been created in a day or a week, but was the outgrowth of indefinite ages, under the operation of natural mechanical laws. Important as was this conception, and suggestive as was his theory of the formation of the planets from an extensive nebula originally including the whole solar system, it could hardly be expected that such heterodox ideas would get much consideration

in the circles of court philosophy dominating the middle of the eighteenth century. Accordingly, they gained little or no authority, or even notice, for many years.

In the meantime France had become the centre of the philosophic world, and the great geniuses who adorned the Academy of Sciences just before and after the French Revolution — that strong impetus to new ideas, even though some should not survive the turbulent times in which they arose — were destined to arouse and to fix philosophic attention on the sublime question of the formation of the heavenly bodies. Five celebrated geometers — Clairaut, Euler, d'Alembert, Lagrange, and Laplace — in the course of fifty years had well-nigh perfected the mathematical theory of gravitation; and Laplace, who had solved the problems which all his illustrious predecessors and contemporaries had declared to be insoluble, became above all others the dominant power in the scientific world. He had explained all known anomalies in the motion of the planets and the moon by the simple law of gravitation, and now for the first time it was possible to assign the exact places of the heavenly bodies in the most remote ages, account being taken of their mutual gravitation according to the Newtonian law.

Lagrange and Laplace had proved, under certain conditions holding among the planets, that the solar system would never be destroyed by the mutual gravitation of its parts, and hence they found no difficulty in conceiving its existence during past millions of years. After his unrivaled career of discovery, Laplace formed the design of presenting in his *Système du Monde* (published in 1796) a concise and luminous popular account of the existing state of astronomy, which he had done so much to perfect; and as if to add one more laurel to his brow, he inserted at the end of this work a *Seventh and Last Note*. This was the cel-

ebrated nebular hypothesis, which from its origin at once commanded the attention of the age. In a short note of eleven pages the author of the *Mécanique Céleste* has condensed his theory of the formation of the planets and satellites. He conceives that at some remote epoch in the past the matter now constituting our system was expanded into a vast rotating fiery nebula extending beyond the limits of the outermost planet, and that as the heat radiated into surrounding space the mass gradually contracted, and by the law of the conservation of areas began to rotate more rapidly. As the mass accelerated its rotation by its gravitational condensation, the whole assumed the form of an oblate spheroid, a disk, or a double convex lens; finally, at the periphery of the disk the centrifugal force became equal to the force of gravity, and as the contraction continued a ring of particles was left behind, revolving freely around the central mass. The condensation of this ring of matter would form the first planet, and so on for the other planets nearer the sun, as the nebula condensed. The planetary masses condensing and rotating in like manner would give birth to their satellites. This simple mechanical conception would account for the motion of all the planets in the same direction around the sun and nearly in the plane of its equator, and also for the rotations of the planets and satellites in the same direction in which they revolve in their orbits. The rings of Saturn were cited as a case of an uncondensed satellite, a model which had been left undisturbed to show us just how the system had formed.

The nebular hypothesis as thus outlined by the profound dynamical judgment and imaginative genius of Laplace was supported by Sir William Herschel's contemporary and independent discovery of all classes of celestial objects between the finished star and the embryo nebula, and this testimony to the truth of the

nebular hypothesis was afterward confirmed by Sir John Herschel's more critical survey of the nebulae of the whole face of the heavens. But while both the mechanical speculations and the observations of the younger Herschel tended to support Laplace's views, the huge reflector of Lord Rosse, erected about the middle of the century, began to turn the scale of evidence the other way. Under the power of Lord Rosse's six-foot speculum some of the so-called nebulae of Herschel were resolved into clusters, and the conclusion seemed imminent that under sufficient power perhaps all nebulae might be resolved into discrete stars. Fortunately, the invention of the spectroscope about 1860, and Huggins's application of it to the heavenly bodies, showed that many of the nebulae are masses of glowing gas gradually condensing into stars, and so far as possible realized the postulates laid down by Laplace. The confirmation arising from the demonstrated existence of real nebulae in the sky was supplemented by Helmholtz's proof that the heat of the sun is maintained by the contraction of its own mass, and that our central luminary is therefore the core of the nebula first conceived by Laplace in 1796. The theoretical possibility of Laplace's assumption was further established by Lane's investigation of the condensation of gaseous masses, wherein it was proved that a cold nebula or diffused body of gas condensing under its own gravitation would rise in temperature; also by Lord Kelvin's researches on the age of the sun and the duration of the sun's heat; and by various researches into the actual conditions of the planets of the solar system.

But while all sound speculations since Joule's discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat have confirmed the essential parts of the nebular hypothesis, other recent investigations have introduced modifications of which Laplace took no account. It is particularly of

these later discoveries, which throw an entirely new light upon the general problems of cosmogony, that we shall treat in this paper.

II.

Prior to the year 1875 the labors of astronomers and mathematicians had been devoted to the questions raised by Laplace over three quarters of a century before, and very little, if any, advance had been attempted on new lines, though many new researches and observations had been accumulating which confirmed the sagacity of the bold conceptions embodied in the Seventh and Last Note to the *Système du Monde*. About this time, the young mathematician G. H. Darwin, son of the illustrious naturalist, became occupied with certain tide-reductions undertaken by Lord Kelvin for determining the rigidity of the earth, and in the course of this work was led to develop the mathematical theory of the bodily tides which would arise in the earth on the supposition that it is not highly rigid as at present, but *fluid*, as, according to Laplace, it must have been at some past age. These researches were presented to the Royal Society between 1878 and 1882, and led to the conclusion that *bodily tidal friction*, as it is called, had played a prominent part in the cosmogonic history of the earth and the moon.

By *tidal friction* is meant the gravitational reaction arising from change of form due to tidal distortion of figure, with the resulting effects on the motions of bodies revolving around the tidally distorted mass; for the attraction of a heavenly body depends upon its form as well as upon its mass and distance. Now, when the moon raises tides in the earth, the form of the latter (in case it were fluid throughout) would not be spheroidal, but ellipsoidal or egg-shaped, with one end of the ellipsoid pointed somewhere in advance of the moon in its orbit. This tidal apex in the earth exercises a disturbing force on the moon's

motion, and in fact tends to accelerate the velocity in the orbit, which results in an increase in the moon's distance, and at the same time renders her orbit more eccentric, so that the earth is relatively nearer one end of her orbit the next time the moon goes round. This action is very minute, and, like the mills of God, grinds slowly, but in the course of immense ages, millions of years, the effects become very conspicuous and the whole character of the orbit is changed.

In this way, by a most profound analysis, Darwin showed that the moon was formerly much nearer the earth, and indeed a part of our globe, the whole probably rotating in about two hours and forty-one minutes; that the moon, after parting from Mother Earth, had been gradually driven away to its present distance by the tidal action of the fluid globe working over a great space of time. He was enabled to explain all the essential features of the system of the earth and moon, and, encouraged by this novel and unexpected result, wherein tidal friction had modified the course of evolution as predicted by Laplace, he tried to extend his new theory to other parts of the solar system. But while he found that tidal friction had played some part in the other planets of our system and in the system as a whole, the effects in general were much less considerable than in the case of the earth and moon, where the satellite is relatively quite large, amounting to one eightieth of the planet's mass; elsewhere the satellites are very small compared to the planet, and all the planets are very small compared to the sun. Where the attendant bodies are so small compared to the central body, the effects of tidal friction are greatly diminished; for, among other things, the effects depend on the mass and rotational velocity of the body in which the tides are raised. The mathematical methods which Darwin employed in his researches are extremely elegant, and in their line as appropriate as the proofs devised by his

father in the *Origin of Species*, but it would be vain to attempt any popular account of them. It must suffice to say that we can trace our moon through the most remote ages by a simple process of computation.

After Darwin had developed the theory of bodily tides and applied it to the planets and satellites, he gave his attention to other researches on the figures of equilibrium of rotating masses of fluid, with a view to finding out exactly what process is involved in the birth of a satellite from a planet. Just prior to the publication of his paper a similar investigation was made in France by Poincaré. Both geometers had essentially the same object in view, namely, the testing of Laplace's nebular hypothesis, and their results were identical in proving that a rotating mass (like the fluid earth when the moon was formed) would not break up into two extremely unequal parts, but that the two bodies would be fairly equal, or at least comparable, in size. Nor would the separation necessarily lead to the formation of a ring; the detached satellite might, and probably would, take instead the form of a lump or globular mass without the intervention of the annular form assumed by Laplace and previous investigators.

Comparing these results with the facts of the solar system, neither Darwin nor Poincaré could see that his profound researches had thrown much light upon the theories of cosmogony; for the satellites are quite small compared to their planets, and the planets are insignificant compared to the sun. I may remark here that the sun has a mass 1047 times larger than that of Jupiter, the largest planet, and 746 times the mass of all the planets combined. In the formation of our system, therefore, substantially all the matter has gone into the sun. Here the case rested in the year 1888, with no indication of further advance along either old or new lines. Indeed, such advance might be considered the more

improbable as the problem had well-nigh baffled the efforts of two of the foremost mathematicians of the age, — one of them the successor of Newton, the other of Laplace.

III.

Apparently this was only the calm before a more decisive step than any which had yet been taken. Having always felt a deep interest in cosmogonic inquiries, and without knowledge of the results of Darwin and Poincaré, I ventured to approach the general question of cosmogony from a new point of view. The first effort was elementary, of course, since it was made when I was still an undergraduate at the Missouri State University; yet it contained the germ of the researches which have since occupied my attention. All previous investigators from the time of Laplace had fixed their eyes steadily upon the planets and satellites, and had given no attention to the universe of fixed stars. It seemed to me that something should be done to throw light upon the formation of the stellar systems, and therefore I set about the problem of explaining the formation of the double and multiple stars.

At first there were few results available for a careful study of the stellar systems, as the researches were scattered in all manner of publications, and no one had ever reduced the observations to a homogeneous form and sifted the wheat from the chaff. When this work had been hastily done, I found that the orbits are very eccentric, and in this respect totally unlike the nearly circular orbits of the planets and satellites. It was evident that it would not be possible to explain the formation of these systems if we could not account for the high eccentricities; and it occurred to me as if by intuition that as the stars are melted fluid masses, not cold solid bodies like the earth, the mutual gravitation of two neighboring suns would raise enormous bodily tides, and the secular working of the tidal friction in the bodies of the

stars would render the orbits eccentric. I had not then read or seen Darwin's papers, and had only heard of them by popular reports which ignored their most important results. Before I got access to his works, I succeeded in proving that, under the conditions probably existing among the stars, the eccentricity of the orbits would steadily increase. To my surprise and to my delight, I afterwards found that Darwin had reached the same result ten years before, though it had attracted no attention, and was but little known. Indeed, no one had thought of the changes in the eccentricity except in connection with the orbit of the moon, and as this orbit is almost circular the matter was passed over in silence.

The subsequent investigation was based upon Darwin's method, and consisted in showing that if two fluid stars were rotating about axes perpendicular to the plane of their orbital motion and in the same direction in which they revolve in their orbits, the tides raised in either star would react upon the other star, and by the action of tidal friction continued over great ages their orbits would be rendered more and more eccentric, so that they would finally resemble the elongated orbits of the periodic comets rather than the circular orbits of the planets and satellites. Now, continued investigation has proved that the orbits of the double stars are on the average twelve times as eccentric as those of the planets and satellites, and this is shown by my recent researches to be *a fundamental law of nature*, so far as we yet understand the visible universe. We reach, then, the remarkable result that tidal friction, working over millions of years, has elongated the orbits of the stars, and at the same time has expanded their dimensions, so that their paths are both larger and more eccentric than formerly. Going back in time, we reach an age when their orbits must have been smaller and rounder than at present, and at last when the two stars were parts of the

same nebula. The agency of tidal friction, which Darwin showed to be of small importance in our system, except in the case of the moon, is thus shown to be of general application and of the vastest significance in the universe at large, because the bodies constituting the stellar systems are not solid, but fluid, not very unequal, but equal or comparable in mass, so that the tidal effects are enormously increased. The stellar systems are thus different from our system in two respects : —

(1.) *The orbits are highly eccentric, on the average twelve times more elongated than those of the planets and satellites.*

(2.) *The components of the stellar systems are frequently equal and always comparable in mass, whereas our satellites are insignificant compared to their planets, and the planets are equally small compared to the sun.*

I may add here that about ten thousand double stars have been discovered since the time of Sir William Herschel, and that of this number about five hundred objects are known to be in motion. In the course of the past century only about forty have shown sufficient motion to enable us to fix their orbits accurately, while about twenty more may be determined approximately. The longest-period binary star known with certainty is Sigma Coronæ Borealis, which completes its immense circuit in about three hundred and seventy years ; it has thus made but little more than one revolution since Columbus landed in America. Other systems have periods ranging from two hundred and thirty to eighty years ; while others are still more rapid, completing their orbits in only twenty-five, eighteen, eleven, and five and a half years. This last is the period of a small star just visible to the naked eye, situated in the constellation Orion ; its rapid motion, detected by me during the present year, has now made it the most interesting of all double stars. It is known as Burnham 883, from the

astronomer who first noticed its duplicity in 1879. Since that time it has made more than three revolutions, yet so difficult is the object that it can be investigated only with very powerful telescopes. Our observations last year with the Lowell twenty-four-inch refractor were the first to furnish the key to its mysterious movement.

The known periods of the binary stars, therefore, vary from five and a half to about three hundred and seventy years. In other cases, yet to be investigated, it is certain that thousands of years are required for a single revolution, while some of the close and difficult stars now being discovered are likely to give periods even shorter than five years. The distances of some of the systems from the earth have been carefully measured, and we are thus enabled to compare them with our solar system. The companion of Sirius, for example, completes its period in about fifty years, and moves in an orbit somewhat larger than that of Uranus, the mean distance from the central star being twenty-one times the distance of the earth from the sun. In the case of 70 Ophiuchi the period is eighty-eight years, and the mean distance about twenty-eight times the distance of the sun. This system is celebrated for the long period over which it has been observed, and the perturbation by which its motion is affected ; there is some dark body or other cause disturbing the regularity of its elliptical motion, but heretofore all efforts to see it with the telescope have been unsuccessful. Alpha Centauri, the nearest of all the fixed stars, is removed from us 275,000 times farther than the sun ; the companion is found to revolve around the central star in an orbit with dimensions which are about a mean between those of Uranus and Neptune. Its period is eighty-one years, and each of the stars is just equal to our sun in mass. In the case of Sirius the mass is 3.47, and in that of 70 Ophiuchi it is 2.83 ; the combined mass of the sun and

earth being unity. It is thus seen that the stellar systems are grand almost beyond conception, and the investigation of such glorious natural phenomena may well occupy our attention.

How, then, did the double stars originate? By the breaking up of a Laplacean ring? Certainly not. It had always been a favorite objection of those who did not accept the process of separation outlined by Laplace to say that there are only a few ring nebulae in the heavens, and that what few exist are by no means so regular as the rings of Saturn; but at this point the objectors ceased. In my earliest essay, before I was acquainted with the researches of Darwin and Poincaré on rotating masses of fluid, I suspected that the double stars arose from double nebulae by a division into two nearly equal masses. As soon as I ascertained from the papers of Darwin and Poincaré that such a division was theoretically possible, I no longer hesitated to affirm that if their results were inapplicable in the solar system, they were of the widest application among the stars; and this conviction was made a certainty when I found from the drawings of Sir John Herschel that double nebulae exactly resembling the figures computed by the mathematicians actually exist in the heavens. These admirable sketches of Herschel had been published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society for 1833, and were now almost forgotten. Darwin and Poincaré had looked for applications of their results in the solar system, but it was only among the stars and nebulae of remote space, with the details of which neither was acquainted, that the real discovery was to be made; and it was possible only to one who held in mind the results of mathematical analysis on the one hand and those of Herschel's observations on the other. We may conclude, then, that the annular process by which Saturn's rings were separated, while a theoretical possibility, is not

generally realized in the actual universe, but that the nebulae divide into two nearly equal parts by a process externally resembling "fission" among the protozoa. When the rotating mass has thus divided into two nearly equal parts, each part will begin to rotate on its own axis, and the tides raised in either mass by the attraction of the other will cause the orbit to grow gradually larger as well as more eccentric, and in the course of some millions of years we shall have a double star such as Alpha Centauri or 70 Ophiuchi.

It may be pointed out here that notwithstanding all the labors of astronomers on double and multiple stars since the time of Sir William Herschel, they have not yet recognized in all the immensity of the heavens a single system in any way resembling our own. The obstacle to seeing such insignificant bodies as our planets at the distance of the fixed stars is at present insurmountable even with our largest telescope; and hence we must not conclude that systems like our own — a star with a large number of small dark planets — do not exist in the heavens, but only that all such bodies would be invisible even if the power of our telescopes were increased a hundredfold, and consequently no such systems are *known*.

On the contrary, we do know of several thousands of stellar systems of a radically different type; indeed, I myself have augmented by several hundred the number of such systems during the past year, in the course of a survey of the southern heavens undertaken by the Lowell Observatory. These systems are composed of two or more self-luminous suns moving under the law of gravitation, and subject to the tidal effects described above. It is very singular that no visible system yet discerned has any resemblance to the orderly and beautiful system in which we live; and one is thus led to think that probably our system is unique in its character. At

least it is unique among all *known* systems. Our observations during 1896-97 have certainly disclosed stars more difficult than any which astronomers had seen before. Among these obscure objects about half a dozen are truly wonderful, in that they seem to be dark, almost black in color, and apparently are shining by a dull reflected light. It is unlikely that they will prove to be self-luminous. If they should turn out dark bodies in fact, shining only by the reflected light of the stars around which they revolve, we should have the first case of planets — dark bodies — noticed among the fixed stars. The difficulties of seeing these objects may be imagined when we recall that they are visible only in the blackest and clearest sky, when the atmosphere is so still that the definition of the great telescope is perfect; even then they are recognized by none but the trained observer.

These reflections, as well as investigations on the perturbation of certain stellar systems, lead us to suppose that there are many dark bodies in the heavens; but not even such bodies furnish us evidence of any other system similar to our own, as respects complexity and orderly arrangement. It must therefore strike every thoughtful person as astonishing that all the previous cosmogonic investigations should be based upon facts derived from the planetary system, which is now shown to be absolutely unique among the thousands of known systems, and in the present state of our knowledge appears to be an exceptional formation. In like manner it cannot fail to surprise us to recall the historical fact that it took two centuries after Newton detected the cause of the oceanic tides upon the earth's surface for any one to conceive the existence of bodily tides; and after Darwin had developed his theory of tidal friction, it still apparently had little place in philosophic thought till it was extended and applied to the stellar systems observed in the im-

mensity of space. Aside from this delay, it is alike gratifying and honorable to the human mind to recall that the tidal oscillations first noticed by the navigators of our seas are at last found to be but a special case of cosmic phenomena as universal and almost as important as gravitation itself, and that by the known laws of these phenomena we are enabled to interpret the development of the universe, — a great mystery extending over millions of years, and therefore forever sealed to mortal vision.

These recent cosmogonic investigations have also enabled us to realize for the first time that the visible universe is composed mainly of fluid bodies, self-luminous stars and nebulae, and that some day celestial mechanics will become a science of the equilibrium and motions of fluids. To the theory of the mutual action of solid bodies according to the old theories must be added secular tidal friction, which by its cumulative effects may in time enormously modify the figures and motions of the heavenly bodies.

It may not be inappropriate to add that these recent researches among the stars have thrown a new light upon the formation of the planets and satellites. If the nebulae as a class do not shed rings which form into stars, but divide into globular masses, as mentioned above, may it not be that the planets and satellites also were separated in the form of lumpy masses? It is now known, by investigations made since the time of Laplace, that such a separation is a mathematical possibility; and as this avoids the necessity of explaining how a regular ring would condense, — a thing not easy to understand, — and as the planets now have a globular form, it is the most acceptable explanation that can be made. The objection has frequently been raised by mathematicians that a great outspread ring, such as Laplace imagined, would rapidly cool off, and become a swarm of small particles like those now constitut-

ing Saturn's rings, and that such particles could never get together to form a single large body. To me this reasoning appears valid, and hence I take it that rings such as Laplace supposed never existed in the solar system, except in the case of Saturn's rings and possibly the asteroidal zone between Mars and Jupiter.

It follows from the researches of Darwin and Poincaré that if the rotating nebula be extremely heterogeneous, very dense in the centre and very rare at the surface, the portion detached would be much smaller than in case the mass were homogeneous. Hence if in the beginning the solar nebula were very heterogeneous, it might detach small masses such as the planets and satellites; and on this view the formation of our system would be exceptional only as regards the primitive condition of the solar nebula. Since we find that the number of the asteroids is unlimited, and that they are scattered over a very wide belt, it seems fairly certain that by whatever process they were formed, the matter was originally diffused over the whole zone now occupied by them. A ring such as Laplace conceived would probably condense into just such a multitude of small masses. In the case of Saturn's rings another cause comes into play, and prevents them from ever forming one or more large bodies. This is the tidal action of the planet upon bodies near its surface, — or within a certain distance called Roche's limit, — and it happens that the rings of Saturn are actually within this critical distance. Even if the particles of the rings were to get together within this region, the tidal action of Saturn upon the resulting mass would

tear it to pieces, and the particles would again be diffused into rings such as we now find about the planet. The rings of Saturn will therefore never form a satellite.

For the same reason satellites or planets could not exist too near the surface of Jupiter or the sun. All the known satellites are without this limit for their respective planets, but Jupiter's fifth satellite, discovered by Barnard in 1892, is perilously near the danger-line within which it would be disintegrated by the tidal action of Jupiter.

It will be clear from the foregoing that the principal hope of cosmogony lies in the study of the systems of the universe at large rather than that of our own unique system, though the correct explanation of the planetary cosmogony will always be a desideratum of science. What is needed is a profound investigation of the stellar systems, of the double nebulae, and of certain branches of celestial mechanics, particularly the theories of the figures of equilibrium and of the bodily tides of gases and liquid masses and their secular effects under conditions such as exist in the heavens. The time has now come when it is no longer sufficient to be able to predict the motions of the heavenly bodies in the most remote centuries; we must essay to trace the systems of the universe back through cosmical ages, and to investigate from laws and causes known to be at work in the heavens just how the present order of things has come about. The solution of this sublime problem, even if it takes centuries for its full realization, will be an achievement not unworthy of the past history of physical astronomy.

T. J. J. See.

SARGASSO WEED.

Out from the seething Stream
To the steadfast trade-wind's courses,
Over the bright vast swirl
Of a tide from evil free, —
Where the ship has a level beam,
And the storm has spent his forces,
And the sky is a hollow pearl
Curved over a sapphire sea.

Here it floats as of old,
Beaded with gold and amber,
Sea-frond buoyed with fruit,
Sere as the yellow oak,
Long since carven and scrolled,
Of some blue-ceiled Gothic chamber
Used to the viol and lute
And the ancient belfry's stroke.

Eddying far and still
In the drift that never ceases,
The dun Sargasso weed
Slips from before our prow,
And its sight makes strong our will,
As of old the Genoese's,
When he stood in his hour of need
On the Santa Maria's bow.

Ay, and the winds at play
Toy with these peopled islands,
Each of itself as well
Naught but a brave New World,
Where the crab and sea-slug stay
In the lochs of its tiny highlands,
And the nautilus moors his shell
With his sail and streamers furled.

Each floats ever and on
As the round green Earth is floating
Out through the sea of space,
Bearing our mortal kind,
Parasites soon to be gone,
Whom others be sure are noting,
While to their astral race
We in our turn are blind.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT IN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

IN the extreme northern part of the Chinese Empire, about one thousand miles from the city of Peking and an equal distance from the coast of the Pacific, there is a wild, mountainous, densely wooded, and almost trackless region, known to Chinese geographers as Khe-lun-tsan. It forms a part of the great frontier province of Manchuria, and lies, somewhat in the shape of an equilateral triangle, between the rivers Argun and Amur, which separate it from eastern Siberia on the north, and the rivers Ur-son, Khalga-gol, and Sungari, which bound it on the south. A post-road leads along its southern frontier from Khailar to the capital town of Tsitsikhar, and there is a fringe of Cossack stations and Manchu pickets on the rivers Argun and Amur, which form the other two sides of the triangle; but the vast region bounded by these thin lines of settlement is a wilderness of forests and mountains, traversed only by Tongus or Manchu hunters, and as little known to the Chinese who own it as to the Russians whose territory it adjoins. Near the apex of this triangle, between two lateral spurs of the Great Khingan Mountains, there is a deep, wooded valley called the Zhelta, through which flows a shallow tributary of the small Manchurian river Albazikha. It is an insignificant ravine, only ten or fifteen miles in length, and, from a topographical point of view, it does not differ in any essential respect from thousands of other nameless ravines which lie among the wooded mountains of Manchuria and the Trans-Baikal; but it has a distinction not based upon topography and not dependent upon geographical situation, — a distinction arising out of its relation to human interests and human institutions. In this wild, lonely valley was born, a little more than twelve years ago, the first and only true repub-

lic that ever existed on the continent of Asia, and its birthplace was a Tongus grave.

In the year 1883 a Tongus hunter and trapper called Vanka, who spent most of his life roaming through the forests and over the mountains of Manchuria and the Trans-Baikal, came, with a bundle of furs, to the shop of a merchant named Seredkin, in the little Cossack post of Ignashina on the upper Amur, and reported that while digging a grave in the valley of the Zhelta for his mother, who had died during a temporary stay there, he had found, at a depth of three or four feet in the gravelly soil, a number of small flakes and nuggets of yellow metal which had the appearance of gold. He wished the merchant to examine them and tell him what they were worth. Seredkin looked at the specimens, subjected them to a few simple tests, and soon satisfied himself that gold they were. He purchased them at a good price, promised Vanka a suitable reward if he would act as guide to the place where they were found, and immediately made preparations to equip and send into Manchuria a small prospecting party, under the direction of a trusted and experienced clerk named Lebedkin. Two or three days later this party crossed the Amur, marched eighteen or twenty miles through the forest to the valley of the Zhelta, and began digging a short distance from the grave in which the Tongus had buried his mother and out of which he had taken the gold. From the very first panful of earth washed they obtained a quarter of a teaspoonful or more of the precious dust, and the deeper they sank their prospecting pits the richer the gravel became. In a dozen or more places, and at various depths ranging from ten to fourteen feet, they found gold in amazing quantities; and Lebed-

kin, the chief of the party, became so excited — not to say crazed — by the vision of sudden wealth that he drank himself to the verge of delirium tremens, and was finally carried back to Ignashina in a state of alcoholic coma and complete physical collapse. The laborers who had been digging under his direction thereupon threw off their allegiance to their employer, formed themselves into an *artel*,¹ and proceeded to prospect and mine on their own joint account and for their own common benefit.

Seredkin tried to keep the matter a secret while he organized and equipped a second party; but the news of the discovery of a wonderfully rich gold placer on Chinese territory, only fifteen or twenty miles from the Amur, was too important and too exciting to be either suppressed or concealed. From the village of Ignashina it was carried to the neighboring Cossack post of Pokrofska, from there to Albazin, from Albazin to Blagoveshchinsk, and thence to all parts of eastern Siberia. Before the end of the spring of 1884 gold-seekers bound for the new Eldorado were pouring into Ignashina at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day, and the little Cossack settlement was suddenly transformed into a pandemonium of noise, tumult, drunkenness, fighting, and wild, feverish excitement. In vain the Russian authorities at Chita and Blagoveshchinsk tried to stop the frenzied rush of miners and prospectors into Manchuria, first by threatening them with arrest, and then by forbidding station-masters on the government post-roads to furnish them with transportation. The tide of migration could no more be stopped in this way than the current of the Amur could be arrested or diverted by means of a paper dam. The

excited gold-seekers paid no attention whatever to official proclamations or warnings, and if they could not obtain horses and vehicles at the post-stations, they hired *telegas*² from the *muzhiks*, or canoes from the Amur Cossacks, and came into Ignashina, by land and by water, in ever increasing numbers. As fast as they could obtain food and equipment they crossed the Amur in skiffs, shouldered their picks, shovels, and bread-bags, and plunged on foot into the wild, gloomy forests of Manchuria. Before the 1st of September, 1884, the Tongus grave in the valley of the Zhelta was surrounded by the tents and log huts of at least three thousand miners; and a more motley, heterogeneous, and lawless horde of vagabonds and adventurers never invaded the Chinese Empire. There were wandering Tongus from the mountains of the Trans-Baikal; runaway Russian laborers from the east-Siberian mines of Butin Brothers, Niemann, and the Zea Company; Buriats and Mongols from the province of Irkutsk; discharged government clerks and retired *ispravniks*³ from Nerchinsk, Stretinsk, Verkhni Udinsk, and Chita; exiled Polish Jews from the Russian Pale of Settlement; Chinese laborers and teamsters from Kikakhta and Maimachin; a few nondescript Koreans, Tatars, and Manchus from the lower Amur; and finally, more than one thousand escaped convicts — thieves, burglars, highwaymen, and murderers — from the silver-mines of Nerchinsk and the gold-mines of Kara.

As the valley of the Zhelta lies outside the limits and beyond the jurisdiction of Russia, and is separated by hundreds of miles of trackless wilderness from the nearest administrative centre in China, its invaders were not subject to any au-

¹ An *artel* is a Russian form of labor union, in which from six to fifty or more men unite to do a particular piece of work, or to labor together for a certain specified time. It is virtually a small joint stock company, whose members share equally in the work, expenses,

and profits of the enterprise in which they are engaged.

² Small, springless, four-wheeled carts, drawn usually by a single horse.

³ Local officials who act as chiefs of police and magistrates in a Russian district.

thority nor bound by any law; and its history, for a time, was little more than a record of quarreling, claim-jumping, fighting, robbery, and murder. Gradually, however, the better class of Russian miners, impelled by the instinct of association and coöperation which is so marked a characteristic of the Slavonic race, began to organize themselves into artels, whose members contributed equally to the common treasury, worked together for the common weal, shared alike in the product of their industry, and defended as a body their individual and corporate rights. As these little groups or associations, united by the bond of a common interest, began to grow stronger and more coherent, they took counsel together and drew up a series of regulations for the uniform government of the artels and for the better protection of their members. These regulations, however, did not have the force of a constitution, binding upon all citizens of the camp, nor were they intended to take the place of a civil or criminal code. They resembled rather, in form and effect, the by-laws of a chartered corporation; and they had no recognized or enforceable validity outside the limits of the artels that adopted and sanctioned them. In the camp at large, every man who was not a member of an artel defended himself and his property as best he could, without regard to law or authority. For some months after the establishment of the camp there was no law except the law of might, and no recognized authority other than the will of the strongest; but as the feeling of solidarity, fostered by the artels, gradually permeated the whole mass of the population, an attempt was made to establish something like a general government. The logic of events had convinced both honest men and criminals that unless they secured life and property within the limits of the camp, they were all likely to starve to death in the course of the winter. Traders would not come there with food, and merchants would

not open shops there, unless they could be assured of protection for themselves and safety for their goods. Such assurance could be given them only by an organized government, willing and able to enforce the provisions of a penal code. At the suggestion, therefore, of some of the artels, the whole body of miners was invited to assemble in what is known to the Russian peasants as a "skhod," a Slavonic variety of the New England town-meeting. At this skhod, which was largely attended, the situation was fully and noisily discussed. Robbery and murder were declared to be crimes of which the camp, as a community, must take cognizance; a penal code was adopted, providing that robbers should be flogged and murderers put to death; and a committee of safety, consisting of one representative from the artels, one from the escaped convicts, and one from the unattached miners, was appointed to govern the camp, enforce the law, and act generally as the executive arm of the skhod.

The effect of this action was to diminish, for a time, the frequency of robbery and murder, and greatly to increase the population and promote the prosperity of the camp. The news that a government had been organized and three starostas elected to maintain order and punish crime in the "Chinese California" soon spread throughout eastern Siberia, and gave a fresh impetus to the tide of migration across the Manchurian frontier. Russian peasant farmers from the Trans-Baikal — a much better and steadier class than the runaway mining laborers — caught the gold fever, and started for the camp; merchants from Nerchinsk, Stretinsk, and Chita sent thither caravans of horses and camels laden with bales of dry goods, hardware, and provisions; actors, jugglers, gamblers, musicians, and amusement-purveyors of all sorts from the east-Siberian towns, joined in the universal rush, and before midwinter the gold-placer of Zheltuga, as it was then called, had grown into a rough, noisy,

turbulent mining-town of more than five thousand inhabitants.

To a traveler ascending the Zhelta River from the Amur, in the autumn of 1884, the site of the town presented itself as a nearly level valley-bottom about a quarter of a mile in width, strewn with water-worn boulders and heaps of gravel from the pits and trenches of the gold-diggers, and bounded on its northwestern and southeastern sides by high hills covered with forests of spruce, pine, and silver birch. In the foreground was a flat, grassy plain, known to the miners as "Pitch-Penny Field," where the underlying gravel was not rich enough to pay for working, and where the surface, consequently, had not been much disturbed. From this field stretched away, on the right-hand side of the valley, under the shadow of the mountain, a double line of tents, yourts,¹ bologans,² and log houses, to which the miners had given the name Millionaire Street, for the reason that it adjoined the richest part of the placer. This street was a mile and a half or more in length, and along it, at short intervals, were scattered the principal shops of the town, each surmounted by a flag; twenty or thirty drinking-saloons with evergreen boughs nailed over their doors; and about a dozen hotels and "houses for arrivers," whose rudely painted signboards bore such names as The Assembly, The Marseilles, The Zheltuga, The California, and The Wilderness Hotel. Filling the spaces between the semi-public buildings, on both sides of the narrow, muddy street, stood the shedlike barracks of the artels, the flat-roofed, earth-banked yourts of the convicts, and the more carefully built houses of the well-to-do Russian peasants, all made of unhewn logs chinked with moss, and provided with windows of cheap cotton sheeting. But Millionaire Street, al-

though it was the business and aristocratic quarter of the town, did not by any means comprise the whole of it. On the opposite or southeastern side of the valley there was a straggling encampment of skin tents, birch-bark lodges, and wretched hovels, tenanted by poor Chinese, Tongus, and Buriats, who were employed as day laborers by the artels; and from the southeastern end of Millionaire Street there was a thin, broken line of detached huts and cabins, extending up the Zhelta almost to its source. The camp, as a whole, therefore, occupied an area about a quarter of a mile wide and four miles long, with the head of the ravine at one end, Pitch-Penny Field at the other, and a desert of stones, gravel, ditches, flumes, and sluices between.

At the beginning of the winter of 1884-85, there had been staked out, within the productive limits of the placer, about four hundred claims, more than two thirds of which were being worked. The stratum of gravel and sand from which the gold was obtained probably formed at one time the bed of the Zhelta River. It lay at an average depth of about twelve feet, under a covering of alluvial soil known to the miners as "torf," which, doubtless, in the course of ages, had been gradually washed down into the valley from the circumjacent hills. This thick superficial layer of torf had to be removed, of course, before the auriferous sand could be reached; and as the labor of taking it away was very great, all the individual miners, and nearly all the artels, had adopted what was then known in Siberia as the "orta," or subterranean method of working a deep placer. By this method, the torf, instead of being removed, was undermined. The digger sunk a shaft to the bottom of the auriferous stratum,

¹ Quadrangular log huts, shaped like deeply truncated pyramids, and banked and roofed with sods or earth.

² Conical structures of logs, roughly resembling wigwams or tepees, and sometimes mounted on four high posts and reached by a ladder.

and then drove tunnels through the pay-gravel in every direction to the boundary lines of his claim, leaving the turf intact above as a roof, and supporting it, if necessary, with timbers. The gravel taken out of these subterranean tunnels and chambers was hoisted to the surface through the shaft by means of a large wooden bucket attached either to a windlass or to an old-fashioned well-sweep, and the gold was then separated from the sand by agitation with water in shallow pans, troughs, or cradles. The pay-gravel of Zheltuga yielded, on an average, about four ounces of gold per ton; and the precious metal was worth on the spot from twelve to sixteen dollars an ounce. In many cases the yield was much greater than this. One fortunate digger unearthed a mass of virgin gold weighing five pounds; and lucky finds of nuggets varying in weight from one ounce to ten ounces were of frequent occurrence. Even in parts of the placer that were comparatively barren, isolated "pockets" were sometimes found that yielded gold at the rate of twelve ounces to the Russian pud, or more than fifty-five pounds to the ton. In the early part of 1885 it was estimated that the Zheltuga placer, as a whole, was yielding about thirty-five pounds of gold per day, and the accumulated stock on hand weighed 3600 pounds and represented a cash value of nearly \$1,000,000.

The currency of the camp, for the most part, was gold-dust, which, when transferred from hand to hand, was weighed in improvised balances with ordinary playing-cards. An amount of dust that would just balance four cards, of standard size and make, was everywhere accepted as a zolotnik,¹ and the zolotnik was valued at about \$1.75. One card of dust, therefore, represented forty-four cents. This was practically the unit of the Zheltuga monetary system; but if a buyer or seller wished to

¹ One ninety-sixth part of a pound troy.

give or receive a smaller sum than this, the card used as a weight was cut into halves or quarters, — a method that suggests the "bit" of the American miners on the Pacific Coast. A pound of sugar, for example, was valued in the Zheltuga currency at "two bits" of a quartered playing-card; that is, at one eighth of a zolotnik in dust. Russian paper money circulated to some extent, but the supply was insufficient, and gold-dust was the ordinary medium of exchange.

Once a week, on Saturday, the lower part of the valley, near Pitch-Penny Field, was turned into a great market or bazaar, where traders and Cossacks from the neighboring settlements sold meat, flour, hard-bread, tea, sugar, soap, candles, clothing, and hardware, and where thousands of miners, from all parts of the placer, assembled to purchase supplies. In no other place and at no other time could the population and life of the great mining-camp be studied to better advantage. The field was dotted with white cotton tents and rude temporary booths, erected to shelter the goods of the traders; scores of telegas, filled with produce and provisions, were drawn up in long parallel lines, with shaggy Cossack ponies tethered to their muddy wheels; the strident music of hand-organs and concertinas called the attention of the idle and the curious to yourts and bologans where popular amusement was furnished in the form of singing, juggling, or tumbling; and in and out among these tents, booths, wagons, and bologans surged a great horde of rough, dirty, unshaven miners: some munching bread or cold meat as they elbowed their way from one booth to another; some crowding around a wagon loaded with apples and dried Chinese fruits from the valley of the Ussuri; some stuffing their multifarious purchases into big gray bags of coarse Siberian linen; and all shouting, wrangling, or bargaining in half a dozen Asiatic languages.

No American mining-camp, probably,

ever presented such an extraordinary diversity of types, costumes, and nationalities as might have been seen any pleasant Saturday afternoon in that Manchurian market. Thin-faced, keen-eyed Polish Jews, in skull-caps and loose black gabardines, stood here and there in little stalls exchanging Russian paper money for gold-dust, which they weighed carefully with dirty playing-cards in apothecaries' balances; sallow, beardless Tongus hunters, whose fur hoods, buckskin tunics, and tight leather leggings showed that they had just come from the mountain fastnesses of the Trans-Baikal, offered gloves, mittens, and squirrel-skin blankets to red-shirted Russian peasants in flat caps and high-topped boots; wrinkle-eyed Mongol horsemen, dressed in flapping orange gowns and queer dishpan-shaped felt hats, rode through the crowded marketplace on wiry ponies, leading long files of solemn, swaying camels laden with goods from Verkhni Udinsk or Nerchinski Zavod; uniformed Siberian Cossacks, standing at the tail-boards of the small four-wheeled wagons in which they had brought rye flour and fresh fish from the Amur, exchanged loud greetings or rough jokes with the runaway convicts who strolled past, smoking home-made cigarettes of acrid Circassian tobacco rolled in bits of old newspaper; and now and then, strangely conspicuous in black frock coat and civil service cap, might be seen a retired *ispravnik*, or a government clerk from Chita, buying tea and white loaf sugar at the stall of a Chinese trader.

On the outskirts of the bazaar amusements and diversions of all kinds were provided in abundance, and from half a dozen different directions came the discordant music of hand-organs and *balalaikas*¹ calling attention to lotteries, peep-shows, exhibitions of trained Chinese monkeys, and large circular tents in

which acrobats and tumblers performed feats of strength or agility before crowds of shouting and applauding spectators. In one place, a huge tiger, caught in a trap on the lower Amur and confined in an iron cage, was an object of wonder and admiration to a throng of swarthy, bullet-headed Buriats; in another, a professional equestrian in dirty spangled tights exhibited the horsemanship of the *haute école* to a circle of hard-featured ruffians in gray overcoats, who were easily recognizable as escaped convicts from the Siberian mines, and who still wore on their backs, in the shape of two yellow diamonds, the badge of penal servitude.

Taken as a whole, the great bazaar, with its unpainted booths, its white cotton tents, its long lines of loaded wagons, its piles of merchandise, its horses, cattle, and double-humped Bactrian camels, its music, its vari-colored flags, and its diversified population of traders, miners, Cossacks, Russian peasants, runaway convicts, and Asiatic nomads, formed a picture hardly to be paralleled in all the Chinese Empire, and a picture strangely out of harmony with the solemn mountains and primeval forests of the lonely Manchurian wilderness in which it was framed.

The government of so heterogeneous and lawless a population as that assembled in the valley of the Zhelta presented, of course, a problem of extraordinary difficulty; and it is not at all surprising that the first attempt of the *artels* to provide the camp with a civil administration proved to be a failure. The three *starostas* elected by the *skhod* were not men of much education or character; their authority was not backed, as it should have been, by an adequate police force; and even when their intentions were good and their orders judicious, they were virtually powerless to carry them into effect. The runaway convicts from the mines in east Siberia, who composed at least a third of the whole population, soon discovered that

¹ A Russian variety of guitar, with three or four strings and a triangular sounding-board of thin seasoned wood.

the starostas had neither the nerve nor the power to enforce order and honesty in the only way in which they could be enforced, — with the hangman's rope and the lash, — and therefore they promptly resumed their criminal activity. Theft, claim-jumping, fighting, and robbery with violence soon became as common as ever; the influence and authority of the administration steadily declined as one board of starostas after another was discharged for cowardice or inefficiency; men of good character from the artels refused to take positions which no longer had even the semblance of dignity or power; and finally the government itself became criminal, the latest board of starostas participated in a crime and fled across the Siberian frontier with their plunder, and the camp lapsed again into virtual anarchy.

This state of affairs continued for several weeks, in the course of which time no attempt was made either to reestablish the ineffective and discredited administration of the starostas, or to substitute for it a form of government better adapted to the circumstances of the case. Petty crimes of various sorts were committed almost daily in all parts of the placer; but as the sufferers from them were, for the most part, the weaker and less influential members of the community, public feeling was not roused to the point of renewed action until the latter part of December, 1884, when a brutal murder, in the very heart of the camp, brought everybody to a sudden realization of the dangers of the situation. One of the members of an artel of escaped convicts, who was known to have had in his possession a considerable quantity of gold-dust, was found one morning in his tent, dead and cold, with his head and face beaten into an almost unrecognizable mass of blood, hair, brains, and shattered bones. From the position and appearance of the body, it was evident that the murderer had crept into the tent at a late hour of the night,

and killed his victim, while asleep, with repeated blows of a heavy sledge-hammer, which was found, lying in a pool of half-frozen blood, beside the bed. The dead man's gold-dust had disappeared, and there was no clue to the identity of the assassin.

The news of this murder spread in a few hours to all parts of the placer; and thousands of miners, attracted either by morbid curiosity or by a desire to verify the statements they had heard, came to look at the disfigured corpse, and to discuss with one another means of preventing such crimes. In the absence of an authorized and responsible government, no one ventured to remove or bury the body, and for nearly a week it remained untouched, just where it had been found, as a ghastly and impressive object-lesson to the citizens of the camp. Meanwhile, the need of a strong and effective government, to maintain order, protect life, and punish crime, was earnestly and noisily discussed in hundreds of tents and cabins throughout the valley; and the outcome of the discussion was the calling of another skhod, composed of delegates representing the four great classes into which the population of the camp was divided, — the artels, the convicts, the unattached miners, and the Asiatics. At this skhod it was decided to organize a republican form of government, with a single chief or president, who should be authorized to draft a code of laws, and who should be supported in the rigorous enforcement of them by the full-armed strength of the camp. As the starostas elected under the previous régime had been common peasants, wholly without administrative experience or training and almost wholly without education, and as the result of their efforts to maintain order had been general dissatisfaction and disappointment, it was resolved that the president to be chosen in the second experiment should be a man of character and ability from the cultivated class, and, if possible, a

man who had had some experience as an administrative or executive officer. The number of such men in the community was extremely small; but among them there happened to be a retired government official — a clerk from one of the provincial departments of Siberia — named Fasse, whose personal bearing, dignity, and upright character had attracted general attention, and who had the respect and confidence of all the best men in the camp. Upon Fasse the choice of the skhod fell; and a deputation, bearing a plate of bread and a small cup of salt on a wooden tray, was sent to apprise him of the assembly's action, and to congratulate him upon his unanimous election as "first President of the Zheltuga Republic."

Fasse, who was not ambitious of distinction in this field, and who fully appreciated the serious nature of the responsibilities that would devolve upon the "first President," was disposed to decline the honor; but when the skhod agreed in advance to sanction any laws that he might suggest, to recognize and obey any assistants whom he might appoint, and to give him the fullest possible coöperation and support, he decided that it was his duty, as a good citizen, to waive personal feeling, accept the position, and give the community the benefit of all the knowledge and experience he had. His first official act was to divide the territory which constituted the placer into five districts (subsequently known as "states"), and to invite the residents of each district to elect two starshinas, whose duty it should be to act in their respective localities as justices of the peace, and who should together constitute the President's Council.

In the course of three or four days, starshinas were elected in all of the districts (two of them Chinese from the Asiatic quarter of the camp), certificates of election were duly signed and returned to the President, and the Council was summoned to draw up a code of laws and

regulations for the government of the republic. The result of their deliberations was the following constitution, which was submitted to the skhod at a special meeting, and adopted without dissent: —

On this — day of —, in the year of our Lord 188—, we, the Artels and Free Adventurers of the Zheltuga Command, imploring the blessing of Almighty God upon our undertaking, do hereby promise and swear implicit obedience to the authorities elected by us at this skhod, and to the rules and regulations drawn up by them for the government of the camp, as follows: —

1. The territory belonging to the Zheltuga Command shall be known as the "Amur California," and shall be divided into five districts or states.

2. The officers of the republic shall be a President and ten starshinas, who shall be elected by the skhod, and who shall hold office for a period of four months, or until the skhod relieves them from duty. Executive and judicial authority, in each one of the five districts, shall be vested in two starshinas, and the ten starshinas together shall constitute the President's Council. These officers of the government shall wear on their left arms, as evidence of their official authority, brass badges bearing in incised letters the words "Starshina of the Amur California, —th District." The President shall receive a salary of four hundred rubles, and each starshina a salary of two hundred rubles, per month.

3. Every artel and every miner in the camp shall come to the assistance of the starshinas at the first call, by night or day, and shall aid them in enforcing the law and maintaining order. Coöperation in the infliction of punishment for crime, under direction and by order of the President, the Council, or the starshinas, shall be an imperative obligation of every citizen.

4. The lightest punishment that shall be inflicted for an offense committed

within the territorial limits of the Amur California shall be banishment from the camp without right of return. More serious crimes shall be punished by flogging, with whip or rods, the number of blows to be proportioned to the criminal's health or strength, but not to exceed in any case five hundred. Murder shall be punished in accordance with the Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye," and the murderer shall be put to death in the same manner and with the same weapon that he employed in killing his victim. Every sentence of the authorities shall be executed, if possible, forthwith, and in no case shall punishment be delayed more than twenty-four hours.

5. Starshinas, in their respective districts, shall have the right to punish, up to one hundred blows, at their own discretion and without consulting either the President or the Council; but they shall make to the President, at a fixed hour every day, a report of all such cases, and an official statement of the condition of affairs in their districts.

6. The authorities shall have the right to put any person suspected of criminal conduct under the surveillance of any artel or individual, paying the latter for such supervision at the rate of one ruble per day; and the artel or individual shall be held responsible for such suspect's safeguard and good behavior.

7. The selling of spurious and manufactured gold, and also the wearing of a starshina's badge without authority, as a means of intimidating or extorting money from any person, shall be punished with five hundred blows of a blackthorn rod.

8. In gambling with cards, the wagering of clothing, tools, implements, or other like objects of absolute necessity is strictly prohibited, upon penalty of severe punishment, as is also the pledging or pawning of such objects for a loan or debt.

9. The firing of a gun or pistol, at any hour of the day or night, without

sufficient and legal cause, and the carrying of deadly weapons while in a state of intoxication, are strictly forbidden.

10. Among those who have recently come to the Amur California, ostensibly to work, are a large number of persons who have no regular occupation, and who hang about restaurants and saloons, living a drunken and disorderly life or maintaining themselves by dishonest card-playing. Their evil example exerts a demoralizing influence upon the great mass of honest and industrious miners, and the citizens of the camp are requested, in their own interest and for the sake of public tranquillity, to point out such persons to the authorities, in order that they may be banished from the placer.

11. Every artel or individual miner who employs, or ostensibly employs, laborers shall personally see that such laborers are actually at work, or shall make a report of them to the district starshinas, so that the latter may either set them at work or expel them from the settlement.

12. In view of the fact that many persons who have come here are unable, for various reasons, to acquire mining territory or find work, and are therefore in a suffering condition, and in view of the further fact that certain artels are nominally in possession of much more territory than they are able to develop, it has been decided to regard all unoccupied and unworked claims as public lands, and to distribute them among honest and sober citizens who have not been able to find either work or unclaimed ground. Such distribution will begin in seven days from the date hereof. Henceforth the number of claims that artels will be permitted to hold in reserve without development shall be limited to two for an artel of nine men, four for an artel of eighteen men, and six for an artel of twenty-seven men. Relying upon the generosity and humanity of all Russians, the government hereby gives notice that undeveloped and unworked

claims held by artels in excess of the numbers above set forth will hereafter be treated as public lands, and will be distributed in accordance with the best interests of the community among the poorer members thereof.

13. A fund to defray the expenses of the government shall be raised by means of taxes imposed at the discretion of the skhod upon all liquor-sellers, restaurant-keepers, traders, and merchants.

14. Every person who has a store, shop, or trading-place within the limits of the placer shall cause a flag to be displayed on the building in which such business is carried on. Failure to do so within three days from the date hereof shall be punished with a fine of from twenty-five to one hundred rubles.

15. Every merchant or trader who pays a tax or license fee for the right to carry on his business shall obtain from the person authorized to collect the tax a duly executed receipt for the same, bearing the seal of the government and the signature of the President, and shall post this receipt in a prominent place in his shop, store, restaurant, or saloon.

16. The sale of spirituous liquor within the limits of the camp by persons who have no regular place of business is strictly and absolutely forbidden. Persons who have regular places of business shall not sell spirituous liquor until they have obtained special permission to do so. For every bottle sold without such permission the seller shall pay a fine of from twenty-five to one hundred rubles.

17. The laws of the Zheltuga Free Adventurers shall apply without exception to all citizens of the camp, regardless of rank, condition, nationality, or previous allegiance. Officers of the government, however, chosen by election, shall not be punished for illegal actions until they shall have been tried by the Council, found guilty, and dismissed from the service. They shall then be tried and punished as private citizens under the general law.

18. Every artel or individual coming hereafter within the territorial limits of the Amur California shall appear within three days at the headquarters of the government to read and sign these laws. Those who fail to make such appearance within three days from the time they cross the Amur will be proceeded against as persons unwilling to submit to the authority and obey the laws of the Zheltuga Command of Free Adventurers of the Amur California.

19. As evidence that the President and starshinas referred to herein have been chosen by us of our own free will, we append hereto our signatures, and we hereby promise to treat them with honor and respect. Those of us who fail to do so shall be severely punished as disturbers of the peace and insulters of the officers whom the Command has trusted as honest and impartial guardians of its safety and tranquillity.

(Signed)

Electors.

Five copies of the constitution, or code of laws, were prepared in manuscript, and delivered to the starshinas of the five districts, who called local meetings and read the documents aloud to the electors. They were then signed by representatives of the latter and returned to the President, who affixed to them the seal of the Amur California, and deposited them in a place of security as the organic law of the Chinese republic.

With the beginning of the year 1885 the new government entered upon the discharge of its duties, and the inevitable conflict arose between law and authority on one side and lawlessness and crime on the other. If there were any doubt of the ability of the new administration to maintain its existence and enforce its decrees, such doubt was speedily removed by the boldness, promptness, and energy with which the new officials acted. Supported by a majority of the citizens,

backed by a strong *posse comitatus*, and accompanied by an adequate force of zealous executioners, the starshinas patrolled their districts from morning to night, listening to complaints, settling disputes, punishing crimes, and administering justice generally in accordance with the summary processes of a drum-head court-martial. Evil-doers who thought they could deal with the starshinas as they had dealt with their predecessors, the starostas, soon discovered their mistake. The new officials enforced order and justice, by means of the lash, without fear, favor, or mercy, and punishment followed crime with as much certainty as if the sequence were a fixed law of nature.

The place of execution was a frozen pond in the lower part of the valley, near Pitch-Penny Field, where half a dozen able-bodied Russian peasants, armed with flexible rods and formidable rawhide whips, carried the decrees of the starshinas into effect. The regular formula of condemnation was, "To the ice with him!" And from this sentence there was no appeal. The criminal thus condemned was taken forthwith to the frozen pond, and, after having been stripped to the hips, was laid, face downward, on the ice. One executioner then sat on his head, another on his legs, and a third, with a rod or rawhide plet, covered his naked back with the crisscross lacing of swollen crimson stripes which is known to Siberian hard-labor convicts as "the bloody gridiron."

In the sentences of the starshinas no partiality whatever was shown to criminals of any particular class or social rank. For stealing a keg of hard-bread a Russian peasant was given five hundred blows with a birch rod, and was then expelled from the camp; but at the same time a clerk for a well-known firm of Blagoveshehinsk merchants, a gentleman and a man of some education, received two hundred blows for unnecessarily firing a revolver. Doubtless in

many cases the punishments inflicted were cruel and excessive, but desperate ills required desperate remedies, and in dealing with a heterogeneous population, composed largely of runaway convicts from the Siberian mines, it was thought better to err on the side of severity than to show a leniency that might be attributed to weakness or fear.

For a period of two weeks or more the dread order "To the ice with him!" might have been heard almost hourly in every part of the camp, and the snow on the frozen pond was trampled hard by the feet of the executioners and stained red with blood from the lacerated backs of condemned criminals. But the dishonest and disorderly class finally learned its lesson. After three men had been put to death, scores expelled from the settlement, and hundreds mercilessly flogged with rods or the plet, even the boldest and hardiest of the runaway convicts were cowed, and the whole population of the camp was brought for the first time to a realization of the fact that a government resting on the will and consent of the governed, and supported by a *posse comitatus* of free citizens, may be quite as powerful and formidable in its way, and quite as great a terror to evil-doers, as a government based on the divine right of an anointed Tsar, and supported by an armed force of soldiers and police.

Before the 1st of February, 1885, the triumph of the honest and law-abiding class in the Amur California was virtually complete. The petty crimes which had so long harassed and disquieted the camp became less and less frequent; the supremacy of the law was everywhere recognized with respect or fear; the experiment of popular self-government was admitted to be successful; and the skhod and its executive officers, having established order, were at liberty to turn their attention to minor details of civil organization. Adequate revenue for the support of the government was obtained by means of a judiciously framed tariff on

imports ; a post-office department was organized, and provision made for a daily mail between the camp and the nearest station in Siberia ; houses were built or set apart in the several districts for the accommodation of the starshinas and their clerks ; a free public hospital was opened, with a staff of two physicians and half a dozen nurses, and was maintained at a cost of nearly thirty thousand rubles a year ; the organic law was revised and amended to accord with the results of later experience, and the government of the republic gradually assumed a form which, if not comparable with that of older and more advanced communities, was at least more civilized and modern than that which then prevailed in Siberia. Intelligent and dispassionate Russians who had just come from the Amur California told me, when I met them at Chita, Nerchinsk, and Stretinsk in 1885, that life and property were absolutely safer in the Chinese republic than in any part of the Russian empire. "Why," said one of them, "you may leave a heap of merchandise unguarded all night in the streets ; nobody will touch it !"

The first result of the establishment of a really strong and effective government in the valley of the Zhelta was a remarkable increase in the population and the prosperity of the camp. Miners, prospectors, merchants, mechanics, and "free adventurers" flocked to it from all parts of eastern Siberia. New gold-fields were discovered and developed in neighboring valleys ; a large area of new territory was annexed ; new administrative districts were organized ; and before the 1st of June, 1885, the Chinese republic had a population of more than ten thousand free citizens, including six hundred women and children, and contained fifty hotels, three hundred shops and stores, and nearly one thousand inhabited buildings.

The development of so strong and well organized a community as this in

the wildest part of Manchuria, absolutely without advice, assistance, or encouragement from any outside source, is an interesting and noteworthy proof of the capacity of the Russian people for self-government, and it is for this reason, mainly, that the story has seemed to me worth telling. Here was a population as heterogeneous, as uneducated, and as lawless as could be found anywhere in the Russian empire. Nearly a third of it consisted of actual criminals, of the worst class, from the Siberian mines and penal settlements, and fully a quarter of the non-criminal remainder were ignorant Asiatics, belonging to half a dozen different tribes and nationalities. Never, perhaps, was the experiment of popular self-government tried under more unfavorable conditions. The experimenters had no precedents to guide them, no record of previous success to encourage them, and, at first, no trained or educated men to lead them. Relying solely on the good sense and self-control of the majority, they extended the right of suffrage to criminals and Asiatics as well as to honest men and Russians, summoned a skhod in which every citizen of the camp had a voice and a vote, gave the criminals and aliens their share of official authority by electing two convicts and two Chinese as members of the Council, and then, on the basis of manhood suffrage, free speech, equal rights, and the will of the majority, they established their republic, enacted their laws, and carried to a successful termination their unique experiment. As an evidence of the ability of the Siberian people to govern themselves, and as an indication of the form which their institutions would be likely to take if they could escape from the yoke of the Russian despotism, the history of the Amur California seems to me to be full of interest and instruction. But be that as it may, it is certainly a curious and significant fact that the first true republic ever established east of the Caspian Sea

and the Urals was founded by representatives of the most despotically governed nation in Europe, upon the territory of the least progressive and the least enterprising nation in Asia, and was modeled after the government of the strongest and most successful nation in America.

What would have been the future of the Chinese republic if the Zheltuga Free Adventurers had been left to their own devices we can only conjecture. They had already demonstrated their ability to deal successfully with internal disorders, and if their growth and progress had not been checked by external forces too strong to be resisted, they might ultimately have conquered and occupied a large part of northern Manchuria; but of course neither Russia nor China could afford to permit the establishment of a free and independent state in the valley of the Amur. China protested against the invasion of her territory as soon as she became aware of it, and called upon the governor-general of the Amur to interfere. The latter simply replied that the invasion was unauthorized; that he had no control over the invaders, who were a mere horde of vagrants and runaway convicts; and that the Chinese authorities were at liberty to treat them as brigands and drive them out of the country. This, however, the Chinese authorities were utterly unable to do: partly because they had no force in northern Manchuria strong enough to cope with the Zheltuga Free Adventurers, and partly because the region occupied by the latter was an almost inaccessible wilderness. All that they could do was to send an officer up the Amur, with a small escort, to find out exactly where the invaders were, to ascertain their strength, and to threaten them with severe punishment if they refused to withdraw.

This was done in the winter of 1884-85, soon after the organization of the republic and the election of Fasse as

President. A Chinese official, with an escort of thirty-six soldiers, came up the Amur from Aigun on the ice, visited the camp, and found, to his surprise, that it contained a population of more than seven thousand men, fully one third of whom were armed. Seeing that it would be futile, if not dangerous, to threaten so strong and well organized a community as this, the Chinese envoy had a brief interview with President Fasse, and a few days later, without having accomplished anything, returned to Aigun. The Chinese government thereupon renewed its protest, and insisted that Russia should take adequate measures to compel the withdrawal of the Free Adventurers from Manchurian territory. Protests and complaints were also received from district governors, proprietors of mines, and influential citizens in various parts of eastern Siberia, who alleged that the Manchurian gold fever was exciting and demoralizing the Siberian population; that the export of provisions to the Chinese republic was raising the prices and increasing the scarcity of food products in all the adjacent Siberian provinces; and that if the emigration to Manchuria were not speedily checked, work in many of the Siberian mines would have to be suspended for want of laborers.

At a conference of the territorial governors of Irkutsk, the Amur, and the Trans-Baikal, held at Blagoveshchinsk early in the summer of 1885, these protests and complaints were duly considered, and a decision was reached to break up the Chinese republic by cutting off its supply of provisions. A few weeks later, Captain Sokolofski, with an adequate force of cavalry, was sent from Chita to Ignashina, with orders to establish a military cordon along the Siberian frontier from Albazin to the mouth of the river Shilka, to arrest all persons attempting to cross that frontier in either direction, to confiscate the gold or merchandise found in their possession, and to take such other steps as might be

necessary to compel the withdrawal of all Russian subjects from Chinese territory. This was a death-blow to the Chinese republic. Its population of more than ten thousand persons, relying upon its ability to procure supplies from the north, had made no attempt to cultivate the soil, and it could not maintain itself in the Manchurian wilderness for a single month after its communications with Siberia had been severed. Fasse, the President of the republic, was ordered by the Russian government to resign his position and return to his country upon pain of penal servitude; the starshinas, deprived suddenly of their chief, and apprehensive of future punishment for themselves, became demoralized and abandoned their posts; while the panic-stricken Free Adventurers, hoping to evade the cordon by crossing the Amur above or below it, packed up hastily their gold-dust, merchandise, and other valuables, and silently vanished in the forests. In less than a week the population of the Amur California had fallen from ten thousand to three thousand, and in less than a month the camp had been virtually abandoned by all except a few hundred desperate runaway convicts, who preferred the chance of starvation in Manchuria to the certainty of arrest and deportation to the mines in Siberia.

The Chinese made no attempt to occupy the almost deserted gold placer until December, 1885, when they sent a force of manegri, or frontier cavalry, up the Amur River on the ice, with orders to drive out the remaining miners and destroy the camp. The soldiers reached their destination, in a temperature of thirty degrees below zero, on the 6th of January, 1886. The only occupants of the place at that time were about three hundred runaway convicts, fifty or sixty Chinese and Manchus, and a

few Russian peasants lying ill in the hospital. The convicts, at the approach of the troops, formed in a compact body on Pitch-Penny Field and boldly marched out to meet the enemy, playing a march on three battered clarionets, and carrying high above their heads, on a cross-shaped flagstaff, a sort of ecclesiastical banner made out of a white cotton sheet, upon which they had painted rudely in huge black capital letters the words

WE
ALEXANDER
THIRD.

The Chinese cavalry, overawed by this extraordinary banner, or perhaps uncertain as to the result of a contest with the desperate ruffians who carried it, allowed the convicts to pass without molestation, and they marched away in the direction of the Amur, keeping step to the music of the clarionets, and relying upon the protection of a flag which combined the majesty of the Tsar with the sanctity of an emblem of truce.

When the convicts had disappeared in the forest, the Chinese entered the camp with fire and sword, burned all its buildings to the ground, and put every living occupant to death, — not sparing even the sick in the hospital. Some were beheaded, some were stabbed and thrown into the flaming ruins of the burning buildings, and a few were stripped naked, tied to trees, and showered with bucketful after bucketful of cold water from the Zhelta River, until death had put an end to their sufferings, and their stiffened bodies had become white statues of ice. When the sun rose over the wooded Manchurian hills on the following morning, a few hundred piles of smoking ruins and a few ghastly naked bodies tied to trees and encased in shrouds of ice were all that remained of the Chinese republic.

George Kennan.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, THE NOVELIST.

"TOM JONES and Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard are both excellent, and much spoke of by both sex, particularly by the men." This statement by Marjorie Fleming has abundant confirmation in the history of English literature for the last hundred and fifty years. And although this nineteenth century of ours has enjoyed throwing a great many stones at the eighteenth, we must acknowledge that we cannot find in English literature another novel and another poem that, taken together, give us a fuller knowledge of English-speaking men. There are times, in the twilights of the day and of the year, in the closing in of life, when we all contemplate death; and the *Elegy* tells all our thoughts in lines that possess our memories like our mothers' voices. It shows simple folk in sight of death, calm, natural, serious, high-minded. Thomas à Kempis, Cato the younger, the cavaliers of the Light Brigade, may have thought upon death after other fashions, but for most of us the thoughts of our hearts have been portrayed by Gray.

Tom Jones is the contemplation of life in ordinary Englishmen. In the innocent days before Mr. Hardy and some other writers of distinction Tom Jones was reputed coarse, — one of those classics that should find their places on a shelf well out of reach of young arms. The manners of Squire Western and of Tom himself are such as often are best described in the Squire's own language. But who is the man, as Thackeray says, that does not feel freer after he has read the book? Fielding, in his rough and ready way, has described men as they are, made of the dust of the earth, and that not carefully chosen. We no longer read it aloud to our families, as was the custom of our great-grandfathers; but we do not all

read Mr. Hardy aloud to our daughters. Tom Jones is a big, strong, fearless, honest book; it gives us a hearty slap on the back, congratulating us that we are alive, and we accept the congratulation with pleasure. Its richness is astonishing. It has flowed down through English literature like a fertilizing Nile. In it we find the beginnings of Sheridan, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot. In it we have those wonderful conversations between Square and Thwackum, which remind us of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Mrs. Seagrim talks for half a page, and we hold our noses against the smells in her kitchen.

The power of the book is its eulogy upon life. Is it not wretched to be stocks, stones, tenants of Westminster Abbey, mathematicians, or young gentlemen lost in philosophy? Is not the exhilaration of wine good? Is not dinner worth the eating? Do not young women make a most potent and charming government? Fielding takes immense pleasure in the foolishness, in the foibles of men, and he finds amusement in their vices, but over virtue and vice, over wisdom and folly, he always insists upon the joy and the value of life.

When we shall have re-read Tom Jones and repeated Gray's *Elegy* to ourselves, then we shall be in the mood in which we can best determine the value of foreign novels for us. And so, with this avowal of our point of view, we approach the stories of the distinguished Italian novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Men of action who apply themselves to literature are likely to have a generous confidence that skill will follow courage; that if they write, the capacity to write effectively will surely come. Plays, novels, editorials, sonnets, are written by them straight upon the impulse. They plunge into literature as if it were as

buoyant as their spirit, and strike out like young sea creatures. Gabriele d'Annunzio is a man of another complexion. He is not a man of action, but of reflection. He is a student; he lives in the world of books. Through this many-colored medium of literature he sees men and women; but he is saved from an obvious artificiality by his sensitiveness to books of many kinds. He has submitted to laborious discipline; he has sat at the feet of many masters. His early schooling may be seen in a collection of stories published in 1886 under the name of the first, San Pantaleone. One story is in imitation of Verga, another of de Maupassant; and in *La Fattura* is an attempt to bring the humor of Boccaccio into a modern tale. Even in the *Decameron* this renowned humor has neither affection nor pity for father; in its own cradle it mewls like an ill-mannered foundling. In the hands of d'Annunzio it acquires the ingenuous charm of Mr. Noah Claypole. We believe that d'Annunzio, consciously or unconsciously, became aware of his native antipathy to humor, for we have not found any other attempt at it in his work. It is in this absence of humor that we first feel the separation between d'Annunzio and the deep human feelings. In Italian literature there is no joyous, mellow, merry book, in which as a boy he might have nuzzled and rubbed off upon himself some fruitful pollen. One would as soon expect to find a portrait of Mr. Pickwick by Botticelli as the spirit of Dickens in any cranny of Italian literature. M. de Vogüé has said that d'Annunzio is born out of time; that in spirit he is one of the *cinquecentisti*. There is something ferocious and bitter in him. The great human law of gravitation, that draws man to man, does not affect him.

Nevertheless, these stories have much vigor and skillful description. In San Pantaleone, d'Annunzio depicts the frenzy and fierce emotions of superstition in southern Italy. Savage fanaticism inter-

ests him. The combination of high imagination and the exaltation of delirium with the stupidity and ignorance of beasts has a powerful attraction for him. The union of the intellectual and the bestial is to him the most remarkable phenomenon of life.

This early book is interesting also in that it shows ideas in the germ and in their first growth which are subsequently developed in the novels, and in that it betrays d'Annunzio's notion that impersonality — that deliverance from the frailty of humanity to which he would aspire — is an escape from compassion and affection, and is most readily come at through contempt.

D'Annunzio has spared no pains to make his language as melodious and efficient an instrument as he can. Italian prose has never been in the same rank with Italian poetry. There have been no great Italians whose genius has forced Italian prose to bear the stamp and impress of their personalities. In the sixteenth century this prose was clear and capable, but since then it has gradually shrunk to fit the thoughts of lesser men. D'Annunzio has taken on his back the task of liberating the Italian tongue; he will give it "virtue, manners, freedom, power." Not having within him the necessity of utterance, not hurried on by impetuous talents, he has applied himself to his task with deliberation and circumspection. He has studied Boccaccio and Petrarch and many men of old, so that his vocabulary shall be full, and his grammar as pure and flexible as the genius of the language will permit. He purposes to fetch from their hiding-places Italian words long unused, that he shall be at no loss for means to make plain the most delicate distinctions of meaning. He intends that his thoughts, which shall be gathered from all intellectual Europe, shall have fit words to house them.

At the time of his first novels, d'Annunzio turned to Paris, the capital of

the Latin world, as to his natural school. In Paris, men of letters (let us except a number of gallant young gentlemen disdainful of readers) begin by copying and imitation, that they may acquire the mechanical parts of their craft. They study Stendhal, Flaubert, de Maupassant; they contemplate a chapter, they brood over a soliloquy, they grow lean over a dialogue. They learn how the master marshals his ideas, how he winds up to his climax, what tricks and devices he employs to take his reader prisoner. From time to time voices protestant are raised, crying out against the sacrifice of innocent originality. But the band of the lettered marches on. Why should they forego knowledge gathered together with great pains? Shall a young man turn against the dictionary?

In Paris d'Annunzio found a number of well-established methods for writing a novel. Some of these methods have had a powerful influence upon him; therefore it may be worth while to remind ourselves of them, in order that we may the better judge his capacity for original work and for faithful imitation.

The first method is simply that of the old-fashioned novel of character and manners, and needs no description.

The second method, the familiar philoreal or philo-natural, hardly may be said to be a method for writing a novel; it is a mode of writing what you will; but it has achieved its reputation in the hands of novelists. This method is supposed to require careful, painstaking, and accurate observation of real persons, places, and incidents; but in truth it lets this duty sit very lightly on its shoulders, and commonly consists in descriptions, minute, elaborate, prolix. It pretends to be an apotheosis of fact; it is a verbal ritual. It has been used by many a man unconscious of schools. In practice it is the most efficacious means of causing the illusion of reality within the reach of common men. By half a dozen pages of deliberate and exact enumeration of

outward parts, a man may frequently produce as vivid and memory-haunting a picture as a poet does with a metaphor or an epithet. M. Zola, by virtue of his vigor, his zeal, and his fecundity, has won popular renown as leader of this school.

The third method is the psychological. It consists in the delineation in detail of thoughts and feelings instead of actions, the inward and unseen in place of the outward and visible. The novelist professes an intimate knowledge of the wheels, cogs, cranks of the brain, and of the airy portraiture of the mind, and he describes them with an embellishment of scientific phrase, letting the outward acts take care of themselves as best they may. The danger of this method is lest the portrayal of psychic states constitute the novel, and lest the plot and the poor little incidents squeeze in with much discomfort. Perhaps M. Bourget is the most distinguished member of this school.

The fourth mode is that of the *Symbolistes*. These writers are not wholly purged from all desire for self-assertion; they wish room wherein openly to display themselves, and to this end they have withdrawn apart out of the shadow of famous names. They assert that they stand for freedom from old saws; that the philosophic doctrine of idealism upsets all theories based upon the reality of matter; that the business of art is to use the imperfect means of expression at its command to suggest and indicate ideas; that character, action, incidents, are but symbols of ideas. They hold individuality sacred, and define it to be that which man has in himself unshared by any other, and deny the name to all that he has in common with other men. Therefore, this individuality, being but a small part, a paring, as it were, of an individual, shows maimed and unnatural. And thus they run foul of seeming opposites, the individual and the abstract; for the revered symbol is neither more nor less than an essence abstracted from

the motley company of individuals, filtered and refined, which returns decked out in the haberdashery of generalities, under the baptismal name of symbol. In order to facilitate this latter process of extracting and detaching unity from multiplicity, they murmur songs of mystic sensuality, as spiritualists burn tapers of frankincense at the disentanglement of a spirit from its fellows in the upper or nether world. One of the best known of these is Maurice Maeterlinck.

There is, moreover, a doctrine that runs across these various methods, like one pattern across cloths of divers materials, which affects them all. It is that the writer shall persistently obtrude himself upon the reader. Stated in this blunt fashion, the doctrine is considered indecent; it is not acknowledged; and, in truth, these Frenchmen do not reveal their personality. It may indeed be doubted if they have any such encumbrance. In its place they have a bunch of theories tied up with the ribbon of their literary experience; and the exhalations of it, as if it were a bunch of flowers, they suffer to transpire through their pages. These theories are not of the writer's own making; they are the notions made popular in Paris by a number of distinguished men, of whom the most notable are Taine and Renan. The inevitable sequence of cause and effect and its attendant corollaries, vigorously asserted and reiterated by M. Taine, and the amiable irony of M. Renan, have had success with men of letters out of all proportion to their intellectual value. Their theories have influenced novels very much, and life very little. Why should the dogmas of determinism and of unskeptical skepticism affect men in a novel more obviously than they affect men in the street?

Into this world of Parisian letters, in among these literary methods, walked young d'Annunzio, sensitive, ambitious, detached from tradition, with his ten talents wrapped up in an embroidered

and scented napkin, with his docile apprentice habit of mind, and straightway set himself, with passion for art and the ardor of youth, to the task of acquiring these French methods, that he should become the absolute master of his talents, and be able to put them out at the highest rate of usury. Young enough to be seduced by the blandishments of novelty, he passed over the old-fashioned way of describing character, and studied the methods of the realists, the psychologists, the symbolists. With his clear, cool head he very soon mastered their methods, and in the achievement quickened and strengthened his artistic capacities, his precision, his sense of proportion, his understanding of form. But the nurture of his art magnified and strengthened his lack of humanity. Lack of human sympathy is a common characteristic of young men who are rich in enthusiasm for the written word, the delineated line, the carving upon the cornice. Devotion to the minute refinements of art seems to leave no room in their hearts for human kindness. The unripeness of youth, overwork, disgust with the common in human beings, help to separate them from their kind. In their weariness they forget that the great masters of art are passionately human. D'Annunzio does not wholly admit that he is a human unit, and his sentiment in this matter has made him all the more susceptible to literary influences. We find in him deep impressions from his French studies. He has levied tribute upon Zola, Bourget, and Loti.

In 1889 d'Annunzio published *Il Piacere*. He lacks, as we have said, strong human feelings; he does not know the interest in life as life; he has no zeal to live, and from the scantiness and barrenness of his external world he turns to the inner world of self. M. de Vogüé has pointed out that his heroes, Sperelli, Tullio Hermil, and Giorgio Aurispa, are all studies of himself. D'Annunzio does not deny this. He would argue that it

would be nonsense to portray others, as we know ourselves best. Sperelli, the hero of *Il Piacere*, is an exact portrait of himself. He is described as "the perfect type of a young Italian gentleman in the nineteenth century, the true representative of a stock of gentlemen and dainty artists, the last descendant of an intellectual race. He is saturated with art. His wonderful boyhood has been nourished upon divers profound studies. From his father he acquired a taste for artistic things, a passionate worship of beauty, a paradoxical disdain for prejudice, avidity for pleasure. His education was a living thing; it was not got out of books, but in the glare of human reality." The result was that "Sperelli chose, in the practice of the arts, those instruments that are difficult, exact, perfect, that cannot be put to base uses, — versification and engraving; and he purposed strictly to follow and to renew the forms of Italian tradition, binding himself with fresh ties to the poets of the *new style* and to the painters who came before the Renaissance. His spirit was formal in its very essence. He valued expression more than thought. His literary essays were feats of dexterity; studies devoted to research, technique, the curious. He believed with Taine that it would be more difficult to write six beautiful lines of poetry than to win a battle. His story of an hermaphrodite was imitative, in its structure, of the story of Orpheus by Poliziano; it had verses of exquisite delicacy, melody, and force, especially in the choruses sung by monsters of double form, — centaurs, sirens, sphinxes. His tragedy *La Simona*, composed in lyrical metre, was of a most curious savor. Although its rhymes obeyed the old Tuscan models, it seemed as if it had been begotten in the fancy of an Elizabethan poet by a story from the Decameron; it held something of that music, rich and strange, which is in some of Shakespeare's minor plays."

Il Piacere is a study of the passion of

love. Sperelli's love for Elena, and afterwards for Maria, is made the subject of an essay in the guise of a novel upon two aspects of this passion. The first is the union of mind, almost non-human as if new-born, unacquainted with life, with the fact of sex. D'Annunzio takes this fact of sex in its simplest form, and portrays its effects upon the mind in the latter's most sequestered state, separate and apart, uninfluenced by human things, divorced from all humanity. He observes the isolated mind under the dominion of this fact, and describes it in like manner as he depicts the sea blown upon by the wind. The shifting push of emotion, the coming and going of thought, the involutions and intricacy of momentary feeling, the whirl of fantastic dreams, the swoop and dash of memory, the grasp at the absolute, the rocket-like whirl of the imagination, — all the motions of the mind, like the surface of a stormy sea, toss and froth before you.

Sperelli's love for Maria, at least in the beginning, is as lovely as a girl could wish. It may be too much akin to his passion for art, it may have in it too much of the ichor that flowed in Shelley's veins. It is delicate, ethereal; it is the passion of a dream man for a dream maiden. It feeds on beauty "like a worm i' the bud." "But long it could not be, till that" his baser nature "pull'd the poor wretch from its melodious lay to muddy death." Yet the book is full of poetry. We hardly remember chapters in any novel that can match in charm those that succeed the narrative of the duel. We must free ourselves from habit by an effort, and put out of our simple *bourgeois* minds the fact that Maria has made marriage vows to another man; and we are able to do this, for the husband has no claims upon her except from those vows, and the poetry of the episode ends long before those vows are broken.

This novel, like the others, is decorated, enameled, and lacquered with cultivation.

They are all like Christmas trees laden with alien fruit, — tinsel, candles, confectionery, anything that will catch the eye. England, France, Germany, Russia, contribute. Painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, are called upon to give color, form, structure, sound, and dreaminess to embellish the descriptions. The twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries parade before us in long pageant, — “L'uno e l'altro Guido,” Gallucci, Memling, Bernini, Pollajuolo, Pinturicchio, Storace, Watteau, Shelley, Rameau, Bach, Gabriel Rossetti, Bizet. The charm of a woman for him is that she resembles a Madonna by Ghirlandajo, an intaglio by Niccolò Niccoli, a quatrain by Cino. His ladies are tattooed with resemblances, suggestions, proportions, similarities. The descriptions of their attractions read like an index to *The Stones of Venice*. He does not disdain to translate Shelley's verse into Italian prose without quotation marks. This passion for art is d'Annunzio's means of escaping the vulgarity of common men; it is his refuge, his cleft in the rock, whither he may betake himself, and in which he may enjoy the pleasures of intellectual content and scorn. This taste emphasizes his lack of human kindness, and it heightens the effect of unreality. At best it limits and clips off the interest of the common reader. D'Annunzio is like Mr. Pater in his nice tastes. He has noticed that the sentences of men who write from a desire to go hand in hand with other men, from an eagerness to propagate their own beliefs, trudge and plod, swinging their clauses and parentheses like loosely strapped panniers; that they observe regulations that should be broken, and break rules that should be kept. Therefore he girds himself like a gymnast, and with dainty mincing periods glides harmonious down the page; but his grace sometimes sinks into foppishness. He would defend himself like Lord Foppington in the play.

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“Tom. Brother, you are the prince of coxcombs.

“Lord Foppington. I am proud to be at the head of so prevailing a party.”

But even d'Annunzio's great skill cannot rescue him from obvious artificiality. He is like Mr. Henry James; he lives in a hothouse atmosphere of abnormal refinement, at a temperature where only creatures nurtured to a particular degree and a half Fahrenheit can survive. Sometimes one is tempted to believe that d'Annunzio, conscious of his own inhumanity, deals with the passions in the vain hope to lay hand upon the human. He hovers like a non-human creature about humanity, he is eager to know it, he longs to become a man; and Setebos, his god, at his supplication turns him into a new form. The changeling thinks he is become a man; but lo! he is only an intellectual beast.

Our judgment of d'Annunzio's work, however, is based upon other considerations than that of the appropriate subordination of his cultivation to his story. It depends upon our theory of human conduct and our philosophy of life, upon our answers to these questions: Has the long, long struggle to obtain new interests — interests that seem higher and nobler than the old, interests the record of which constitutes the history of civilization — been mere unsuccessful folly? Are the chief interests in life the primary instincts? Are we no richer than the animals, after all these toiling years of renunciation and self-denial? Is the heritage which we share with the beasts the best that our fathers have handed down to us? There seem to be in some corners of our world persons who answer these questions in the affirmative, saying, “Let us drop hypocrisy, let us face facts and know ourselves, let English literature put off false traditions and deal with the realities of life,” and much more, all sparkling with brave words. Persons like Mr. George Moore, who have a profound respect for adjectives,

say these instincts are *primary*, they are *fundamental*, and think that these two words, like "open sesame," have admitted us into the cave of reality. We are unable to succumb to the hallucination. The circulation of the blood is eminently primary and fundamental, yet there was literature of good repute before it was dreamed of. For ourselves, we find the interests of life in the secondary instincts, in the thoughts, hopes, sentiments, which man has won through centuries of toil, — here a little, there a little. We find the earlier instincts interesting only as they furnish a struggle for qualities later born. We are bored and disgusted by dragons of the prime until we hear the hoofs of St. George's horse and see St. George's helmet glitter in the sun. The dragon is no more interesting than a cockroach, except to prove the prowess of the hero. The bucking horse may kick and curvet; we care not, till the cowboy mount him. These poor primary instincts are mere bulls for the toreador, bears for the baiter; they are our measures for strength, self-denial, fortitude, courage, temperance, chastity. The instinct of self-preservation is the ladder up which the soldier, the fireman, the lighthouse-keeper, lightly trip to fame. What is the primary and fundamental fear of death? With whom is it the most powerful emotion? "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee!" Is it with mothers? Ask them.

D'Annunzio, with his predilections for aristocracy, thinks that these primary instincts are of unequaled importance and interest because of their long descent. He forgets that during the last few thousand years power has been changing hands; that democracy has come upon us; and that a virtue is judged by its value to-day, and not by that which it had in the misty past. Literature is one long story of the vain struggles of the primary instincts against the moral nature of man. From *Edipus Tyrannus* to

The Scarlet Letter the primary passions are defeated and ruined by duty, religion, and the moral law. The misery of broken law outlives passion and tramples on its embers. The love of Paolo and Francesca is swallowed up in their sin. It is the like in *Faust*. Earthly passion cannot avail against the moral powers. This network of the imagination binds a man more strongly than iron shackles. Tragedy is the conquest of passion by more potent forces. The relations of our souls, of our higher selves, to these instincts, are what absorb us. We are thrilled by the stories in which these moral laws, children of instinct, have arisen and vanquished their fathers, as the beautiful young gods overcame the Titans. If duty loses its savor, life no longer is salted. The primary passions may continue to hurl beasts at one another; human interest is gone. Were it not for conscience, honor, loyalty, the primary instincts would never be the subject of a story. They would stay in the paddocks of physiological textbooks. "What a piece of work is man" that he has been able to cover a fact of animal life with poetry more beautifully than Shakespeare dresses a tale from *Bandello*! He has created his honor as wonderful as his love; soldiers, like so many poets, have digged out of cruelty and slaughter this jewel of life. Where is the instinct of self-preservation here? At *Roncesvaux*, when *Charlemagne's* rear-guard is attacked by overwhelming numbers, *Roland* denies *Oliver's* request that he blow his horn for help. His one thought is that poets shall not sing songs to his dishonor: —

"Male cangun n'en deit estre cantée."

And is the belief in chastity, which has run round the world from east to west, nothing but a superstition born of fear? Has it lasted so long only to be proved at the end a coward and a dupe? Is this sacrifice of self mere instinctive folly in the individual? Does he gain nothing by it? Are the worship of the

Virgin Mary, the praise of Galahad, the joys of self-denial, no more than monkish ignorance and timidity?

We are of the opinion that *l'art de la pourriture* is popular because it is easily acquired. It deals with the crude, the simple, the undeveloped. It has nothing to do with the complicated, intertwined mass of relations that binds the individual to all other individuals whether he will or not. It does not try to unravel the conglomerate sum of human ties. It does not see the myriad influences that rain down upon a man from all that was before him, from all that is contemporaneous with him; it does not know the height above him, the depth beneath, the mysteries of substance and of void. It deals with materials that offer no resistance, no difficulty, and cannot take the noble and enduring forms of persisting things. It ignores the great labors of the human mind, and the transforming effect of them upon its human habitation. This art cannot give immortality. One by one the artists who produce it drop off the tree of living literature and are forgotten. The supreme passion of love has been told by Dante:—

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

Does d'Annunzio think that he would have bettered the passage? In the great delineation of passion, vulgarity and indecency, insults to manners, the monotony of vice, are obliterated; the brutality of detail slinks off in silence.

In 1892 d'Annunzio published *L'Innocente*. In this novel, as M. de Vogüé has pointed out, he has directed his powers of imitation towards the great Russian novelists. But his spirit and talents are of such different sort from those of Tourgenieff, Tolstoi, and Dostiewsky that the copy is of the outside and show. D'Annunzio's faculties have not been able to incorporate and to assimilate anything of the real Slav; they are the same, and express themselves in the same way, in *L'Innocente* as in *Il Piacere*. We therefore pass to his most

celebrated novel, *Il Trionfo della Morte*, published in 1894. A translation of it—that is, of as much of it as was meet for French readers—was soon after published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. This novel won the approval of M. de Vogüé, and has made Gabriele d'Annunzio a famous name throughout Europe.

The plot, if we may use an old-fashioned word to express new matter, is this: Georgio Aurispa, a young man of fortune, who leads a life of emptiness in Rome, one day meets Ippolita, the wife of another man. On this important day he has gone to hear Bach's *Passion Music* in a private chapel, and there he sees the beautiful Ippolita. Bored and disgusted by coarse pleasures, he throws himself with rapture into a poetical passion for this pale-faced, charming, slender Roman woman. The story begins just before the second anniversary of their meeting in the chapel. The husband has absconded, and Ippolita lives with her family. No suggestion of a possible marriage is made, although Aurispa frequently meditates with anguish on the thought that she may forsake him. He is wholly given to examining his mind and feelings; he follows their changes, he explains their causes, he anticipates their mutations. He picks up each sentiment delicately, like a man playing jackstraws, holds it suspended, contemplates it from this side and from that, balances it before the faceted mirror of his imagination, and then falls into a melancholy. He dandles his sentiment for her, he purrs over it, he sings to it snatches of psychical old tunes, he ministers to it, fosters it, cherishes it, weeps over it, wonders if it be growing or decreasing.

For some reasons of duty Ippolita is obliged to be away from Rome from time to time, once in Milan with her sister. Aurispa hears of her, that she is well, that she is gay. "*She laughs!*" Then she can laugh, away from me; she can be gay! All her letters are full of sor-

row, of lamentation, of hopeless longing." The English reader is taken back to that scene in *The Rivals* where Bob Acres tells Faulkland that he has met Miss Melville in Devonshire, and that she is very well.

"*Acres.* She has been the belle and spirit of the company wherever she has been, — so lively and entertaining! So full of wit and humor!

"*Faulkland.* There, Jack, there. Oh, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman that nothing can overcome. What! happy, and I away!"

Aurispa is peculiarly sensitive; the bunches of nerve fibres at the base of his brain, the ganglia in his medulla oblongata, are extraordinarily alert, delicate, and powerful. Every sensation runs through them like a galloping horse; memory echoes the beating of its hoofs, and imagination speeds it on into the future, till it multiplies, expands, and swells into a troop. Aurispa yearns to lose himself in happiness, and then droops despondent, for a sudden jog of memory reminds him that he was in more of an ecstasy when he first met Ippolita than he is to-day. "Where are those delicate sensations which once I had? Where are those exquisite and manifold pricks of melancholy, those deep and twisted pains, wherein I lost my soul as in an endless labyrinth?"

In the zeal of his desire for fuller, more enduring pleasure, he takes Ippolita to a lonely house beside the sea that shall be their hermitage.

Aurispa feels that there are two conditions necessary to perfect happiness: one that he should be the absolute master of Ippolita, the other that he should have unlimited independence himself. "There is upon earth but one enduring intoxication: absolute certainty in the ownership of another, — certainty fixed and unshakable." Aurispa proposes to attain this condition. He puts his intelligence to slavish service in discovery of a method by which he shall win that

larger life and perfect content of which almost all men have had visions and dreams. Long ago Buddha sought and thought to attain this condition. Long ago the Stoics devised plans to loose themselves from the knots that tie men to the common life of all. Long ago the Christians meditated a philosophy that should free them from the bonds of the flesh, that they might live in the spirit. Heedless of their experience, Aurispa endeavors to find his content in sensuality; but once in their hermitage, he soon perceives that the new life he sought is impossible. He feels his love for Ippolita dwindle and grow thin. He must physic it quickly or it will die; and if love fail, nothing is left but death. Sometimes he thinks of her as dead. Once dead, she will become such stuff as thoughts are made of, a part of pure idealism. "Out from a halting and lame existence she will pass into a complete and perfect life, forsaking forever her frail and sinful body. To destroy in order to possess, — there is no other way for him who seeks the absolute in love."

That was for Aurispa a continuing thought, but first his fancy turned for help to the religious sensuousness of his race. "He had the gift of contemplation, interest in symbol and in allegory, the power of abstraction, an extreme sensitiveness to suggestions by sight or by word, an organic tendency to haunting visions and to hallucinations." He lacked but faith. At that time, superstition like a wind swept over the southern part of Italy; there were rumors of a new Messiah; an emotional fever infected the whole country round. A day's journey from the hermitage lay the sanctuary of Casalbordino. Once the Virgin had appeared there to a devout old man, and had granted his prayer, and to commemorate this miracle the sanctuary had been built; and now the countryfolk swarmed to the holy place. Georgio and Ippolita go thither. All the description of this place, as a note tells

us, is the result of patient observation. About the sanctuary are gathered together men and women from far and near, all in a state of high exaltation. Troop upon troop, singing,

"Viva Maria!
Maria Evviva!"

trudge over the dusty roads. These people d'Annunzio depicts with the quick eye and the patient care of an Agassiz. Monstrous heads, deformed chests, shrunk legs, club-feet, distorted hands, swollen tumors, sores of many colors, all loathsome diseases to which flesh is heir and for which d'Annunzio's medical dictionary has names, are here set forth. "How much morbid pathology has done for the novelist!" he is reported to have said. Certainly its value to d'Annunzio cannot be rated too high. Aurispa and Ippolita, excited by the fanatic exaltation, fight their way into the church. There a miserable mass of huddled humanity, shrieking for grace, struggles toward the altar rail. Behind the rail, the fat, stolid-faced priests gather up the offerings. The air is filled with nauseous smells. The church is a hideous charnel-house roofing in physical disease and mental deformity. Outside, mountebanks, jugglers, gamesters, foul men and women, intercept what part of the offerings they can. The memory of this day made Aurispa and Ippolita sick, — her for human pity, him for himself; for he became conscious that there is no power which can enthrall absolute pleasure. He had turned toward heaven to save his life, and he has proved by experience his belief in the emptiness of its grace.

With instinctive repulsion from death, he looks for escape to thought. Thought which has enslaved him may set him free. He ponders over some maxims of Zoroaster on good and evil. Away with the creeds of weakness, the evangel of impotence! Assert the justice of injustice, the righteousness of power, the joy of creation and of destruction! But Aurispa cannot. Nothing is left him but death.

He abandons all wish for perfect union with Ippolita, yet jealousy will not suffer him to leave her alive. His love for her has turned into hate. In his thoughts it is she that hounds him to death like a personal demon. He grows supersensitive. He cannot bear the red color of underdone beef. He is ready to die of a joint, in juicy pain. He gathers together in a heap and gloats over all that he finds disagreeable and repellent in Ippolita. What was she but his creation? "Now, as always, she has done nothing but submit to the form and impressions that I have made. Her inner life has always been a fiction. When the influence of my suggestion is interrupted, she returns to her own nature, she becomes a woman again, the instrument of base passion. Nothing can change her, nothing can purify her." And at last, by treachery and force, he drags her with him over a precipice to death beneath.

Such is the plot, but there is no pretense that the plot is interesting or important except as a scaffold on which to exhibit a philosophy of life. That philosophy is clearly the author's philosophy. D'Annunzio's novel shows in clear view and distinct outline how the whirligig of time brings about its revenges.

Bishop Berkeley made famous the simple theory of idealism, — that a man cannot go outside of the inclosure of his mind; that the material world is the handiwork of fancy, with no reality, no length, nor breadth, nor fixedness; that the pageant of life is the march of dreams. Berkeley expected this theory to destroy materialism, skepticism, and infidelity. It did, in argument. Many a man has taken courage in this unanswerable retort to the materialist. He slings this theory, like a smooth pebble from the brook, at the Goliaths who advance with the ponderous weapons of scientific discovery.

The common idealist keeps his philosophy for his library, and walks abroad like his neighbors, subject to the rules,

beliefs, and habits of common sense. But d'Annunzio, who has received and adopted a bastard scion of this idealism, is, as befits a man of leisure and of letters, more faithful to his philosophy. He has set forth his version of the theory in this novel with characteristic clearness. Aurispa looks on the world as an instrument that shall serve his pleasure. He will play upon it what tunes he can that he may enjoy the emotions and passions of life. He is separate from his family and of a private fortune. His world is small and dependent upon him. In this world Aurispa has no rival; in it there is no male thing to bid him struggle for supremacy; it is his private property, and the right of private property is fixed as firm beyond the reach of question as the fact of personal existence. Gradually a transformation takes place; this well-ordered and obedient world changes under the dominion of Aurispa's thought. Little by little object and subject lose their identity; like the thieves of the Seventh Bolge in the *Inferno*, they combine, unite, form but one whole. In this change the material world is swallowed up, and out from the transformation crawls the ideal world of Aurispa's thought: —

"Ogni primaio aspetto ivi era casso;
Due e nessun l' imagine perversa
Parea, e tal sen gfa con lento passo."

This ideal world is Aurispa's. It varies with his volition, for it is the aggregate of his thoughts, and they are the emanations of his will. In this dominion he stands like a degenerate Cæsar, drunk with power, frenzied with his own potent impotence. Everything is under his control, and yet there is a something imperceptible, like an invisible wall, that bars his way to perfect pleasure. He wanders all along it, touching, feeling, groping, all in vain. Think subtly as he will, he finds no breach. Yet his deepest, his only desire is to pass beyond. Perhaps life is this barrier. He will break it down, and find his absolute plea-

sure in death. And in exasperation of despair before this invisible obstacle he has recourse to action. In the presence of action his ideal world wrestles once more with reality, and amid the struggles Aurispa finds that the only remedy for his impotent individuality is to die. Both idealism and fact push him towards death.

If we choose to regard Aurispa as living in a real world, as a man responsible for his acts, as a member of human society, we have little to say concerning him. He is a timid prig, a voluptuous murderer, an intellectual fop, smeared with self-love, vulgar to the utmost refinement of vulgarity, cruel, morbid, a flatterer, and a liar.

For poor Ippolita we have compassion. Had she lived out of Aurispa's world, with her alluring Italian nature she might have been charming. There is a rare feminine attractiveness about her: had she been subject to sweet influences, had she been born to Tourgenieff, she would have been one of the delightful women of fiction. All that she does has an attendant possibility of grace, eager to become incorporate in action. Delicacy, sensitiveness, affection, fitness for the gravity and the gayety of life, hover like ministering spirits just beyond the covers of the book; they would come down to her, but they cannot. This possibility died before its birth. Ippolita's unborn soul, like the romantic episode in *Il Piacere*, makes us feel that d'Annunzio may hereafter break loose from his theories, free himself from his cigarette-smoking philosophy, smash the looking-glass in front of which he sits copying his own likeness, and start anew, able to understand the pleasures of life and prepared to share in the joys of the struggle. Surely M. de Vogüé is looking at these indications of creative ability and poetic thought, and not at accomplishment, when he hails d'Annunzio as the leader of another Italian Renaissance. It is hope that calls forth M. de Vogüé's

praise. A national literature has never yet been built upon imitation, sensuality, and artistic frippery.

After finishing the last page of *The Triumph of Death*, quick as a flash we pass through many phases of emotion. In the instant of time before the book leaves our hand, our teeth set, our muscles contract, we desire to hit out from the shoulder. Our memory teems with long-forgotten physical acts, upper-cuts, left-handers, swingers, knock-outs. By some mysterious process, words that our waking mind could not recall surge up in capital letters; all the vocabulary of Shakespearean insult rings in our ears, — base, proud, shallow, beggarly, silk-stocking knave, a glass-gazing finical rogue, a coward, a pander, a cullionly barber-monger, a smooth-tongued bolt-ing-hutch of beastliness. Our thoughts bound like wild things from prize-fights to inquisitors, from them to Iroquois, to devils. Then succeeds the feeling as of stepping on a snake, a sentiment as of a struggle between species of animals, of instinctive combat for supremacy; no sense of ultimate ends or motives, but the sudden knowledge that our gorge is rising and that we will not permit certain things. We raise no question of reason; we put aside intelligence, and say, The time is come for life to choose between you and us. The book, after leaving our hand, strikes the opposite wall and flutters to the floor. We grow calmer; we draw up an indictment; we will try Aurispa-d'Annunzio before a jury of English-speaking men. Call the tale. Colonel Newcome! Adam Bede! Baillie Jarvie! Tom Brown! Sam Weller! But nonsense! these men are not eligible. Aurispa-d'Annunzio must be tried by a jury of his peers. By this time we have recovered our composure, and rejoice in the common things of life, — shaving-brushes, buttoned boots, cravats, counting-stools, vouchers, ledgers, newspapers. All the multitude of little things, forgiving our old discourtesy, heap coals

of fire upon our heads with their glad proofs of reality. For a moment we can draw aside "the veil of familiarity" from common life and behold the poetry there; we bless our simple affections and our daily bread. The dear kind solid earth stands faithful and familiar under our feet. How beautiful it is!

"Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

D'Annunzio's latest novel, *Le Vergini delle Rocce*, was published in 1896. In it he appears as a symbolist, and by far the most accomplished of the school. The story is not of real people, but concerns the inhabitants of some spiritual world, as if certain instantaneous ideas of men, divorced from the ideas of the instant before and of the instant after, and therefore of a weird, unnatural look, had been caught there and kept to inhabit it, and should thenceforward live after their own spiritual order, with no further relations to humanity. These figures bear no doubtful resemblance to the men and women in the pictures of Dante Rossetti and of Burne-Jones. One might fancy that a solitary maid gazing into a beryl stone would see three such strangely beautiful virgins, Massimilla, Anatolia, Violante, move their weary young limbs daintily in the crystal sphere.

The landscape is the background of an English preraphaelite painter. Here d'Annunzio's style is in its delicate perfection. It carries these three strange and beautiful ladies along as the river that runs down to many-towered Camelot bore onward the shallop of the Lady of Shalott. It is translucent; everything mirrors in it with a delicate sensitiveness, as if it were the mind of some fairy asleep, in which nothing except what is lovely and harmonious could reflect, and as if the slightest discord, the least petty failure of grace, would wake the sleeper and end the images forever. D'Annunzio's sentences have the quality

of an incantation. This is the work of a master apprentice. But there the mastery ends. A story so far removed from life, a fairy story, must have order and law of its own, must be true to itself, or else it must move in some fairy plane parallel to human life, and never pre-empt its correspondence with humanity.

Claudio, the teller of the story, is a scion of a noble Italian family, of which one Alessandro had been the most illustrious member. When the tale begins Claudio is riding over the Campagna, thinking aloud, as it were. His mind is full of speculation. What is become of Rome?—Rome, the home of the dominant Latin race, born to rule and to bend other nations to its desires. What is the Pope? What is the King? Who, who will combine in himself the triune powers of passion, intellect, and poetry, and lift the Italian people back to the saddle of the world? By severe self-discipline Claudio has conceived his own life as a whole, as material for art, and has succeeded to so high a degree that now he holds all his power of passion, intellect, and poetry like a drawn sword. He will embody in act the concept of his life. He reflects how the Nazarene failed, for he feared the world and knowledge, and turned from them to ignorance and the desert; how Bonaparte failed, for he had not the conception of fashioning his life as a great work of art; and Claudio's mind turns to his own ancestor, the untimely killed Alessandro, and ponders that he did not live and die in vain, but that his spirit still exists, ready to burst forth in some child of his race. Claudio's duty is to marry a woman who shall bear a son, such that his passion, intellect, and poetry shall make him the redeemer of the world, and restore Rome mistress of nations. As he rides he calls upon the poets to defend the beautiful from the attacks of the gross multitude, and upon the patri- cians to assume their rightful place as masters of the people, to pick up the

fallen whip and frighten back into its sty the Great Beast that grunts in parliament and press.

Filled with these images of his desire, Claudio goes back to his ancestral domain in southern Italy. An aged lord, at one time friend to the last Bourbons of Naples, dwells in a neighboring castle with his three virgin daughters. About this castle we find all the literary devices of Maeterlinck. "The splendor falls on castle walls," but it is a strange light, as of a moon that has overpowered the sun at noon. The genius of the castle is the insane mother, who wanders at will through its chambers, down the paths of its gardens, rustling in her ancient dress, with two gray attendants at her heels. She is hardly seen, but, like a principle of evil, throws a spell over all the place. In front of the palace the fountain splashes its waters in continuous jets into its basin with murmurous sounds of mysterious horror. Two sons hover about, gazing in timid fascination upon their mother, wondering when the inheritance of madness shall fall upon them. One is already doomed; the other, with fearful consciousness, is on the verge of doom. The three daughters have each her separate virtue. Massimilla is a likeness of Santa Clara, the companion of St. Francis of Assisi. She is the spirit of the love that waits and receives. Her heart is a fruitful garden with an infinite capability for faith. Anatolia is the spirit of the love that gives. She has courage, strength, and vitality enough to comfort and support a host of the weak and timid. Violante is the tragical spirit of the power of beauty. The light of triumph and the beauty of tragedy hang over her like a veil. From among these three beautiful virgins Claudio must choose one to be the mother of him who, composed of passion, power, and poetry, shall redeem the disjointed world, straighten the crooked course of nature, and set the crown of the world again on the forehead of Rome.

He chooses Anatolia, and here the book enters the realm of reality. Anatolia is a real woman; she feels the duties of womanhood, her bonds to her father, her mother, and her brothers, and in a natural and womanly way she refuses to be Claudio's wife. There the book ends, with the promise of two more volumes. Anatolia is a living being in this strange world of fantasy, and though she is not true to the spirit of the story, she is one of the indications of d'Annunzio's power.

The faults of the book are great. But all books are not meant for all persons. Who shall judge the merits of such a book? The men who live in a world of action, or the men who live in a world half made of dreams? Shakespeare has written *The Tempest* for both divisions, but other men must be content to choose one or the other. This book is for the latter class. Yet even for them it has great faults. The mechanical contrivances, the solitary castle, the insane mother, the three virgins, the chorus of the fountain, the iteration of thought, the repetition of phrase, are all familiar to readers of Maeterlinck. The element of the heroic, the advocacy of a patrician order, the love of Rome, the adulation of intellectual power, are discordant with the mysterious nature of the book. Claudio full of monster thoughts — of a timid Christ, of an ill-rounded Napoleon, of the world's dominion restored to Rome — sits down to flirt with Massimilla in the attitude of a young Baudelaire. The reader feels that he has been watching a preraphaelite opera bouffe.

We cannot be without some curiosity as to what is d'Annunzio's attitude towards his own novels. In Bourget's *Le Disciple* we had a hero in very much the same tangle of psychological theory as is Aurispa. The disciple wandered far in his search for experience, for new fields and novel combinations of sentiment. His world lost all morality. There was neither right nor wrong in it, but it still remained a real world. In the pre-

face, the only chapter in which, under the present conventionalities of novel-writing, the writer is allowed to speak in his own voice, Bourget, with Puritan earnestness, warns the young men of France to beware of the dangers which he describes, to look forward to the terrible consequences in a world in which there is neither right nor wrong, to turn back while yet they may. It seems reasonable to look to the prefaces to learn what d'Annunzio's attitude towards his own books is, and we find no consciousness in them of right and wrong, of good and evil, such as troubled Bourget. All d'Annunzio's work is built upon a separation between humanity — beings knowing good and evil — and art.

Nevertheless, d'Annunzio has a creed. He believes in the individual, that he shall take and keep what he can; that this is no world in which to play at altruism and to encumber ourselves with hypocrisy. He believes that power and craft have rights better than those of weakness and simplicity; that a chosen race is entitled to all the advantages accruing from that choice; that a patrician order is no more bound to consider the lower classes than men are bound to respect the rights of beasts. He proclaims this belief, and preaches to what he regards as the patrician order his mode of obtaining from life all that it has to give. Art is his watchword, the art of life is his text. Know the beautiful; enjoy all that is new and strange; be not afraid of the bogies of moral law and of human tradition, — they are idols wrought by ignorant plebeians.

He finds that the main hindrance to the adoption of this creed is an uneasy sense of relativity of life. Even the patrician order entertains a suspicion that life — the noblest material for art to work in — is not of the absolute grain and texture that d'Annunzio's theory presupposes. The individual life, wrought with greatest care, and fashioned into a shape of beauty after d'Annunzio's model,

may seem to lose all its loveliness when it is complete and the artist lies on his deathbed. And therefore, in order to obtain disciples, d'Annunzio perceives that he must persuade his patricians to accept the phenomena of life, which the senses present, as final and absolute. The main support for the theory of the relativity of life is religion. In long procession religious creeds troop down through history, and on every banner is inscribed the belief in an Absolute behind the seeming. D'Annunzio must get rid of all these foolish beliefs. He would argue, "They are a train of superstition, ignorance, and fear. They have failed and they will fail because they dare not face truth. What is the religious conception of the Divine love for man, and of the love of man for God? God's love is a superstitious inference drawn from the love of man for God; and man's love of God in its turn is but a blind deduction from man's love for woman. In the light of science man's love for woman shrinks to an instinct. This Divine love that looks so fair, that has made heroes and sustained mystics, is mere sentimental millinery spun out of a fact of animal life. This fact is the root of the doctrine of relativity. From it has sprung religion, idealism, mysticism. Examine this fact scientifically; see what it is, and how far, how very far, it is from justifying the inferences drawn from love, and without doubt the whole intellectual order of patricians must accept my beliefs." Another man might say: "Suppose it be so; suppose this animal fact be the root from which springs the blossoming tree of Divine love: this inherent power of growth dumfounds me more, makes me more uncertain of my apparent perceptions, than all the priestly explanations."

In d'Annunzio's idolatry of force there is a queer lack of the masculine; his voice is shrill and sounds soprano. In his morbid supersensitiveness, in his odd

fantasy, there is a feminine strain; and yet not wholly feminine. In his incongruous delineation of character there is a mingling of hopes and fears, of thoughts and feelings, that are found separate and distinct in man and woman. In all his novels there is an unnatural atmosphere, which is different from that in the books of the mere *décadents*. There is the presence of an intellectual and emotional condition that is neither masculine nor feminine, and yet partaking of both. There is an appeal to some elements in our nature of which theretofore we were unaware. As sometimes on a summer's day, swimming on the buoyant waters of the ocean, we fancy that once we were native there, so in reading this book we have a vague surmise beneath our consciousness that once there was a time when the sexes had not been differentiated, and that we are in ourselves partakers of the spiritual characteristics of each; and yet the feeling is wholly disagreeable. We feel as if we had been in the secret museum at Naples, and we are almost ready to bathe in hot lava that we shall no longer feel unclean.

We do not believe that a novel of the first rank can be made out of the materials at d'Annunzio's command. Instead of humor he has scorn and sneer; in place of conscience he gives us swollen egotism; for the deep affections he professes lust. We are human, we want human beings, and he sets up fantastic puppets; we ask for a man, and under divers aliases he puts forth himself. We grow weary of caparisoned paragraph and bedizened sentence, of clever imitation and brilliant cultivation; we demand something to satisfy our needs of religion, education, feeling; we want bread, and he gives us a gilded stone. There are great regions of reality and romance still to be discovered by bold adventurers, but Gabriele d'Annunzio will not find them though he stand a-tiptoe.

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

MARTHA'S LADY.

I.

ONE day, many years ago, the old Judge Pyne house wore an unwonted look of gayety and youthfulness. The high-fenced green garden beyond was bright with June flowers. In the large shady front yard under the elms you might see some chairs placed near together, as they often used to be when the family were all at home and life was going on gayly with eager talk and pleasure-making; when the elder judge, the grandfather, used to quote his favorite Dr. Johnson and say to his girls, "Be brisk, be splendid, and be public."

One of the chairs had a crimson silk shawl thrown carelessly over its straight back, and a passer-by who looked in through the latticed gate between the tall gate-posts, with their white urns, might think that this piece of shining East Indian color was a huge red lily that had suddenly bloomed against the syringa bush. There were certain windows thrown wide open that were usually shut, and their curtains were blowing free in the light wind of a summer afternoon; it looked as if a large household had returned to the old house to fill the prime best rooms and find them pleasant.

It was evident to every one in town that Miss Harriet Pyne, to use the village phrase, had company. She was the last of her family, and was by no means old; but being the last, and wonted to live with people much older than herself, she had formed all the habits of a serious elderly person. Ladies of her age, a little past thirty, often wore discreet caps in those days, especially if they were married, but being single, Miss Harriet clung to youth in this respect, making the one concession of keeping her waving chestnut hair as smooth and stiffly arranged as possible. She had been the dutiful

companion of her father and mother in their latest years, all her elder brothers and sisters having married and gone, or died and gone, out of the old house. Now that she was left alone it seemed quite the best thing frankly to accept the fact of age at once, and to turn more resolutely than ever to the companionship of duty and serious books. She was more serious and given to routine than her elders themselves, as sometimes happened when the daughters of New England gentlefolks were brought up wholly in the society of their elders. At thirty she had more reluctance than her mother to face an unforeseen occasion, certainly more than her grandmother, who had preserved some cheerful inheritance of gayety and worldliness from colonial times.

There was something about the look of the crimson silk shawl in the front yard to make one suspect that the sober customs of the best house in a quiet New England village were all being set at defiance, and once when the mistress of the house came to stand in her own doorway she wore the pleased but somewhat apprehensive look of a guest. In these days New England life held the necessity of much dignity and discretion of behavior; there was the truest hospitality and good cheer in all occasional festivities, but it was sometimes a self-conscious hospitality, followed by an inexorable return to asceticism both of diet and of behavior. Miss Harriet Pyne belonged to the very dullest days of New England, those which perhaps held the most priggishness for the learned professions, the most limited interpretation of the word "evangelical," and the pettiest indifference to large things. The outbreak of a desire for larger religious freedom caused at first a most determined reaction toward formalism and even stagnation of thought and behavior, especially in small

and quiet villages like Ashford, intently busy with their own concerns. It was high time for a little leaven to begin its work, in this moment when the great impulses of the war for liberty had died away and those of the coming war for patriotism and a new freedom had hardly yet begun, except as a growl of thunder or a flash of lightning draws one's eyes to the gathering clouds through the lifeless air of a summer day.

The dull interior, the changed life of the old house whose former activities seemed to have fallen sound asleep, really typified these larger conditions, and the little leaven had made its easily recognized appearance in the shape of a light-hearted girl. She was Miss Harriet's young Boston cousin, Helena Vernon, who, half-amused and half-impatient at the unnecessary sober-mindedness of her hostess and of Ashford in general, had set herself to the difficult task of gayety. Cousin Harriet looked on at a succession of ingenious and, on the whole, innocent attempts at pleasure, as she might have looked on at the frolics of a kitten who easily substitutes a ball of yarn for the uncertainties of a bird or a wind-blown leaf, and who may at any moment ravel the fringe of a sacred curtain-tassel in preference to either.

Helena, with her mischievous appealing eyes, with her enchanting old songs and her guitar, seemed the more delightful and even reasonable because she was so kind to everybody, and because she was a beauty. She had the gift of most charming manners. There was all the unconscious lovely ease and grace that had come with the good breeding of her city home, where many pleasant persons came and went; she had no fear, one had almost said no respect, of the individual, and she did not need to think of herself. Cousin Harriet turned cold with apprehension when she saw the minister coming in at the front gate, and wondered in agony if Martha were properly attired to go to the door, and would by

any chance hear the knocker; it was Helena who, delighted to have anything happen, ran to the door to welcome the Reverend Mr. Crofton as if he were a congenial friend of her own age. She could behave with more or less propriety during the stately first visit, and even contrive to lighten it with modest mirth, and to extort the confession that the guest had a tenor voice though sadly out of practice, but when the minister departed a little flattered, and hoping that he had not expressed himself too strongly for a pastor upon the poems of Emerson, and feeling the unusual stir of gallantry in his proper heart, it was Helena who caught the honored hat of the late Judge Pyne from its last resting-place in the hall, and holding it securely in both hands, mimicked the minister's self-conscious entrance. She copied his pompous and anxious expression in the dim parlor in such delicious fashion, that Miss Harriet, who could not always extinguish a ready spark of the original sin of humor, laughed aloud.

"My dear!" she exclaimed severely the next moment. "I am ashamed of your being so disrespectful!" and then laughed again, and took the affecting old hat and carried it back to its place.

"I would not have had any one else see you for the world," she said sorrowfully as she returned, feeling quite self-possessed again, to the parlor doorway; but Helena still sat in the minister's chair, with her small feet placed as his stiff boots had been, and a copy of his solemn expression before they came to speaking of Emerson and of the guitar. "I wish I had asked him if he would be so kind as to climb the cherry-tree," said Helena, unbending a little at the discovery that her cousin would consent to laugh no more. "There are all those ripe cherries on the top branches. I can climb as high as he, but I can't reach far enough from the last branch that will bear anybody. The minister is so long and thin" —

"I don't know what Mr. Crofton would have thought of you ; he is a very serious young man," said cousin Harriet, still ashamed of her laughter. "Martha will get the cherries for you, or one of the men. I should not like to have Mr. Crofton think you were frivolous, a young lady of your opportunities" — but Helena had escaped through the hall and out at the garden door at the mention of Martha's name. Miss Harriet Pyne sighed anxiously, and then smiled, in spite of her deep convictions, as she shut the blinds and tried to make the house look solemn again.

The front door might be shut, but the garden door at the other end of the broad hall was wide open into the large sunshiny garden, where the last of the red and white peonies and the golden lilies, and the first of the tall blue larkspurs lent their colors in generous fashion. The straight box borders were all in fresh and shining green of their new leaves, and there was a fragrance of the old garden's inmost life and soul blowing from the honeysuckle blossoms on a long trellis. Now it was late in the afternoon, and the sun was low behind great apple-trees at the garden's end, which threw their shadows over the short turf of the bleaching-green. The cherry-trees stood at one side in full sunshine still, and Miss Harriet, who presently came to the garden steps to watch like a hen at the water's edge, saw her cousin's pretty figure in its white dress of India muslin hurrying across the grass. She was accompanied by the tall, ungainly shape of Martha the new maid, who, dull and indifferent to every one else, showed a surprising willingness and allegiance to the young guest.

"Martha ought to be in the dining-room already, slow as she is ; it wants but half an hour of tea-time," said Miss Harriet, as she turned and went into the shaded house. It was Martha's duty to wait at table, and there had been many trying scenes and defeated efforts toward her education. Martha was cer-

tainly very clumsy, and she seemed the clumsier because she had replaced her aunt, a most skillful person, who had but lately married a thriving farm and its prosperous owner. It must be confessed that Miss Harriet was a most bewildering instructor, and that her pupil's brain was easily confused and prone to blunders. The coming of Helena had been somewhat dreaded by reason of this incompetent service, but the guest took no notice of frowns or futile gestures at the first tea-table, except to establish friendly relations with Martha on her own account by a reassuring smile. They were about the same age, and next morning, before cousin Harriet came down, Helena showed by a word and a quick touch the right way to do something that had gone wrong and been impossible to understand the night before. A moment later the anxious mistress came in without suspicion, but Martha's eyes were as affectionate as a dog's, and there was a new look of hopefulness on her face ; this dreaded guest was a friend after all, and not a foe come from proud Boston to confound her ignorance and patient efforts.

The two young creatures, mistress and maid, were hurrying across the bleaching-green.

"I can't reach the ripest cherries," explained Helena politely, "and I think that Miss Pyne ought to send some to the minister. He has just made us a call. Why Martha, you have n't been crying again !"

"Yes, 'm," said Martha sadly. "Miss Pyne always loves to send something to the minister," she acknowledged with interest, as if she did not wish to be asked to explain these latest tears.

"We'll arrange some of the best cherries in a pretty dish. I'll show you how, and you shall carry them over to the parsonage after tea," said Helena cheerfully, and Martha accepted the embassy with pleasure. Life was begin-

ning to hold moments of something like delight in the last few days.

"You'll spoil your pretty dress, Miss Helena," Martha gave shy warning, and Miss Helena stood back and held up her skirts with unusual care while the country girl, in her heavy blue checked gingham, began to climb the cherry-tree like a boy.

Down came the scarlet fruit like bright rain into the green grass.

"Break some nice twigs with the cherries and leaves together; oh, you're a duck, Martha!" and Martha, flushed with delight, and looking far more like a thin and solemn blue heron, came rustling down to earth again, and gathered the spoils into her clean apron.

That night at tea, during her handmaiden's temporary absence, Miss Harriet announced, as if by way of apology, that she thought Martha was beginning to understand something about her work. "Her aunt was a treasure, she never had to be told anything twice; but Martha has been as clumsy as a calf," said the precise mistress of the house. "I have been afraid sometimes that I never could teach her anything. I was quite ashamed to have you come just now, and find me so unprepared to entertain a visitor."

"Oh, Martha will learn fast enough because she cares so much," said the visitor eagerly. "I think she is a dear good girl. I do hope that she will never go away. I think she does things better every day, cousin Harriet," added Helena pleadingly, with all her kind young heart. The china-closet door was open a little way, and Martha heard every word. From that moment, she not only knew what love was like, but she knew love's dear ambitions. To have come from a stony hill-farm and a bare small wooden house was like a cave-dweller's coming to make a permanent home in an art museum; such had seemed the elaborateness and elegance of Miss Pyne's fashion of life, and Martha's simple brain was slow enough

in its processes and recognitions. But with this sympathetic ally and defender, this exquisite Miss Helena who believed in her, all difficulties appeared to vanish.

Later that evening, no longer home-sick or hopeless, Martha returned from her polite errand to the minister, and stood with a sort of triumph before the two ladies who were sitting in the front doorway, as if they were waiting for visitors, Helena still in her white muslin and red ribbons, and Miss Harriet in a thin black silk. Being happily self-forgetful in the greatness of the moment, Martha's manners were perfect, and she looked for once almost pretty and quite as young as she was.

"The minister came to the door himself, and sent his thanks. He said that cherries were always his favorite fruit, and he was much obliged to both Miss Pyne and Miss Vernon. He kept me waiting a few minutes, while he got this book ready to send to you, Miss Helena."

"What are you saying, Martha? I have sent him nothing!" exclaimed Miss Pyne, much astonished. "What does she mean, Helena?"

"Only a few of your cherries," explained Helena. "I thought Mr. Crofton would like them after his afternoon of parish calls. Martha and I arranged them before tea, and I sent them with our compliments."

"Oh, I am very glad you did," said Miss Harriet, wondering, but much relieved. "I was afraid" —

"No, it was none of my mischief," answered Helena daringly. "I did not think that Martha would be ready to go so soon. I should have shown you how pretty they looked among their green leaves. We put them in one of your best white dishes with the openwork edge. Martha shall show you to-morrow; mamma always likes to have them so." Helena's fingers were busy with the hard knot of a parcel.

"See this, cousin Harriet!" she announced proudly, as Martha disappeared

round the corner of the house, beaming with the pleasures of adventure and success. "Look! the minister has sent me a book: Sermons on *what?* Sermons — it is so dark that I can't quite see."

"It must be his Sermons on the Seriousness of Life; they are the only ones he has printed, I believe," said Miss Harriet, with much pleasure. "They are considered very fine; remarkably able discourses. He pays you a great compliment, my dear. I feared that he noticed your girlish levity."

"I behaved beautifully while he stayed," insisted Helena. "Ministers are only men," but she blushed with pleasure. It was certainly something to receive a book from its author, and such a tribute made her of more value to the whole reverent household. The minister was not only a man, but a bachelor, and Helena was at the age that best loves conquest; it was at any rate comfortable to be reinstated in cousin Harriet's good graces.

"Do ask the kind gentleman to tea! He needs a little cheering up," begged the siren in India muslin, as she laid the shiny black volume of sermons on the stone doorstep with an air of approval, but as if they had quite finished their mission.

"Perhaps I shall, if Martha improves as much as she has within the last day or two," Miss Harriet promised hopefully. "It is something I always dread a little when I am all alone, but I think Mr. Crofton likes to come. He converses so elegantly."

II.

These were the days of long visits, before affectionate friends thought it quite worth while to take a hundred miles' journey merely to dine or to pass a night in one another's houses. Helena lingered through the pleasant weeks of early summer, and departed unwillingly

at last to join her family at the White Hills, where they had gone like other households of high social station, to pass the month of August out of town. The happy-hearted young guest left many lamenting friends behind her, and promised each that she would come back again next year. She left the minister a rejected lover, as well as the preceptor of the academy, but with their pride unwounded, and it may have been with wider outlooks upon the world and a less narrow sympathy both for their own work in life and for their neighbors' work and hindrances. Even Miss Harriet Pyne herself had lost some of the unnecessary provincialism and prejudice which had begun to harden a naturally good and open mind and affectionate heart. She was conscious of feeling younger and more free, and not so lonely. Nobody had ever been so gay, so fascinating, or so kind as Helena, so full of social resource, so simple and undemanding in her friendliness. The light of her young life cast no shadow on either young or old companions, her pretty clothes never seemed to make other girls look dull or out of fashion. When she went away up the street in Miss Harriet's carriage to take the slow train toward Boston and the gayeties of the new Profile House, where her mother waited impatiently with a group of Southern friends, it seemed as if there would never be any more picnics or parties in Ashford, and as if society had nothing left to do but to grow old and get ready for winter.

Martha came into Miss Helena's bedroom that last morning, and it was easy to see that she had been crying; she looked just as she did in that first sad week of homesickness and despair. All for love's sake she had been learning to do many things, and to do them exactly right; her eyes had grown quick to see the smallest chance for personal service. Nobody could be more humble and de-

voted ; she looked years older than Helena, and wore already a touching air of caretaking.

"You spoil me, you dear Martha!" said Helena from the bed. "I don't know what they will say at home, I am so spoiled."

Martha went on opening the blinds to let in the brightness of the summer morning, but she did not speak.

"You are getting on splendidly, are n't you?" continued the little mistress. "You have tried so hard that you make me ashamed of myself. At first you crammed all the flowers together, and now you make them look beautiful. Last night cousin Harriet was so pleased when the table was so charming, and I told her that you did everything yourself, every bit. Won't you keep the flowers fresh and pretty in the house until I come back? It's so much pleasanter for Miss Pyne, and you'll feed my little sparrows, won't you? They're growing so tame."

"Oh yes, Miss Helena!" and Martha looked almost angry for a moment, then she burst into tears and covered her face with her apron. "I could n't understand a single thing when I first came. I never had been anywhere to see anything, and Miss Pyne frightened me when she talked. It was you made me think I could ever learn. I wanted to keep the place, 'count of mother and the little boys; we're dreadful hard pushed at home. Hepsy has been good in the kitchen; she said she ought to have patience with me, for she was awkward herself when she first came."

Helena laughed; she looked so pretty under the tasseled white curtains.

"I dare say Hepsy tells the truth," she said. "I wish you had told me about your mother. When I come again, some day we'll drive up country, as you call it, to see her. Martha! I wish you would think of me sometimes after I go away. Won't you promise?" and the bright young face suddenly grew grave. "I

have hard times myself; I don't always learn things that I ought to learn, I don't always put things straight. I wish you would n't forget me ever, and would just believe in me. I think it does help more than anything."

"I won't forget," said Martha slowly. "I shall think of you every day." She spoke almost with indifference, as if she had been asked to dust a room, but she turned aside quickly and pulled the little mat under the hot water jug quite out of its former straightness; then she hastened away down the long white entry, weeping as she went.

III.

To lose out of sight the friend whom one has loved and lived to please is to lose joy out of life. But if love is true, there comes presently a higher joy of pleasing the ideal, that is to say, the perfect friend. The same old happiness is lifted to a higher level. As for Martha, the girl who stayed behind in Ashford, nobody's life could seem duller to those who could not understand; she was slow of step, and her eyes were almost always downcast as if intent upon incessant toil; but they startled you when she looked up, with their shining light. She was capable of the happiness of holding fast to a great sentiment, the ineffable satisfaction of trying to please one whom she truly loved. She never thought of trying to make other people pleased with herself; all she lived for was to do the best she could for others, and to conform to an ideal, which grew at last to be like a saint's vision, a heavenly figure painted upon the sky.

On Sunday afternoons in summer, Martha sat by the window of her chamber, a low-storied little room, which looked into the side yard and the great branches of an elm-tree. She never sat in the old wooden rocking-chair except

on Sundays like this ; it belonged to the day of rest and to happy meditation. She wore her plain black dress and a clean white apron, and held in her lap a little wooden box, with a brass hinge on top for a handle. She was past sixty years of age and looked even older, but there was the same look on her face that it had sometimes worn in girlhood. She was the same Martha ; her hands were old-looking and work-worn, but her face still shone. It seemed like yesterday that Helena Vernon had gone away, and it was more than forty years.

War and peace had brought their changes and great anxieties, the face of the earth was furrowed by floods and fire, the faces of mistress and maid were furrowed by smiles and tears, and in the sky the stars shone on as if nothing had happened. The village of Ashford added a few pages to its unexciting history, the minister preached, the people listened ; now and then a funeral crept along the street, and now and then the bright face of a little child rose above the horizon of a family pew. Miss Harriet Pyne lived on in the large white house, which gained more and more distinction because it suffered no changes, save successive repaintings and a new railing about its stately roof. Miss Harriet herself had moved far beyond the uncertainties of an anxious youth. She had long ago made all her decisions, and settled all necessary questions ; her scheme of life was as faultless as the miniature landscape of a Japanese garden, and as easily kept in order. The only important change she would ever be capable of making was the final change to another and a better world ; and for that nature itself would gently provide, and her own innocent life.

Hardly any great social event had ruffled the easy current of life since Helena Vernon's marriage. To this Miss Pyne had gone, stately in appearance and carrying gifts of some old family silver which bore the Vernon crest, but not without

some protest in her heart against the uncertainties of married life. Helena was so equal to a happy independence and even to the assistance of other lives grown strangely dependent upon her quick sympathies and instinctive decisions, that it was hard to let her sink her personality in the affairs of another. Yet a brilliant English match was not without its attractions to an old-fashioned gentlewoman like Miss Pyne, and Helena herself was amazingly happy ; one day there had come a letter to Ashford, in which her very heart seemed to beat with love and self-forgetfulness, to tell cousin Harriet of such new happiness and high hope. " Tell Martha all that I say about my dear Jack," wrote the eager girl ; " please show my letter to Martha, and tell her that I shall come home next summer and bring the handsomest and best man in the world to Ashford. I have told him all about the dear house and the dear garden ; there never was such a lad to reach for cherries with his six foot two." Miss Pyne, wondering a little, gave the letter to Martha, who took it deliberately and as if she wondered too, and went away to read it slowly by herself. Martha cried over it, and felt a strange sense of loss and pain ; it hurt her heart a little to read about the cherry-picking. Her idol seemed to be less her own since she had become the idol of a stranger. She never had taken such a letter in her hands before, but love at last prevailed, since Miss Helena was happy, and she kissed the last page where her name was written, feeling overbold, and laid the envelope on Miss Pyne's secretary without a word.

The most generous love cannot but long for reassurance, and Martha had the joy of being remembered. She was not forgotten when the day of the wedding drew near, but she never knew that Miss Helena had asked if cousin Harriet would not bring Martha to town ; she should like to have Martha there to see her married. " She would help about

the flowers," wrote the happy girl; "I know she will like to come, and I'll ask mamma to plan to have some one take her all about Boston and make her have a pleasant time after the hurry of the great day is over."

Cousin Harriet thought it was very kind and exactly like Helena, but Martha would be out of her element; it was most imprudent and girlish to have thought of such a thing. Helena's mother would be far from wishing for any unnecessary guest just then in the busiest part of her household, and it was best not to speak of the invitation. Some day Martha should go to Boston if she did well, but not now. Helena did not forget to ask if Martha had come, and was astonished by the indifference of the answer. It was the first thing which reminded her that she was not a fairy princess having everything her own way in that last day before the wedding. She knew that Martha would have loved to be near, for she could not help understanding in that moment of her own happiness the love that was hidden in another heart. Next day this happy young princess, the bride, cut a piece of the great cake and put it into a pretty box that had held one of her wedding presents. With eager voices calling her, and all her friends about her, and her mother's face growing more and more wistful at the thought of parting, she still lingered and ran to take one or two trifles from her dressing-table, a little mirror and some tiny scissors that Martha would remember, and one of the pretty handkerchiefs marked with her maiden name. These she put in the box too; it was half a girlish freak and fancy, but she could not help trying to share her happiness, and Martha's life was so plain and dull. She whispered a message, and put the little package into cousin Harriet's hand for Martha as she said good-by. She was very fond of cousin Harriet. She smiled with a gleam of her old fun; Martha's puzzled look and tall

awkward figure seemed to stand suddenly before her eyes, as she promised to come again to Ashford. Impatient voices called to Helena, her lover was at the door, and she hurried away leaving her old home and her girlhood gladly. If she had only known it, as she kissed cousin Harriet good-by, they were never going to see each other again until they were old women. The first step that she took out of her father's house that day, married, and full of hope and joy, was a step that led her away from the green elms of Boston Common and away from her own country and those she loved best, to a brilliant much-varied foreign life, and to nearly all the sorrows and nearly all the joys that the heart of one woman could hold or know.

On Sunday afternoons Martha used to sit by the window in Ashford and hold the wooden box which a favorite young brother, who afterward died at sea, had made for her, and she used to take out of it the pretty little box with a gilded cover that had held the piece of wedding-cake, and the small scissors, and the blurred bit of a mirror in its silver case; as for the handkerchief with the narrow lace edge, once in two or three years she sprinkled it as if it were a flower, and spread it out in the sun on the old bleaching-green, and sat near by in the shrubbery to watch lest some bold robin or cherry-bird should seize it and fly away.

IV.

Miss Harriet Pyne was often congratulated upon the good fortune of having such a helper and friend as Martha. As time went on this tall gaunt woman, always thin, always slow, gained a dignity of behavior and simple affectionateness of look which suited the charm and dignity of the ancient house. She was unconsciously beautiful like a saint, like the picturesqueness of a lonely tree which lives to shelter unnumbered lives and to

stand quietly in its place. There was such rustic homeliness and constancy belonging to her, such beautiful powers of apprehension, such reticence, such gentleness for those who were troubled or sick; all these gifts and graces Martha hid in her heart. She never joined the church because she thought she was not good enough, but life was such a passion and happiness of service that it was impossible not to be devout, and she was always in her humble place on Sundays, in the back pew next the door. She had been educated by a remembrance; Helena's young eyes forever looked at her reassuringly from a gay girlish face. Helena's sweet patience in teaching her own awkwardness could never be forgotten.

"I owe everything to Miss Helena," said Martha half aloud as she sat alone by the window; she had said it to herself a thousand times. When she looked in the little keepsake mirror she always hoped to see some faint reflection of Helena Vernon, but there was only her own brown old New England face to look back at her wonderingly.

Miss Pyne went less and less often to pay visits to her friends in Boston; there were very few friends left to come to Ashford and make long visits in the summer, and life grew more and more monotonous. Now and then there came news from across the sea and messages of remembrance, letters that were closely written on thin sheets of paper, and that spoke of lords and ladies, of great journeys, of the death of little children and the proud successes of boys at school, of the wedding of Mrs. Dysart's only daughter; but even that had happened years ago. These things seemed far away and vague, as if they belonged to a story and not to life itself; the true links with the past were quite different. There was the unvarying flock of ground-sparrows that Helena had begun to feed; every morning Martha scattered crumbs for them from the side doorsteps while Miss Pyne

watched from the dining-room window, and they were counted and cherished year by year.

Miss Pyne herself had many fixed habits, but little ideality or imagination, and so at last it was Martha who took thought for her mistress, and gave freedom to her own good taste. After a while, without any one's observing the change, the everyday ways of doing things in the house came to be the stately ways that had once belonged only to the entertainment of guests. Happily both mistress and maid seized all possible chances for hospitality, yet Miss Harriet nearly always sat alone at her exquisitely served table with its fresh flowers, and the beautiful old china which Martha handled so lovingly that there was no good excuse for keeping it hidden on closet shelves. Every year when the old cherry-trees were in fruit, Martha carried the round white Limoges dish with a fretwork edge, full of pointed green leaves and scarlet cherries, to the minister, and his wife never quite understood why every year he blushed and looked so conscious of the pleasure, and thanked Martha as if he had received a very particular attention. There was no pretty suggestion toward the pursuit of the fine art of housekeeping in Martha's limited acquaintance with newspapers that she did not adopt; there was no refined old custom of the Pyne housekeeping that she consented to let go. And every day, as she had promised, she thought of Miss Helena, — oh, many times in every day: whether this thing would please her, or that be likely to fall in with her fancy or ideas of fitness. As far as was possible the rare news that reached Ashford through an occasional letter or the talk of guests was made part of Martha's own life, the history of her own heart. A worn old geography often stood open at the map of Europe on the light-stand in her room, and a little old-fashioned gilt button, set with a piece of glass like a ruby, that had broken and fallen from the trimming

of one of Helena's dresses, was used to mark the city of her dwelling-place. In the changes of a diplomatic life Martha followed her lady all about the map. Sometimes the button was at Paris, and sometimes at Madrid; once, to her great anxiety, it remained long at St. Petersburg. For such a slow scholar Martha was not unlearned at last, since everything about life in these foreign towns was of interest to her faithful heart. She satisfied her own mind as she threw crumbs to the tame sparrows; it was all part of the same thing and for the same affectionate reasons.

V.

One Sunday afternoon in early summer Miss Harriet Pyne came hurrying along the entry that led to Martha's room and called two or three times before its inhabitant could reach the door. Miss Harriet looked unusually cheerful and excited, and she held something in her hand. "Where are you, Martha?" she called again. "Come quick, I have something to tell you!"

"Here I am, Miss Pyne," said Martha, who had only stopped to put her precious box in the drawer, and to shut the geography.

"Who do you think is coming this very night at half past six? We must have everything as nice as we can; I must see Hannah at once. Do you remember my cousin Helena who has lived abroad so long? Miss Helena Vernon, the Honorable Mrs. Dysart, she is now."

"Yes, I remember her," answered Martha, turning a little pale.

"I knew that she was in this country, and I had written to ask her to come for a long visit," continued Miss Harriet, who did not often explain things, even to Martha, though she was always conscientious about the kind messages that were sent back by grateful guests. "She telegraphs that she means to anticipate her

visit by a few days and come to me at once. The heat is beginning in town, I suppose. I daresay, having been a foreigner so long, she does not mind traveling on Sunday. Do you think Hannah will be prepared? We must have tea a little later."

"Yes, Miss Harriet," said Martha. She wondered that she could speak as usual, there was such a ringing in her ears. "I shall have time to pick some fresh strawberries; Miss Helena is so fond of our strawberries."

"Why, I had forgotten," said Miss Pyne, a little puzzled by something quite unusual in Martha's face. "We must expect to find Mrs. Dysart a good deal changed, Martha; it is a great many years since she was here; I have not seen her since her wedding, and she has had a great deal of trouble, poor girl. You had better open the parlor chamber, and make it ready before you go down."

"It is all ready, I think," said Martha. "I can bring some of those little sweetbrier roses upstairs before she comes."

"Yes, you are always thoughtful," said Miss Pyne, with unwonted feeling.

Martha did not answer. She glanced at the telegram wistfully. She had never really suspected before that Miss Pyne knew nothing of the love that had been in her heart all these years; it was half a pain and half a golden joy to keep such a secret; she could hardly bear this moment of surprise.

Presently the news gave wings to her willing feet. When Hannah the cook, who never had known Miss Helena, went to the parlor an hour later on some errand to her old mistress, she discovered that this stranger guest must be a very important person. She had never seen the tea-table look exactly as it did that night, and in the parlor itself there were fresh blossoming boughs in the old East Indian jars, and lilies in the paneled hall, and flowers everywhere, as if there were some high festivity.

Miss Pyne sat by the window watching, in her best dress, looking stately and calm; she seldom went out now, and it was almost time for the carriage. Martha was just coming in from the garden with the strawberries, and with more flowers in her apron. It was a bright cool evening in June, the golden robins sang in the elms, and the sun was going down behind the apple-trees at the foot of the garden. The beautiful old house stood wide open to the long expected guest.

"I think that I shall go down to the gate," said Miss Pyne, looking at Martha for approval, and Martha nodded and they went together slowly down the broad front walk.

There was a sound of horses and wheels on the roadside turf: Martha could not see at first; she stood back inside the gate behind the white lilacs as the carriage came. Miss Pyne was there; she was holding out both arms and taking a tired, bent little figure in black to her

heart. "Oh, my Miss Helena is an old woman like me!" and Martha gave a pitiful sob; she had never dreamed it would be like this; this was the one thing she could not bear.

"Where are you, Martha?" called Miss Pyne. "Martha will bring these in; you have not forgotten my good Martha, Helena?" Then Helena looked up and smiled just as she used to smile in the old days. The young eyes were there still in the changed face, and Miss Helena had come.

That night Martha waited in her lady's room just as she used, humble and silent, and went through with the old forgotten loving services. The long years seemed like days. At last she lingered a moment trying to think of something else that might be done, then she was going silently away, but Helena called her back.

"You have always remembered, haven't you, Martha dear?" she said. "Won't you please kiss me good-night?"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

IN MAJESTY.

ONCE in thy life, thou too, or small or great,
 Sin-stained or white, sage, foolish, free or bound,
 'Neath what strange star, beyond what ocean found, —
 Thou too, ignoring time, defying fate,
 One fleeting hour shalt dwell in prouder state
 Than any king's, with sovereign power girt round,
 Thy silent brow with pallid glory crowned.
 Once in thy life, some time, or soon or late,
 Thou too — Yet hold! Oh, strange conceit! Ah me!
 In that brief triumph thou shalt not rejoice,
 Nor find it profit thee; thou shalt not see
 The reverent awe, nor mark the bated breath
 Wherewith all mankind's universal voice
 Pays homage to the Majesty of Death!

Stuart Sterne.

THE UPWARD MOVEMENT IN CHICAGO.

THE opportunity to attempt a marshaling and a review of some of the elements prominent in the composition of a large, new, and conspicuous community is not one to be accepted in a spirit of easy self-confidence; and when these elements are at once comprehensive in range, discordant in character, and so overcharged with peculiarities as to be rendered susceptible to a rather wide variety of interpretation, then the commentator can only approach them in a certain spirit of self-distrust.

The civic shortcomings of Chicago are so widely notorious abroad and so deeply deplored at home that there is little need to linger upon them, even for the purpose of throwing into relief the worthier and more attractive features of the local life. The date of the Fair was the period at once of the city's greatest glory and of her deepest abasement. But at the very moment when the somewhat naïf and officious strictures of foreign visitors seemed to present Chicago as the Cloaca Maxima of modern civilization, the best people of the town found themselves, for the first time, associated in a worthy effort under the unifying and vivifying impetus of a noble ideal. The Fair was a kind of post-graduate course for the men at the head of Chicago's commercial and mercantile interests; it was the city's intellectual and social annexation to the world at large. The sense of shame and of peril aroused by the comments of outside censors helped to lead at once to a practical associated effort for betterment, and scarcely had the Columbian Exposition drawn to a close when many of the names that had figured so long and familiarly in its directorate began to appear with equal prominence in the councils of the Civic Federation.

Life in Chicago continues to be — too

largely, too markedly — a struggle for the bare decencies. Justly speaking, such may be, perhaps must be, the case with every young city; but never, surely, has the struggle been conducted upon so large and striking a scale, for never before have youth and increase gone so notably together. We are obliged to fight — determinedly, unremittingly — for those desirable, those indispensable things that older, more fortunate, more practiced communities possess and enjoy as a matter of course. As a community, we are at school; we are trying to solve for ourselves the problem of living together. All the best and most strenuous endeavors of Chicago, whether practical or æsthetic, whether directed toward individual improvement or toward an increase in the associated well-being, may be broadly bracketed as educational. Everything to be said about the higher and more hopeful life of the place must be said with the learner's bench distinctly in view. The two gratifying phases of the situation are to be found in an increased capacity for effective organization, and in an intense desire for knowledge, for personal improvement, for the mastery of that which elsewhere has already been mastered and passed by. This rush of momentum to make up lost time and to get over hitherto untraversed ground justifies the surmise that the goal may be not only reached, but overreached, and that there may be a propulsion of the new and vigorous Western type past the plane of mere acquired culture, on toward the farther and higher plane of actual creative achievement.

It would be unadvisable to enter upon an extended presentation of Chicago's efforts toward the amenities and adornments of life without first having safeguarded her reputation for common

sense by giving a few notes illustrative of her struggle to secure some of the simple decencies of life. This struggle may best be indicated by a résumé of the recent activities of two of her representative reform organizations, the Civic Federation and the Woman's Club.

The Civic Federation of Chicago — conspicuously the most important and promising of existing agencies for the improvement of local conditions, and the prototype (past or future) of numerous organizations in smaller towns throughout the West — took shape during the closing months of 1893. Its object, formally stated, is “to gather together in a body, for mutual counsel, support, and combined action, all of the forces for good, public or private, which are at work in Chicago.” It is non-partisan, non-political, non-sectarian. It consists of a central council and of subordinate ward and precinct councils, and its field throughout the city is practically coincident with that occupied by the recognized political parties. Its work is in the hands of a number of standing committees, and a brief indication of its recent labors may be readily anticipated by any one who will recall for a moment the familiar evils common to all American cities. Its health committee has concerned itself with the foulnesses of bake-shops and with the chemical analysis of food products; its committee on morals has organized and prosecuted a vigorous warfare upon the gambling interest, causing the closing of hundreds of gamblers' resorts and “bucket shops,” and of all the race-tracks; its committee on the work of street-cleaning has brought about a better service at lower figures, — indeed, it has shown, by a practical demonstration of its own, extending over a period of six months, that it is within the range of physical possibility to keep the streets of the central down-town district reasonably clean; its department of philanthropy has or-

ganized a bureau of associated charities, whose object is the systematization and consolidation of philanthropic work; its committee on political action has dealt through its own secret service department with fraudulent naturalization, colonization, and registration, has inspected the qualifications of election judges and clerks, and has endeavored to improve the character of the Cook County grand juries; and proper departments have concerned themselves with the irregularities of garbage contractors, with the iniquitous dealing in franchises on the part of aldermen, with endeavors to apply the principle of arbitration to the acuter crises in the labor world, and with a thoroughgoing investigation of the city pay-rolls that resulted in sending numerous offenders to the penitentiary.

But the most signal service rendered by the Federation is that which was accomplished two years ago by about half a dozen of its members (in conjunction with an equally small representation from the Civil Service Reform League) at Springfield: the passage of a bill by the legislature, and its adoption at the next election by the city of Chicago, whereby the entire civil service of the city (and of the county as well) was placed solidly upon the merit system, which is in full operation to-day. This achievement, by reason of its suddenness and thoroughness, may well rank among the miracles of modern legislation, and the adoption of the bill by a majority of fifty thousand was accepted all over the country as one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

The Citizens' Association, an older though less conspicuous organization, has been working for some years on similar lines. The Municipal Voters' League, a younger body, has made strong efforts to improve the character of the city council by a rigid scrutiny of aldermanic candidates.

Side by side with the Civic Federa-

tion stands the Chicago Woman's Club. This notable force in the better life of the city was organized in 1876 with a view to "mutual sympathy and counsel, and united effort toward the higher civilization of humanity." For several years the club was content to occupy itself with domestic matters, and with the literary and artistic interests common to women's clubs all over the country. Later on it determined to make itself felt in practical work, and its most valuable services have been effected through its recently organized committees on philanthropy and reform. Among its other activities, this club has secured women physicians for the Cook County Insane Asylum and for the State Hospital at Kankakee; has established a free kindergarten, a women's physiological institute, and a protective agency for women and children; and on one occasion it sent a delegation to Washington to urge upon the President the reinstatement of women employees in the internal revenue offices. Upon occasion the club has entertained the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and its organization has served as a model for numerous other clubs throughout the West and Northwest.

As already stated, almost everything to be said about the upward movement in Chicago may be directly arrayed under the one general head of "education." There is to be shown first, then, what Chicago is doing for her own children and for those who come to her from outside; and afterward there is to be indicated the active propaganda which she is conducting with a gallant spirit throughout her tributary territory.

It is difficult, I admit, to put forward as an educational centre a city which habitually sends the best of its youth, boys and girls alike, far away from home for instruction; it is here, indeed, that the colleges and seminaries of Massachusetts and Connecticut become absolutely obtrusive. Nothing better can

be done, in such a case, than to fall back upon the mass and weight of mere numbers: a few figures will serve to show the support accorded to half a dozen of Chicago's own representative educational institutions. The Chicago Conservatory (musical and dramatic) has some six hundred pupils; the Lewis Institute (technological) has instructed during its first year, just ended, close upon seven hundred; the Armour Institute (also technological) had last year about twelve hundred; the Chicago Athenæum (day and night school) instructs about fourteen hundred; the Art Institute, seventeen hundred; the University of Chicago had last year a total enrollment in excess of twenty-four hundred; while that of the Northwestern University, in a northern suburb, with important departments in the city itself, rose as high as twenty-eight hundred. Never has a young city shown itself more liberal in founding and developing public institutions for instruction; this is one of the most favorable turns taken by the new democracy of the West.

Such figures as those cited imply scale; such scale implies the high exercise of practical ability; and practical ability, in the West, implies success — and appreciation. In this New World, the respect gained by the educator, the clergyman, the professional man in general, comes almost completely, not from his mere education, his mere book knowledge, his mere practice of an acquired art, but from his *virtù* (as the Italians of the Renaissance expressed it), from his masterful dealing with things, circumstances, and his fellow men. The hearty and ungrudging respect of the community goes to the college president — who interests the millionaire intent upon endowment; to the preacher — who fills the house and removes the mortgage; to the legal practitioner — who draws from the thick air of trusts and syndicates something more than his

mere formal professional fee; and at the epoch of the Fair it seemed pleasantly possible for the mere artist (or at least the architect) to gain the good-natured tolerance of a practical community — provided he operated upon a sufficiently extensive scale, and showed a large and manlike adequacy in dealing with practical affairs.

It will be impossible to give due recognition to the merits of each of the half dozen institutions lately cited, but the brilliant and felicitous career of the new University of Chicago demands a few lines. No institution of learning in the country has been more signally favored by donations, endowments, and bequests. The extent of the endowments, original and supplementary, made by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, is widely known; and the recent magnificent gift of an entire group of buildings, by the Hull estate, for biological purposes, but follows (though on a larger scale) the example already set by many wealthy and well-disposed citizens. The university seems an immense magnet, which draws to itself not only money and lands, but subordinate educational institutions as well: again and again we hear that this school, that academy, or such a seminary, in the city itself, or in the suburbs, or outside of city and county altogether, has yielded to the process of absorption or affiliation, — so many indications that the name of the university for an assured permanence and a businesslike practicality is spreading every day.

The university is in session all the year round. The faculty number close upon one hundred and seventy-five. One third of the students come from Chicago and vicinity; another third, from the Middle West; and the remaining third includes a significant proportion from the East and even from Europe. The last summer quarter attracted thirteen hundred students, of whom one third were women. Nearly six hundred wo-

men, furthermore, attended the 1897 sessions of the Chicago Normal Summer School; they came from all parts of the country, from Canada, and from Mexico.

A notable feature of the work of the university is to be found in its extension division. This department, active last year through a range of eight States, carries on its work by three methods of study, — by lecture, by class, and by correspondence. The class study section, operative in the university itself or anywhere in the city and suburbs upon the request of six persons, had last year an attendance of eighteen hundred students. The extension division coöperates with the Chicago Board of Education, gives evening instruction at several convenient points in the down-town business district, and arranges for lectures at a number of churches, high schools, and libraries.

The lecture idea, indeed, is as firmly rooted in the Chicago of to-day as it was in the Boston of a generation ago. Free courses of lectures are given annually in the Field Columbian Museum (the former Art Building at Jackson Park); at the Academy of Sciences (the Laffin Memorial), in Lincoln Park; in the assembly hall of the Art Institute, on the Lake Front; and a fourth series has lately been inaugurated in connection with the new Haskell Oriental Museum of the University of Chicago. Lectures are also given at the Kindergarten College, which for nine or ten years past has been accustomed to hold an annual "literary school." The name of the organization affords little clue to the class of subjects to which the school gives its attention. These subjects are, in fact, such standard ones as Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare; and the school is considered by visiting lecturers to be almost unique in its alert sympathy and in its fidelity to the highest standards of culture. The same organization also arranges for

an Annual Convocation of Mothers, which aims to promote the physical, mental, and moral well-being of children. The autumn convocation of 1897 will devote two or three of its sessions to symbolism in art and literature, and in the kindergarten.

The extension division of the university may be paralleled, in a way, by the college extension classes of Hull House. This admirable institution has been so long and so conspicuously the typical "settlement" of the whole country that any characterization of it would be quite unnecessary. Stress will be laid only upon its educational aspects. Regular instruction is provided in chemistry, mathematics, and electrical science; in music, drawing, and painting; in embroidery and cooking; in Latin and the modern languages; and the literary courses include Emerson, Browning, George Eliot, and — once more — Shakespeare and Dante. The Hull House Bulletin gives multifarious details regarding lectures, recitals, readings, conferences, and receptions, and it devotes ample space to the interests and doings of some forty clubs that assemble under the one roof beneath which most of them have been generated. Hull House, in brief, is one of the typical local agencies for bridging over the wide gulf between the fortunate and the less fortunate, the native and the alien. Chicago has felt in its full force the flood of foreign immigration. How soon the vast body of newcomers may consciously achieve a national allegiance is a question; their civic allegiance, thanks to the compelling personality of the city itself, is instant and complete. They may not all make good Americans just yet, but they certainly do make loyal Chicagoans, — the next best thing, perhaps.

The Chicago Commons, on lines not dissimilar to those of Hull House, is active in another neighborhood of like nature and necessities. Its organ, *The Commons*, presents a comprehensive pic-

ture of "settlement" interests throughout the country.

The four great libraries of the city — chief among its educational factors — have frequently been celebrated, separately and together. The oldest, largest, and most generally serviceable is the Public Library itself, which was created by the city in 1872, shortly after the great fire, and which has been accommodated for some years on the upper floor of the City Hall. This collection, now comprising some 230,000 volumes, which are circulated through the city by means of more than thirty delivery-stations, is upon the point of removal to more suitable quarters, — its own building (the corner-stone of which was laid during the Fair) on the Lake Front. All the interior arrangements of this new structure were planned by practical librarians; to its architects, as architects, it owes little more than its envelope of brick and stone. It is not to be claimed that this peculiar piece of coöperation has produced an impeccable architectural organism, but the practical requirements of a great library are believed to have been met more successfully than ever before. The stack system (with an ultimate capacity of 2,000,000 volumes) has been adopted; two thirds of all the demands for books can be met from a stack within ten feet of the delivery-counter. In its reading-room, reference-room, delivery-room, and grand staircase, the building affords large opportunities for decoration. No effort has been made, however, to enlist the individual talents of sculptors and painters; the decorations will be done by the impersonal coöperation inherent in the contract plan, and dependence will be placed chiefly on marbles and mosaics, the use of which promises to be most lavish and brilliant. The annual income of the library is about \$250,000. Tickets are held by 60,000 book-borrowers, and the circulation is the largest in the country.

The Newberry Library is on the North Side, and is wholly for reference purposes. Half of the building ultimately looked for is already constructed, of granite, in a graceful Romanesque style, and there is abundant room for the present collection of 140,000 volumes. The Newberry is especially strong in music, medicine, Americana, and hymnology, and has recently made the purchase of 1200 works on China.

The third of the large libraries is that of the University of Chicago, which occupies temporarily a rough brick building on the university campus, — the single interruption to the general reign of gray-stone scholastic Gothic. This collection was purchased *en bloc* from a bookseller in Berlin, with funds contributed on a sudden philanthropic impulse by several gentlemen of wealth and public spirit. It is understood to include some 290,000 books and pamphlets, and to abound in duplicates, students' theses, and German commentaries on the Latin authors.

The last of the four libraries, the Crerar, is devoted to science, — science in a wide and general sense. This collection, numbering at present 25,000 volumes, occupies temporary quarters in a mercantile building only a few steps distant from the new Public Library itself, until a site shall have been determined upon for a permanent structure. It is meant, however, that books shall come before building; and the librarian, Mr. Clement W. Andrews, late of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has recently been engaged in extensive purchases abroad. The directors of the Crerar rank among the best and most representative citizens of Chicago, the funds at their disposal run up into the millions, and the institution is expected to take at once a high position among the local aids to culture.

Education in music proceeds apace with education in other fields. Here the city's chief dependence is upon the Chi-

cago Orchestra, — eighty-five men, Theodore Thomas conductor, — which last spring rounded out prosperously its sixth season. Mr. Thomas's efforts (than which nothing could be more persistently and laboriously educational) are supported by a large and patient body of guarantors, and by the resignation, if not delight, of large and earnest audiences, — large, in part, no doubt, because of the practical withdrawal of the better element from the theatres. The orchestra's past season has consisted of twenty-two concerts and the same number of rehearsals, and the annual deficit has been smaller than ever before. The delusive character of Mr. Thomas's "popular" nights and "request" programmes has long been recognized, but the public always rallies to the frank exposition of Beethoven and of Wagner, while the announcement of a soloist of reputation, vocal or instrumental, will always fill the great hall of the Auditorium to overflowing. The chief feature of the past two seasons has been Brahms, and the public — now upon the verge of a weak surrender — are wondering what, if anything, can lie beyond.

The cause of vocal music in Chicago is most conspicuously represented by the Apollo Club, which is just entering upon its twenty-sixth season. This organization, as the name would indicate, began as a *Männerchor*; but for some years past its four hundred voices have been equally divided between the sexes. It gives three or four concerts during the winter and spring, chiefly in the way of oratorio and cantata. Its Christmas performance of the Messiah has become one of the landmarks of the local musical season.

Both the orchestra and the Apollo Club make use of the Auditorium, and within the same building is the representative musical school of the West, the Chicago Conservatory. In scope, size, and character it may suggest the New England Conservatory of Boston. Many

of the instructors have more than a local reputation; the course of its year is marked by a great number of concerts, recitals, and dramatic matinées; and pupils are drawn toward it from all parts of the West. The Chicago Musical College enjoys an equal reputation and prominence.

The distinctively social side of Chicago's musical life is represented by the Amateur Musical Club, an organization composed exclusively of ladies, who follow a rigorous ideal in both vocal and instrumental departments, and who rely almost entirely upon one another for their entertainment, though occasionally a distinguished soloist from outside may be heard. This club is approaching its three hundredth recital.

The activity in art is no less marked than that in music. The focus of all this endeavor is the Art Institute. The new building on the Lake Front—the third occupied by the growing institute within ten years—is well known from having been the scene of so many congresses during the year of the Fair. It was built on public ground by an arrangement between the institute and the city, with the title vested in the latter. The Art Institute is to retain possession as long as it shall fulfill the purposes of an art museum. Three days in the week admission is free, and the number of visitors is half a million annually. The number of annual members is about twenty-five hundred.

The collections of the Art Institute can hardly be called extensive, neither is the building itself completed; but they are valuable out of proportion to their size, and they represent, however sketchily, most of the departments of interest that receive recognition in institutions of the sort. The picture-gallery is reinforced by the permanent exposition of several loan collections; there is a strong representation of the Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century and an adequate display of the modern French

painters most in favor with American purchasers. There are extensive collections of casts from the antique and the Renaissance; there is a room of reproductions of Pompeian bronzes, a collection of eighteen thousand of the Braun photographs, an historical collection of casts of French works of sculpture and architecture, the gift of the French government, and considerable in the way of Egyptian antiquities, and of embroideries and textiles.

The programme of the Art Institute comprises a series of exhibitions, lectures, concerts, and receptions running through the greater part of the year. There is a long range of apartments suited to the uses of transient displays,—works of Eastern or of foreign painters, works of local painters, sculptors, and architects; and the annual exhibitions include those given by the pupils of the institute itself, as well as those of the work of the art classes in the public schools.

Activity in art circles is further promoted by the women's clubs, which occasionally make an offer of prizes or arrange a reception for the artists themselves. Through such agencies more than one real but unsuspected talent has been brought to light. More grateful opportunities are sometimes presented when the owners of the great office buildings are found disposed to decorate their properties with works of art. In this way Mr. Lorado Taft has been enabled to make a set of bronze panels illustrative of the travels of Columbus, and Mr. Hermon A. MacNeil another illustrative of those of Père Marquette. Mr. Johannes Gelert has contributed reliefs and medallions for the decoration of more than one public auditorium; and to Mr. Edward Kemeys are due the lions placed in front of the Art Institute. The figurines of Miss Bessie Potter are unique in American art.

Reference might be made here to the peripatetic art-gallery connected with Hull House,—some fifty framed repro-

ductions, such as the colored prints of the Arundel Society, and photographic renderings of the work of men like Millet and Bastien-Lepage. These pictures are loaned for a fortnight, like books from a library. The most popular subjects are those of a religious nature.

Public art in Chicago is represented by a number of statues and fountains; most of these are placed in the parks. Some of them are admirable; others of them are abominable. Some have been removed; others might follow. The commissioners of Lincoln Park, the quarter most favored by donors, were considering, a year or two ago, the question of an art commission to sit upon such matters. As the public parks are the only portions of Chicago that possess any beauty or ever can possess any, the value of such a commission may readily be realized. It is to be hoped that Chicago's parks may be kept beautiful, for Chicago's streets can never become so. The associated architecture of the city becomes more hideous and more preposterous with every year, as we continue to straggle farther and farther from anything like the slightest artistic understanding. Nowhere is the naïf belief that a man may do as he likes with his own held more contentiously than in our astounding and repelling region of "sky-scrapers," where the abuse of private initiative, the peculiar evil of the place and the time, has reached its most monumental development. All the vagaries of this movement, along with developments of a more creditable sort, will be found recorded year by year in the *Inland Architect*, which "compares favorably," as we are still fond of saying in the West, with the best of similar publications in the East.

The most striking manifestation of the Fair was an architectural one; but that any improvement in the external aspect of Chicago has been wrought in consequence, — this would be too much to claim. We hear, indeed, of advances in other directions, outside: from one

quarter comes evidence, as deduced by a competition for a new state capitol, of a return to a chastened classicism; from another, of a better and more rational taste in the draughting of a municipal edifice; from a third, that one of our local magnates has presented to his native New England town a public library building planned and decorated on the model of one of the most admired of the minor structures at Jackson Park. But Chicago itself is too large readily to be affected, and has been too closely devoted, through too many years, to ideals essentially false. Then, too, the average is certain to fall far short of any ideal of style, however just; while the degree to which opportunity always lags behind practice, good or bad, constitutes one of the real crosses of the architectural profession. But, in brief, the damage has been done. Possessed of a single sheet of paper, we have set down our crude, hasty, mistaken sketch upon it, and we shall have the odds decidedly against us in any attempt to work over this sketch, made on the one surface at our disposal, into the tasteful and finished picture that we may be hoping finally to produce. There are those who consider that the manifest destiny of the city is to become the largest aggregation of human beings on the globe, and its ultimate metropolis; such a metropolis should have an aspect in accord with its primacy. Now, Chicago has an unlimited field for expansion, and the unimpeded march of her streets in every direction (save one) is led by the county surveyor with the same unhesitating precision that marks the spread of the township idea through the newest territories of the Far West. But the breadth and lucidity and regularity of plan possible only to a city the bare mention of whose name suggests rather evocation than mere growth have suffered in the detailed carrying-out. Too much work of a public character has been devised with haste and incompetence, and executed with haste and dishonesty.

Furthermore, for the first time in the rearing of a vast city, the high and the low have met together, the rich and the poor have *built* together: each with an astonishing freedom as to choice, taste, expenditure; each with an extreme, even an undue liberty to indulge in whatever independences or idiosyncrasies might be suggested by greed, pride, carelessness, or the exigency of the passing moment, — democracy absolute manifested in brick, stone, timber. The sociological interest of such an exhibit is necessarily great; its artistic value is *nil*. One must make the regretful acknowledgment that the picturesque flagrancy which still marks the conduct of Chicago's municipal affairs is amply figured in the associated effect of Chicago's architecture, and that the extent of our failure in the art of living together is fully typified by our obvious failure in the art of building together. The general effect of the city, under the dual domination of Greed and of Slouch, must continue for many years to be that of a mere rough impromptu.

The social aspects of the town — the town taken by and large — will also continue for some years fairly to deserve the same characterization. The social range is wide enough to include the best as well as the worst, but its wealth is fully equaled by its disorder: a boundless heaving of human activities that is practically unregulated, in the main, by anything like tradition, authority, forms, and precedents. Society, in its technical sense, has assuredly come into existence, and is able to present a competent reproduction of the most esteemed social forms; and there is as assuredly a yearly increase in the number of "good houses," where one finds an easy command of the best elements and opportunities of life, a grateful survival, in their best form, of the real Western frankness, kind-heartedness, and informality, and a clever understanding of the use of wealth as an unobtrusive lubricant to the wheels

of culture. Social intercourse remains reasonably unaffected, unartificial; social cruelty is very rare. The back door of the social edifice looks out upon the farm, its side porch gives on the country town; and for another generation, at least, wholesome breezes from these quarters may be depended upon to remedy any sophistication of atmosphere consequent upon the ambitions and rivalries of a population lately and largely rustic, and now undergoing crystallization into urban forms. The city, speaking in a general way, possesses at once a high standard and a low average, and the safest and most favorable presentation of its social characteristics would be accomplished by the exhibition (here, as elsewhere) of its educational endeavors as carried on through the medium of a multiplicity of clubs. Everything that is done at all is done through these organizations, and when it has been said that their number is fully in correspondence with the broad and much-divided area of the city and the extent and variety of its population, further insistence upon the general prevalence of the club habit becomes unnecessary.

The most prominent and promising of these organizations are, of course, those conducted by women; and among them the first mention is perhaps due to the Fortnightly, which was founded in 1873, with the object of "intellectual and social culture." The Fortnightly carries no dead-weight; all of its members — about one hundred and seventy-five — are pledged to the writing of essays, or to participation in the discussion of the themes with which the essays deal. The Fortnightly is occasionally addressed by distinguished strangers, men as well as women, indulges now and then in receptions and open meetings, and was duly prominent in a social way at the time of the literary congress held during the Columbian Exposition.

The Woman's Club is bigger in body — it has between five and six hundred

members — and more determined in disposition. Its civic services have already been touched upon, but some indication of its lighter labors should not be omitted. Within recent years its department of philosophy and science has been busy upon the “results of recent investigation in the sciences,” its educational department has considered through several months “the fundamental principles of education,” and its art study class has studied in (theoretical) detail the elaborate technique of painting. During the coming season the club will study the history of sculpture, the evolution of modern music, and the masterpieces of English poetry. The club (in whole or in part) meets weekly throughout the greater portion of the year, and wields an influence in just accord with such determined and unrelenting efforts and so thorough a scheme of organization.

The Friday Club resembles the Fortnightly, and is said to draw its membership even more distinctly from the ranks of “society.” The Junior Fortnightly, the Wednesday, and others are clubs of a similar sort organized among the younger set. The Arché Club, with a membership of six hundred, meets in the neighborhood of Jackson Park and the Field Museum, and pursues its literary and artistic studies under the leadership of a lecturer.

The “new woman,” as is readily seen, must stand well in the foreground of any picture of to-day’s society in Chicago; happily, she is coming to take herself a little more for granted. May not the influence of her advent be figured more or less successfully from analogous cases, — from the introduction of tolerance into religion, from the introduction of democracy into politics? The woman movement seems but another link added to one general chain. An exaggerated emphasis on sex may moderate itself, as the exaggerated enforcements of bigotry and the exaggerated claims of social privilege have moderated them-

selves already; and we may find that the abolition of a number of arbitrary and invidious distinctions between man and woman marks but one more step toward the general solidification of the body politic.

Compared with the bustling and ambitious aggregations just named, the men’s clubs must infallibly suffer; as we enter them we find ourselves among the helots whose labors make possible the mental expansion of the feminine aristocracy. The down-town club is used chiefly as a lunching convenience and for the discussion of business affairs, being little frequented save at midday. The Union League Club, however, has distinct political leanings, and its annual celebration of Washington’s Birthday has added point and interest to one of the few conspicuous dates in the American calendar. The first of its meetings upon this anniversary was addressed by James Russell Lowell. Recent speakers have been the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Frederic R. Coudert. The socio-political clubs, with houses situated in the widely scattered residential quarters, — one may instance the Marquette, the Hamilton, and the Ashland, — frequently entertain visiting political celebrities, and also cooperate steadily in the cause of reform and good government. The Chicago Literary Club, a homogeneous body of professional men, holds weekly meetings throughout a large part of the year, and has recently begun the practice of issuing in pamphlet form such of its papers as provoke a demand for publication. The Caxton Club, resembling the Grolier of New York, gives an annual exhibition of books and book-bindings.

All this, however, does not go far in comparison with the activities of the other sex, and the balance should be restored by some reference to the benefactions of individual citizens. Half a dozen examples (added to the number already indicated) will suffice. The

ground upon which the University of Chicago stands and the funds necessary for the establishment of the Columbian Museum are alike the gift of Mr. Marshall Field; the Armour Institute and Mission, together with the extensive range of adjoining tenements, the income from which supports them, the city owes to Mr. P. D. Armour; the construction of the observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for the University of Chicago, and its equipment with the largest telescope in the world, are to be credited to Mr. C. T. Yerkes; the development and prosperity of the Art Institute are due in great part to the energy, enthusiasm, and public spirit of Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, its president; and an endless series of widespread donations has made the name of Dr. D. K. Pearsons a household word throughout the educational world.

Among the clubs of mixed membership — most of them mediating between literature and society — may be mentioned the Twentieth Century Club, an organization of wealthy people with a taste for private views of passing celebrities. This practice, *mutatis mutandis*, is pretty widely diffused throughout Chicago; a nice discrimination is not invariably shown by every minor association, and the docility and credulity of our eager neophytes, when brought face to face with stranger evangelists of limited value, cannot yet be classed among vanishing phenomena. The Contributors' Club, active at the period of the Fair, wrote and published its own magazine, until the demand for bricks outran the supply of straw. Its most notable achievement was the publication of a number made up wholly of articles (accompanied by facsimiles in many strange languages) contributed by distinguished foreigners who were associated with the Exposition. The Chicago Chapter of the University Guild of the Northwestern University has been accustomed to hold each winter a series of

meetings at the houses of persons prominent in society; it thus bridges over the thirteen miles that separate Evanston from Chicago, and gives added cohesion to a great institution whose topographical dispersedness is surpassed only by its enormous enrollment. I may note here, in passing, that the property of this university amounts in value to more than four million dollars.

Literature proper in Chicago is represented by *The Dial*; here, too, the special slant is toward the educational. *The Dial* is well known and much esteemed by the schools and libraries of the whole country. It is as irreproachable in its ideals as in its typography; but its tone of somewhat cold correctness causes one to feel that there is a certain lack of temperament.

"Literary Chicago," thanks to the successive advents of many emissaries from both East and West, is finally conscious of itself; its consciousness has once or twice taken the form of an "authors' reading," — with moderate interest on the part of the public. The literary people of Chicago, freed from rivalry by the absence of prizes to struggle for, live together in a sympathetic and companionable spirit that has been more than once remarked by visitors who have themselves borne the burden and heat of effort in the Eastern arena.

Chicago is said to be the largest book-manufacturing city in the country; its number of "publishers" is in proportion. However, we need not pause over its tons of school-books, nor its mountains of German and Scandinavian Bibles intended for the farmhouses of the Northwest, nor its cheap and sometimes unauthorized editions of authors favorably or unfavorably known, but destined in either case for the railway train and the news-stand. Yet Chicago possesses at least one old-established and conservative publishing firm of high rank (together with the largest book-shop in the country), and one or two newer firms

that stand for a notably delicate and refined practice in book-making. Chicago also enjoys the further celebrity that comes from the publication of the quaint Chap-Book. This highly individual semi-monthly, having lately enlarged itself and subdued the intensity of a yellow tone reflected from London, may now be fully accepted as an embodied response to Chicago's long and earnest prayer, — that for a magazine.

From such educational exactions as have occupied the preceding pages the public have but two apparent refuges, — the parks and the theatres. Within the past few years the idea of the value of leisure and recreation has been steadily gaining ground; the Saturday half-holiday has become quite general during the summer months, and the great system of public parks now yields the fullest service that even the most prophetic of its originators could have foreseen. A Saturday afternoon in August spent in Washington Park is recommended with confidence to the casual tourist, in place of the "Levee," the Stockyards, and the contemplation of the "submerged tenth," all of which have been too much favored of late by the stranger eye.

The park area of Chicago is soon to be increased by the enlargement of the Lake Front to two hundred acres. Four fifths of this area will be obtained by filling in beyond the shore line, and the material will come from the excavations for the great drainage canal, upon which work has been prosecuted for the past five years. This undertaking — said to be the most extensive piece of engineering now doing in the world — will eventually turn the waters of Lake Michigan into the Mississippi River, and will give a final solution to Chicago's vexatious sewage problem. Roughly speaking, the canal will be thirty miles long, and will cost thirty million dollars. The enterprise has thus far escaped the contamination of partisan politics.

A splendid project to connect the Lake

Front with Jackson Park by a six-mile boulevard along the lake shore has lately received a serious official check, but will probably be revived upon the coming of better times — or of a better governor. The city, in its increasing aptitude for relaxation, is learning, despite this check, to turn the lake to proper account. A score of yachts, anchored within the "breakwater," point to the opportunities for one kind of pleasure, and for the past two or three seasons the south shore has witnessed a determined effort toward another kind. Lake-bathing, after many years of failure, has at last been established; and on a summer Sunday the half-mile stretch of piers, kiosks, and bungalows along the beach is thronged by bathers enjoying the fresh-water equivalent of Nantasket and Coney Island.

Little can be said for the local theatre, which sinks lower in the esteem of the better class as it rises higher in the esteem of the populace. However, a dirty dollar contains as many cents as a clean one, and the dirty dollars are in the large majority, besides. Not much can be found for approval beyond the efforts of Miss Anna Morgan, of the Chicago Conservatory, who gives infrequent performances of Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and the like, — a work which she carries on with great enthusiasm and optimism, despite the indifference of the middle public and the resentment of the newspaper press. When one has noted a Greek play brought to town by a country college, and has recalled that the most respectable successes in the way of American light opera originated in Chicago, little more remains to justify attention. Certainly, no one need remember the immense effort and mistaken expenditure undergone to make Chicago a "producing centre" of — extravaganza.

To the many active educational agencies already mentioned, add, of course, the public schools, the parochial schools, and the variety of small and dispersed private establishments that, even in a

town so rampantly democratic, must live their own lives and enter into the general count. Education, education, and again education. Is education the safeguard of the *res publica*? Then perhaps we are safe. Is character? Then perhaps we are not. Instruction is booming; principle is hardly holding its own. The recklessness and consciencelessness of the earlier Western day were barely showing some sign of abatement, when the voice of a proletariat, disappointed in the efficacy of its own fetish and disposed to a clamorous and summary revision of *meum* and *tuum*, began to make itself heard. Although the city of Chicago, a year ago, indeed pronounced most outspokenly for honor and principle, still the persistent agitation of such matters could have but one effect upon a community that, for the first time within a quarter of a century, was suffering a serious check in its course of unparalleled prosperity: a partial disintegration of its moral fibre, a serious slackening of the sense of obligation and of the integrity of contract, and a diminished adhesion to the principles of common commercial honesty. This lapse may be but temporary; certainly the only basis upon which a great and complicated community can conduct its affairs is not far to seek nor difficult to find.

It remains to state the effort which the city is putting forth on behalf of the whole Middle West, — a propaganda of music, art, and literature which is little suspected in the East, and not fully realized at home.

The Public Library of Chicago has become a bureau of inquiry for the whole country; it is constantly furnishing data on all sorts of subjects, dignified or trivial, to all sorts of people. The country editor, the country physician, the ex-Chicagoan, and the new woman appear to be the chief beneficiaries; not a day passes in which information is not furnished (at a moderate charge) to persons

far beyond the designated scope of the institution. It is here that the club woman comes most fully into view, and aids to her study in history, art, language, and literature are provided on the most extensive scale.

The extension system of the University of Chicago reaches through eight States, — from Minnesota to Kentucky, from Ohio to Nebraska. Eighty-five of the courses in its lecture study department are conducted outside of the city itself. The correspondence study department engages the services of sixty instructors, and meets the requirements of six hundred students.

The musical propaganda has been conducted in large part by the Chicago Orchestra, which has been in the habit of interrupting its home series of concerts two or three times during the season to give performances in outside towns. These concerts have usually been secured on the basis of a guarantee fund, and the orchestra has appeared in places as distant and as far apart as Pittsburg, Toronto, St. Paul, Omaha, and Louisville.

A similar service for painting is performed by the Central Art Association, originated by Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mr. Lorado Taft, and headed at present by Mr. Halsey C. Ives. This association aims to aid the progress of the student and art-lover in interior towns by giving lectures on art, by suggesting courses of reading on related subjects, by sending out reproductions in pictorial form of the great masterpieces, and (chiefly) by arranging circulating exhibitions of the best obtainable examples of recent American art. It also conducts Arts for America, a periodical in which architecture, decoration, and ceramics are discussed, as well as painting and sculpture. This association, devoted to Western art and to the *plein air* idea, has brought to light fresh talent in Indiana, Colorado, and Texas, and has given to these workers, as well as to many home painters, a wide currency through the West by send-

ing small but carefully composed collections to many towns in the Mississippi Valley and beyond. In future a more pronounced coöperation on the part of Eastern artists is assured, and it should seem an easy matter for any Western community that wishes to inform itself about the most recent and peculiar developments of American art to gratify its desire. The latest organization in this field is the Society of Western Artists, which has established a "circuit" comprising half a dozen of the largest Western towns, and undertakes perambulatory displays of contemporary art.

The foregoing pages may serve to show the stage that has been reached by the Chicago of to-day, and to indicate what the city is doing for itself, for the West, and for the world at large. That further and more remarkable stages are yet to be arrived at may well be granted to an energy, ambition, and initiative in which no hint of failure or of pause is to be detected. Sixty years ago the Pottawatomies held their last war-dance within a few steps of the site of Chicago's

city hall; to-day the centre of population of the United States is but a few miles south of our limits. The bulk of Chicago already shuts off Eastern prospects from Western eyes, and indications abound that the city is coming to assume an equal importance in the eyes of the South. The increasing centrality of her position, coupled with the widening exercise of her powers, appears to her confident and rather arrogant mind a sufficient earnest of her final supremacy, commercial, intellectual, and political. Material prosperity is already won; a high intellectual status seems assured; and her principal concern for another generation — the extirpation of the moral and civic evil that has reared itself behind the back of a resolute but too pre-occupied endeavor — will be prosecuted, let it be hoped, in that spirit of civic regeneration whose signs are just now so encouraging and so abundant. The absence of such signs would be doubly discouraging in a day wherein a city life seems indicated with growing certainty as the future condition of the greater part of the American people.

Henry B. Fuller.

THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS: THE OLD VIEW OF CHILDHOOD, AND THE NEW.

DURING the Middle Ages, it was a pastime of philosophical monks to write treatises closing up "mental and moral science." In similar fashion, in our own day, it is assumed by many schoolmen that there is a definite and final "code of principles" of education. In education as in theology, it is granted, there may be sects, but the general impression exists that there are certain fundamental laws that are final, and certain definite principles with which teachers may be fitted out for their work. This it is fair to call the old, even mediæval view of

education; and the modern or scientific view is in such sharp contrast to it that, at this late time, it ought not to be necessary to explain the difference. To get some first-hand knowledge of what the normal schools are doing in this matter, and to ascertain to what extent the new conception of education has been accepted by them and is now followed in the training of teachers, I have recently visited all the normal schools of Massachusetts.

As an illustration of the mediæval conception of the mind and of the proper

method of training it, I quote from the catalogue of one of the best of these schools an explanation of the method whereby teachers are trained there. In this explanation the tone of mediæval dogmatism — the tone of certainty and finality — is obvious. The italics are mine.

"The control of conduct of others through an appeal to their wills, of their wills through their feelings, and of their feelings through their intelligence, is made a matter of *clear knowledge*. The relation of free will to moral responsibility *is revealed*. The *law of the development of power and of formation of habits* by the activity of pupils themselves *is traced* from the simplest forms of perception through memory, imagination, reason, and all other kinds of mental action, even to the *development of character* by means of self-direction and self-control. The principles which determine the best methods of teaching are carefully grounded upon the *necessary sequence* of the different kinds of psychological action. The principles which determine the rational government of children are based upon the laws of the creation of power and habits through self-activity."

The principles and many methods of education, one would infer from such an announcement, can be easily distributed among teachers; and thus equipped, they may go forth prepared to practice the most difficult work that man or woman can undertake.

I visited, among others, a normal school which stands, in the practical school world, for all that is sound and modern. There are few schools superior to it in the perfection of detail in equipment. Its teachers are earnest, and devoted to education. I listened to a recitation in work which covers the subjects that usually appear under the head of psychology and principles of education. The following is an account of the recitation, slightly abbreviated: —

"What is conscience?" was the teacher's first question.

"Conscience," said the pupil who was called upon, "is the power by which we know the moral quality of our choices, and feel the approbation or guilt which follows choice."

"Is conscience an infallible guide?"

This question caused some confusion, but the following answer finally won approval: —

"In one sense conscience is infallible, and in another it is not. Conscience is not infallible in judging what is the highest good; it is infallible in affirming that we should choose in accordance with our sense of obligation."

"How, then, are we to avoid the danger of erring judgment?"

"We must take the utmost pains to know what is the highest good, and then we must follow this highest good as a choice."

"How do we feel when we make right choice?"

"We feel that we are doing right."

"And in the case of a wrong choice?"

"We feel that we are doing wrong."

"Always?"

An interesting discussion, admirably conducted as an illustration in the art of teaching, followed. Some pupils volunteered original views, and without answering them or otherwise curbing them for a time, the teacher allowed free discussion. One girl said she knew another girl who maintained that if a person did what her conscience told her was right, she did right. Another pupil told of her Sunday-school teacher, who, when asked whether theatre-going was right or wrong, replied that theatre-going was not right for her own conscience, but if her pupils' consciences approved such conduct, it was right for them.

Finally, the teacher observed that there are evidently many notions of what things are right and what things are wrong, as the members of the class had indicated. "Since there are so many human stan-

dards, what are we to do about it? May these human standards all be wrong?"

Class (in chorus): "Yes, sir."

"Is there any such thing, then, as an absolute right?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

"Where shall we find this absolute standard?" asked the teacher, calling upon an individual.

"In the Word of God."

"The Word of God, then, makes a revelation of God's will, and gives us a standard of absolute right?"

Class: "Yes, sir."

At this moment the Unexpected Pupil held up her hand and took part in the proceedings. She wanted to know what people who do not have the Bible at hand are going to do in making choices. There are many thousands of such people in the world. There are the Chinese, for example.

The teacher waved off the interruption with his hand. "That is a minor matter," he said.

"I can't see that it is," replied the girl, trembling, but standing her ground bravely. "I can't see how, on this theory, these people ever know what to do."

"Is there a God?" demanded the teacher solemnly.

"Yes, sir," she said, with more assurance in her words than in her accent.

"Is there a Word of God?" was the next deep-toned question.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then!"

"But these people have no Bible."

"Well, we have, have we not?"

"Yes, sir, but" —

"Well, let us take what *we* have, and follow it. We are sure of this. That is enough for us. Let the other matter rest."

The hand waved off further discussion of the subject authoritatively. The Unexpected Pupil sat down, and looked at her hands gravely.

Some illustrations were offered at this point by the class, and when the teacher

again took up the thread of his argument, he quoted Whately's analogy, writing on the blackboard the following: —

Sun	Watch	Business
Word of God	Conscience	Character

In explanation of this scheme, the teacher pointed out that the business man regulates his business affairs by the time of his watch, and the time of the watch is regulated by comparing it with the sun time. This sun time is given by the sun-dial, and the teacher brought into the class a sun-dial to illustrate this point objectively. So also is it with conscience. Man is regulated in his character by his conscience, as the watch regulates the business man's appointments. But neither conscience nor watch is absolute. They must be regulated by a higher power. As the business man regulates and corrects his watch by the sun-dial, so we must regulate and correct our consciences by consulting the Bible. We must see to it that our consciences are in harmony with the Bible, as the business man sees to it that the watch agrees with the sun-dial, for God directly reveals himself through the Bible as the sun reveals itself through the agency of the sun-dial.

The Unexpected Pupil was again upon her feet. There was a quiver of adolescent fervor, as she nervously demanded, "Is the sun-dial infallible? The sun-dial does not give to the watch the time that we use."

The teacher's hand waved her off. However, she stood firm, and insisted that the time which we use is not the sun time. The sun-dial is not the infallible guide. We modify the sun-dial time before the business man uses it.

The teacher, more in sorrow than in anger, suffered the interruption, and admitted that what she said was true; that there is a difference between sun and watch time. He intended to be kind and gentle in his manner, and this eager questioner was at last quieted. She did

not press her point, and the teacher proceeded to drive home and to clinch his point. There is no absolute human standard, but we have an absolute standard at hand in the Word of God, if we search it in the right spirit. Moreover, we must proceed in this way, for "that servant which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."

"What, then, is the position of conscience?" asked the teacher finally, summing up.

"The conscience acts when we choose: hence it implies the action of the intellect, sensibility, and will."

"What are the marks of a strong will?"

"Strength of will is shown by self-control — that is, by the control of the natural impulses when they are in opposition to conscience — and by controlling other minds."

"How is the will cultivated?"

"The will is cultivated by cultivating the intellect, which enables the mind to judge more wisely what is the highest good; by listening to the voice of conscience in regulating the natural impulses; by resolving to do always what ought to be done."

In the same manner, a number of principles relative to what is learned from the study of the will were stated in accurate form. Finally this question was put: "What does the moral training of the child require?"

"Knowledge," was the exact reply, "that he may know what he ought to do, and, later on, that he may know why he ought to do it."

"How would you go about teaching a child what he ought to do?"

There was some fumbling for an answer. One pupil thought a child learned largely by imitation.

"But what would you do first?"

"Tell and show him what to do."

"Suppose he would not do it then?"

The pupil hesitated.

"Require him to do it?" asked the teacher suggestively. "Would not you have him do the thing?"

"Yes."

"And as he grows able to understand, then" —

"Explain why he ought to do the thing."

"Yes, correct," said the teacher approvingly. "You would teach the child, in other words, to control himself. By requiring him to do it, by his doing it, and finally by explaining it, the moral training is accomplished. How many of you now see the principle in the moral training of children?"

Nearly all hands were raised. The hand of the Unexpected Pupil was among the exceptions, but she kept her own counsel.

"What are the steps in the moral training of children?"

"Right motives to induce them to choose correctly, the exertion of the will in doing what is right, practice till good habits are established."

The recitation concluded with a brief recapitulation of the study of the sensibilities and the will.

At the close of the recitation, printed leaflets were passed to the members of the class, containing the material for the next lesson. The teacher explained that, in preparing the lesson, the pupils should first think out for themselves the laws therein contained, and after thinking them out thoroughly by this introspective method they should carefully memorize the definitions, in the precise form that they would find upon the paper. He especially wished that this form should be accurately memorized, for these laws of thought were of the utmost importance, and the pupils should have them stored away in their minds in a form that they could never forget.

This illustration gives a clearer idea than any description could give how one of the principles of education, the important principle of moral training, is administered. In the school referred to, this course includes what usually goes under the head of psychology and pedagogy. It begins with the natural environment of man, and proceeds to an analysis of the physical laws of his being, then to the modes of his spiritual activity, that the student may acquire "a knowledge of the conditions and products of the mind's activity, and the ability to use this knowledge in the education of children."

While the recitation and the work in this course may suggest many things, the reason for introducing the incident here is to illustrate the underlying assumption that there are established principles, and that the preparation of teachers consists in handing down to them a code. This purpose constitutes one part of normal work; the other part deals with the application of the principles, in the form of methods for teaching, with special reference to the various subjects of the common school curriculum. It is clear that if there is any flaw in the original principles, the value of this elaborate system of method-teaching will be undermined.

Of the six other normal schools of Massachusetts which I visited, all maintain an elaborate system of teaching methods dependent upon this assumed code of established principles; but the departments of pedagogy in two of these schools do not recognize the existence of such a code, — an opposing tendency that will be discussed later. In one of the four others, the instructor in psychology and pedagogy on the occasion of my visit was attempting to analyze, by the introspective method, the elements of moral consciousness. The leaflet system was not in use, and while there was less evidence of blind memorizing and the discussions were freer, nevertheless, the es-

sential dogma, that principles of education directly applicable to the teaching of children could be derived by analysis of adult consciousness, was the basis of the work. At a third school, the instruction in psychology and principles of education was not in progress at the time of my visit, but the plan as outlined to me by the instructor was in accord with those previously described. The system of the fifth school was practically identical with that of the school first described. One recitation that I heard was upon the formation of judgments.

"What is a judgment?" asked the teacher, as he picked off a card from a pack containing the names of the members of the class.

"A judgment," replied the pupil upon whom the lot fell, "is a relation between concepts."

"What is the act of judging?" was asked as a fresh card was turned.

"The act of judging," said the pupil, "is the act of knowing that the concept of the species is included in the concept of the genus."

"Give an example."

"In the judgment 'a dog is an animal,' the act of judging is the act of knowing that the concept 'dog' is included in the concept 'animal.'"

"In what two ways may concepts be compared?"

"Concepts may be compared in two ways, — as to content and as to extent."

"What is a judgment of content?"

"A judgment of content is the knowing that the content of one judgment is included in the content of another."

The wording of this answer was not considered quite correct by the attentive class, and a correction was made.

"What two kinds of judgment of extent are there?" asked the teacher.

"The two kinds of judgment of extent are common judgments of extent and scientific judgments of extent."

"What is a common judgment of extent?" and the turning of the card

brought to her feet a ruddy-faced young woman, who said with considerable rapidity, "A common judgment of extent is the knowing that judgment of extent is included in the concept of another, without genii or species."

A titter admonished her, and she hastily corrected her statement: "I mean, without genii or speciei."

A peal of laughter followed, and the teacher kindly tried to smooth matters. Thus encouraged, the ruddy-faced young psychologist tried again. "A common judgment of extent is the knowing," she said carefully, "that the judgment of extent is included in the concept of another, without generalized species."

This answer caused a second peal of laughter, and a turn of the cards brought a fresh contestant, who said in a tone of convincing certainty, "A common judgment of extent is the knowing that one judgment of extent is included in the judgment of another, without thinking them as genus or species."

"Are you sure you are correct?"

"I think I am."

Another card was turned, and the fresh recruit said, feeling her way from word to word, "A common judgment of extent is the knowing that one judgment of extent is included in the judgment of another without being included as a species of the genus."

This seemed the correct answer, and the inquiry into scientific judgments was next taken up in the same manner.

Space is given to the unfortunate *contretemps* that occurred, not as an evidence that lessons are not always learned, for accidents will occur in the best regulated schools, but as an illustration of the means by which these lessons are acquired. The course in principles in this school comprises one hundred and eighty recitations in psychology, sixty in the principles of education, forty in logic, and forty in the history of education. All of the teaching, with the exception of that in the history of education, is

done by the gentleman who conducted the recitation quoted.

The purpose of this article is not to deal with the problem of the preparation of teachers in its local aspects, but the illustrations are taken from schools in Massachusetts upon the assumption that the problem as it is in Massachusetts is typical of general tendencies throughout the nation. A limited area of observation was chosen to warrant concrete and specific statement, and Massachusetts was selected for the historical reason that this State has been a leader in the systems of preparing teachers. More than one third of the graduates of the normal schools in Massachusetts have passed through the courses in the first and last of the schools where the recitations that I have quoted were heard, and I venture to say that, with the exception of the graduates of one other school, practically all the normal school graduates in Massachusetts up to the year 1896 memorized similar definitions, and were drilled systematically in these pretensions of settled principles of education under the name of "psychology and principles of education." The ruling tendency in the preparation of teachers proceeds on the assumption that a code of principles has been absolutely established upon the basis of the so-called introspective psychology, with its tastefully worded definitions and artistic classifications.

Now, this form of psychology was in the zenith of its popularity during the Middle Ages, — just after the time when a number of the sedate monks wearily withdrew from the mathematical disputes over the number of dancing demons a needle-point could comfortably accommodate, and fell to revealing, from their inner consciousness, the constructive principles by which God made the universe. The same view of psychology is the basis of much of the work done today in education, — in practice and theory, — although it has long since been

abandoned in almost all other practical applications of the phenomena of mind. The teachers who promulgate these pretensions of the firm establishment of educational principles are honest and sincere to the core, and they are confident of the efficacy of the principles when properly applied according to the specific recipes which normal schools give their pupils. They believe what they say with the same fervid enthusiasm with which the ancients believed in the flatness of the earth. They come by these conceptions honestly and legitimately, for they were taught to accept them by their teachers as they are now retailing them to their own pupils. Thirty years ago this was the psychology of reputable colleges, and when the normal schools began to expand, it was considered proper, since teaching had to do with the training of the soul, to give instruction in the science which deals with the soul. Consequently a cargo of this old college psychology was shoveled into the normal schools, without much, if any, selection. The modern world has inherited this mediæval psychology as the horse has inherited his fetlock, not because he has any use for it, but simply because his ancestor had one.

But the cause of education is too important to the highest interests of the state, and of the individuals who compose it, to permit personal respect for good men and women to obscure the fact that the preparation of teachers is conducted upon a basis of the hallucinations of mediæval mysticism, — on the assumption that the problems of mind have all been solved, and that classification and definition constitute the solution. It was a puerile confusion even in the Middle Ages, for Aristotle had pointed out, centuries before, that there is an essential distinction between the state of possessing wealth and the ability to define wealth. Of course, a large amount of the time devoted to this obsolete psychology is spent in making harmless definitions and clas-

sifications which bear the same relation to modern psychology as those of Linnaeus bear to modern botany. Except for the loss of time and energy that might be usefully applied, there can be no great objection to classifying judgments as those of "extent" and "content;" a farmer might, without injury to his produce, separate his pea-pods for market into those which contain an even number of peas and those which contain an odd number.

On the other hand, there are certain positive reasons why the institutions which pretend to prepare teachers and to lay the foundation for our educational system and methods should not be restricted in their work to the dogmas of defunct scholasticism. The development of the modern sciences of biology, anthropology, history, and genetic psychology has brought to light facts in radical conflict with most of the old principles, in the absolute and universal form in which they are promulgated. One of the fundamental conflicts between the old and the new arises from the fact that none of the older philosophies conceived the possibility that the child in its development from infancy to maturity could proceed on any other than a straight, unbroken line, or that at any stage of its growth it could essentially change in character. Consequently, an analysis was made of the mind simply at maturity, and education has proceeded upon the naïf assumption that these laws must apply equally well to any stage of growth. If this assumption be not true, and if the child in process of development is essentially different from the adult, then it is unfortunately clear that mediæval psychology and the pedagogical methods derived from it, which now constitute the stock in trade for the preparation of most teachers, rest on dogmatic foundations that are false.

Embryology throws some suggestive light upon the radical difference of childhood from maturity. The human fœtus

roughly follows the disjointed line of development which marks the evolution of animal life. Up to four months before birth the organism is essentially an aquatic animal, provided with rudimentary gill slits and the developed nerves of equilibration characteristic of aquatic life. At a later stage it has a coat of hair, and a tail longer than its legs, with the necessary muscles for moving this organ. This class of singular phenomena constantly appear during the embryological period; they are nourished and grow rapidly for a time, as if the whole destiny of the organism were to become some one of the lower forms of animal life. Then the purpose is more or less suddenly changed. New forms and new organs appear, displacing or absorbing the old, and the organism seems to obtain a new destiny, which in turn may wholly or partly disappear. Some of these forms do not wholly disappear, and physiologists now enumerate in the adult human organism more than one hundred parts of the body which have no known function, and whose presence cannot be explained except upon the theory that they are remnants, or rudimentary organs, of some of these broken tendencies through which the organism has passed. Such is the pineal gland, which was declared by Descartes to be the seat of the soul, but is now recognized as the remnant of the organ of vision as still found in lower reptiles. The semi-lunar fold at the internal angle of the eye is the remnant of the third eyelid of marsupials. The vermiform appendage, which is such a menace to human life, is the remnant of an enormous organ in herbivora. The ear muscles, which in few people are functional, are recognized as rudiments of muscles of much use to lower animals. In the earlier stages of the human foetus, the brain is made up of three parts, of which the hinder part is by far the longest, as in the case of lower animals. There is then no trace

of the cerebral hemispheres which constitute so large a part of the adult brain, just as there is no trace in the lower orders. The mid-brain later shows the same enlargement for the centres of sight and hearing that these portions have in birds and certain fishes. Still later the proportions are reversed: the hind-brain dwindles away relatively, to become the slight enlargement of the spinal cord at the base of the brain, known as the *medulla oblongata*; the mid-brain shrivels, to become the small nodules known as the *quadrigemina*; and the narrow neck connecting the fore-brain and the mid-brain swells, to become the huge cerebral hemispheres. Embryological growth is clearly not a harmonious development. The line of growth is broken, proceeding in one direction for a time, and then suddenly turning off in a new direction, as if the organism were continually making mistakes and correcting them before it is too late. The path of growth is strewn with the remnants of these abandoned tendencies.

Moreover, the rate of growth is not constant, but proceeds by fits and starts. It would be patently absurd, in embryology, to attempt to apply the laws of activity of the matured foetus to any of the lower stages. There is a species of land salamander provided with lungs instead of gills, but which is an evolutionary product of the common aquatic salamander that breathes by means of gills. If the young of this land salamander be cut from the mother at a certain period before normal birth, and thrown into the water, they swim and breathe through their gills; but if they be thrown into water after normal birth, they drown. In the early stage they are water animals, and the laws of water animals govern them; but if left to mature they become land animals. The same principle, we must admit, applies to the development of the human child.

In biology, the phenomenon of birth is merely a stage in a process, and im-

plies nothing of a revolutionary nature in the sense in which scholasticism has regarded it. In fact, as respects changes in internal structure of the organism and in psychic phenomena, birth is in all probability of far less momentous significance than adolescence, which takes place years after birth. The same process of growth, by uncompleted tendencies, is everywhere observable. Up to the seventh or eighth year there is a very rapid growth of the body in height and weight; but from this time until the beginning of the pubertal changes, growth is relatively very slow. At the end of the third year, the brain has reached two thirds of its size at maturity, and from this period until the seventh or eighth year the rate of growth is slower. At the latter age the brain has practically reached its maximum, though growth does not actually cease until late in life. The senses of touch, taste, and smell are tolerably well developed at birth, but hearing is not acquired for some days, and the complete coordination of the eyes is not accomplished until several months have passed. There are distinct periods for learning to creep, to walk, and to talk, and each advance for a time almost monopolizes the organism's attention and energy. Some of these accomplishments are not wholly, nor essentially, the result of training; swallows kept caged until after their usual time for learning to fly, and then released, fly readily. The feats are the developed results of forces which "ripen" internally at approximately definite times.

Training, to be beneficial, and not positively injurious, must follow closely the lines of these internal forces. In the matter of speech development, Lukens, Tracy, Steinhil, Schultze, Kussmaul, Preyer, and others have worked out very clearly the details that illustrate the internal development of muscle and nerve. In these coarser forms of education, at least, the teacher's function

is identical with that of the nurseryman, who, though he cannot make trees grow, can yet assist their growth by providing proper food and cultivation. The pedagogue's notion that he can teach children to observe, to compare, to judge, and to reason, at any time or period of development he pleases, is a pretty conceit, very like the conceit of the farmer who deludes himself with the notion that it is he who makes trees grow. Muscles come into functional maturity by periodic growths; the larger and more fundamental muscles arrive at maturity before the smaller. Yet the present principles of education require nearly all hand-work as now taught in the schools to be given in the reverse order. Hancock has shown by careful experiments that the functional development of the fine muscles, used in much of the kindergarten and primary school work, does not reach its height until much later in childhood than our school principles have provided for. Dr. Elmer E. Brown, Miss Shinn, and Dr. Lukens, in their studies of children's spontaneous drawings, repeatedly chronicle periods of intense activity, almost approaching a mania for drawing, separated by periods in which there is slight interest in the exercise.

There appears during the time of rapid brain and body growth of children up to the seventh or eighth year a number of distinct classes of psychic phenomena, as singular in their way as are the rudimentary organs on the physical side. Some of these phenomena, such as doll-playing by girls, have a distinct bearing upon adult activities; but there are others which seem to have no destiny whatever in the adult activities of civilized man. Frequently they appear in opposition to his best interests, just as the water-breathing habit of the embryonic land salamander appears in opposition to the activities of its matured destiny. Among the tendencies which manifest themselves in the early stages of childhood, and later dwindle away or

wholly disappear, are the bullying and teasing proclivities of children, instincts to fight without adequate provocation, to fear imaginary monsters of the dark, to fear feathers and fuzzy things, to imagine life in inanimate things, to worship fetishes in a rudimentary way, and to maintain generally a most singular parallelism with early stages of growth of civilization in the race. President G. Stanley Hall, Professor Earl Barnes, their students, and others have collected a mass of curious phenomena of this sort, which is forcibly suggestive of the welling up into early childhood of ancestral traits, that come and go as did the gill slits in the embryo, and are directed in time and method of appearance by forces beyond the jurisdiction of the school-master. In embryology, the view is now commonly accepted that these succeeding tendencies, though opposing, bear a necessary functional relation one to the other. The tail of the polliwog is necessary to the development of the legs of the frog. If the tail be cut off or seriously injured, the animal never reaches the frog stage.

The conclusion to which these studies are significantly pointing is the maintenance of a similar law in the psychic development of the child. These curious phenomena are not mistakes of nature nor errors in economy,—a view that scholasticism has impressed upon methods of education. They are stages of growth functional and necessary to the healthy development of the next stages. Dawson, in his monograph upon human monstrosities, develops this law in detail. He finds that the occurrence of one deformity in embryological growth tends to make others appear, and that human monstrosities are largely the result of arrested development at some one stage. If this law is general and is applicable to the period of childhood, as classified facts now strongly indicate, the dogmas of present school work which make a business of suppressing and maiming the

tadpole tails of child nature, because they seem of no use to the adult period, need critical overhauling. The kindergarten, for example, takes away the child's doll, and gives it block pyramids to play with; and the whole effort is distinctly to suppress the emotional, and to develop the intellectual, according to the codes and forms of adult thinking. These conditions indicate clearly that there is now urgently needed a pedagogy of the instincts, which will necessarily be radically different from the pedagogy of adult human reason that has been forced upon childhood by introspective psychology.

From the seventh or eighth year, when the body materially slackens its rate of growth and the brain practically reaches its maximum size, until the pubertal changes begin to appear, there is an enigmatic period upon which investigation has as yet shed little light further than to show that it is a period distinctly different in essential features from that which precedes and from that which follows. Accurate measurements of thousands of children in various countries, by Bowditch, Pagliani, Hertel, Erismann, Hansen, Roberts, and others, demonstrate that growth of the body at this time is relatively slow. From the psychic point of view there are few evidences of the appearance of new tendencies, and many already established manifest a dwindling process. Studies which have been made of children's progress in drawing, in history, in arithmetic, during this period, by several different investigators, agree that psychic advance is on a dead level, as is physical growth. Yet current education under the established principles has taken no note of this singular fact. Dr. A. Caswell Ellis, in his study of the progressive stages of a child's development, suggests of this stage that it is probably a time of preparation for the adolescent upheaval. As an animal pauses before its critical leap to gather all its forces, so the organism for the

time seems motionless as it draws in all its available energy preparatory to the real birth of man.

It would be impossible to summarize even the main features of the adolescent period. The adolescent seems to obtain his heritage from his ancestors in a maddening and perplexing flux and fervor. There is a violent surging upward of interests, hopes, ideals, duties new to the individual, but probably old to the race. In the early pubertal changes there is a rapid acceleration in growth, with the appearance of a large number of new organs and functions, followed later by a period of retarded growth as the changes draw near completion. There are numerous alterations in size, form, and relative position of the bones and muscles, and of the heart and arteries, but of course the crucial changes are those of the sexual organs, the functions of which have lain dormant throughout childhood. Key and Hartwell, from studies of thousands of children and of juvenile death-rates, find that the periods of maximum growth are also the periods of maximum power to resist chronic diseases. Such studies as those of children's interest in drawing and history, and their comprehension of arithmetic, agree in showing an accelerated activity in these lines. Lancaster finds, from a study of the biographies of one hundred musicians, that ninety-five gave significant evidence of rare talent before the age of sixteen years. Of fifty artists, the average age at which a marked success was achieved was seventeen years; of one hundred actors, eighteen years; of fifty poets, eighteen years; of one hundred scientists, eighteen years; of one hundred professional men, twenty-four years; of one hundred writers, thirty-one years; of fifty inventors, thirty-three years. The average time for leaving home of fifty missionaries was twenty-two years, and of one hundred pioneers eighteen years.

few illustrations of the
mo: tributions that biology

offers education. Other sciences, like anthropology and history, are equally rich. It needs no further argument to show that a mind which gravely accepts as a psychology for these varying periods of childhood the classifications of the adult mind, without even rolling up the trousers, taking in the waistband, or cutting off the sleeves, cannot be trusted to establish fixed principles of education. The fundamental conception of the soul which flourished when men believed that it resided in the pineal gland, as the hermit crab resides in its borrowed shell, dominates our education to-day. The new conception of the child is so radically different from the old that grave conflicts occur at the very beginning of the work of determining methods of training. We can no longer assert as a finality, for example, that the logical order, so manifest in adult thinking, is the order employed throughout the stages of child development. The facts already gathered about children's thought processes point to the conclusion that while much of adolescent thinking and some of child thinking is by the formal order of observation, comparison, and judgment, as laid down by the old logicians, yet the great mass of processes by which a child's conclusions and actions are produced belongs to a different order, the data for which we must seek in the thought processes of uncivilized man, and perhaps to some extent in those of animals. The indications are that the child is made up of blind instincts and impulses which well up from within, and that he jumps to conclusions in a way that shows the labored processes of the logical order not only meaningless, but injurious to the full development of the processes that follow. The numerous and careful studies in children's drawings made by Barnes, Brown, Shinn, Lukens, Sully, Ricci, Maitland, and many others emphatically agree in showing that the subject does not unfold in the logical order from observation and compari-

son by synthesis to a conception of the whole, but, on the contrary, by the reverse process. Similarly, our present methods in arithmetic, in science, in music, in language, assume that the order of the development of instincts is logical. Experience has shown that there is something askew in the matter. Studies in child psychology are revealing the causes of this difficulty in the work of instruction. If there is an order of thinking which does not appear in adult logic, our primary methods are in need of revision.

The principles of language-teaching are giving no end of trouble in practice. One code of principles asserts that everything that the senses convey to the child's mind must be immediately drawn out again in the form of language. I quote from the code: "The power of language must keep step with the power of acquisition to hold thought for use." This dictum is undoubtedly true for some periods of development. But the scientific studies of the subject so far made strongly confirm the view that there are certain growing periods when the mind seeks to take in much, and to discharge little in the form of language. The modern conception of mentality derived from the facts of the sciences of neurology and genetic psychology is becoming enlarged, and we are now not so ready to declare that consciousness occupies the whole field of mentality. There are evidences of necessary building processes in the sphere of mentality that must be permitted to work a long time before they rise to the threshold of consciousness, and still longer, perhaps, before consciousness is prepared to put them forth in language. There is proof that there are thousands of impressions of sense which are not sufficient, through lack of force or immaturity of nerve conduction, to set up a conscious state, but which nevertheless accomplish significant changes in the nervous mechanism below the threshold of consciousness. In the face of facts of this character, we are

not able to assert, as this old code of principles asserts, that in all periods of the child's growth he must be able to express in language every detail that his senses take in. There are evidences, too, of periods that are distinctly absorbent, when there is a paralysis of expressive power, and there are periods when the reverse is true.

There is another principle, sound and respectable within its own limits, which is forced at times by this spirit of universalizing principles of education to do injury. It is the principle of habit. It is true, as the code says, that habits are formed early in life. At least some habits are, such as sucking and walking; others do not come in until adolescence. Some, as walking, are useful throughout the entire life; others, as sucking, serve their function, and then die. There are hundreds of these habits, welled up by the forces of instinct at approximately definite periods, of the same character, which probably perform as essential though perhaps not as manifest functions, and disappear in the same way. At their times of activity they probably are as necessary as the tail-wagging habit of the tadpole. Yet our education by the principles of the mediæval conception of the soul is constantly at war with these habits. A list of habits used by adult man is picked out, consecrated as virtuous, and taught to babes, in many cases years before the internal forces which give these habits a license to live are developed. Other habits not found in this class, though in every way, it may be, as essential to the development of the child's next stage, are condemned and crushed by all the artifices known to the schoolmaster. Habit is a principle, but not a universal one; it needs interpretation for each stage of growth.

It is not needful to multiply illustrations of this necessary conflict between the old conception of childhood and the new. In conclusion, therefore, let me flatly ask: Does the code of so-called

principles, by which many normal schools for the preparation of teachers work, rest upon a substantial foundation? Has the science of education in these schools kept abreast of the development of its sister sciences, and in touch with them? If we must answer these questions negatively, what shall we say of the methods of teaching deduced from them, methods which the teachers are trained to learn, trained to believe in, and trained to defend? But let me emphasize the warning that the new contributions of science cannot be offered as substitute dogmas for the old dogmas. They are not complete nor sufficient, nor by their very nature can they ever be sufficient, to constitute a code of principles for fitting out teachers as automatons.

Yet it would be untrue to leave the pessimistic impression that this mediæval tendency, which has been described, is an absolute one, although it is unquestionably the dominant one in normal school work. In certain schools in different parts of the country, a tendency based upon modern conceptions of mind is gaining ground. In two of the normal schools of Massachusetts, for example, the departments of pedagogy and psychology have abandoned the assumption that principles derived from an adult conception of mind are directly applicable to the child. It is true that in the methods of teaching the instruction still proceeds upon the old lines, but the work in methods is largely controlled, at least in Massachusetts, by the demands of the school officers who engage teachers. School superintendents naturally believe in the tenets of faith in which they have been schooled.

Of these two schools whose pedagogical and psychological departments form exceptions to the dominant tendency, the West School is attempting to work in psychology in consonance with modern views of the child's development. One recitation that I

heard at this school was in the psychology of childhood. The class was concluding a study of children's reasoning. This study had been begun at some previous recitation, and a member was now making a report to the class upon Superintendent Hancock's study of children's reasoning, which had recently been published. Mr. Hancock, as chairman of a committee appointed by the Colorado Teachers' Association, had issued a series of arithmetical questions for solution by schoolchildren, and had received replies from two thousand pupils of various ages. The student gave an account of this test, the manner in which the data had been collated, and the inferences which Superintendent Hancock had drawn. The report showed that among boys the percentage of error in reasoning increases from six to nine years, and decreases thereafter, while among girls the percentage of error increases until the age of ten years, and then steadily decreases. This rate of increase and decrease for the two sexes was illustrated to the class upon large charts by means of curves. Attention was drawn to the coincidence between the result of this study and the tabulations by Dr. Donaldson of the facts about the physical growth of children, indicating that the curve of accelerated growth in children is practically identical with the curve for accelerated activity in reasoning. As I was afterwards informed, a somewhat similar study had been made, by the pupils of the class, of data obtained from schoolchildren, and this report was given as a basis for comparison of results. The next topic taken up was the matter of growth in the weight and the height of children. Large curves had been drawn upon charts by members of the class from the data gathered by Dr. Bowditch, of Boston, Roberts, of London, and the teachers of Oakland, California, representing the heights and weights of several thousand children. These charts were com-

pared and discussed by the class under the direction of the teacher. The comparison of the curves from data of these different investigators showed a remarkable coincidence in the rates of growth of children.

The work in psychology and pedagogy in this school had been only a few months under the direction of the teacher who was then in charge, and was yet largely a matter of plan. The course, as outlined to me by the instructor, proposes, during the first year, to introduce the subject of pedagogy by a series of studies in reminiscences of childhood activities. Topics are assigned, and each member of the class writes as much as he can remember of his mental states and conduct as a child. This exercise, it is considered, will give the pupils a personal feeling of acquaintance with the chief mental phenomena; and this work, conducted on an inductive basis, will then lead to a study of the nervous system and general psychology, presented topically by material gathered from a number of authorities. In the final year, a course in special child psychology, upon the plan of the work already illustrated, is given. Under arrangements with certain school superintendents in the vicinity, series of questions, prepared by the normal school instructor, are submitted to the school-children as topics for exercises in composition. Among the topics which have thus been arranged in the form of questions, to draw out the children's ideas, are the geographical interests of children, their historic sense, fear, reasoning, imitation, and many others. The returns from the questions, which have ranged in number from two thousand to forty-five hundred individual papers, are given to the members of the normal school class, to arrange with reference to age, sex, and the ideas expressed. The results are compiled and reported to the class for discussion. Later, reports are presented upon similar studies which have been made by other persons, like the re-

port on Superintendent Hancock's study, already described. The topics chosen are usually such as have previously been studied in other institutions or by individual investigators, and thus the benefit of comparison of results is obtained. These studies, as I heard them discussed by the pupils, were treated in an admirable spirit. Conclusions were not regarded as established truths, but rather as possible suggestions toward the solution of a difficult problem. An additional requirement of all pupils is that during one of their vacations they shall systematically observe some child, and record the facts which they ascertain.

No special course is given in the "principles of education." A critical study of the history of education takes its place. Rousseau's *Emile*, Comenius's *School of Infancy*, Montaigne's *Education of Children*, Pestalozzi's *Leonard and Gertrude*, and Froebel's *Education of Man* are subjected to critical class study. The attitude assumed toward these books, the instructor informed me, is that of a search for the culture material contained in the lives and ideals of these educational reformers. The principles which are put forth were carefully studied as showing the path along which education has traveled, not as final dogmas.

We have here a tentative first step. The work of the preparation of teachers has before it an inviting future. Mediævalism will necessarily be sloughed off. With the mass of facts which the industry of sister sciences has laid at the door of pedagogy, and the inspiration which comes with personal investigation, there is a force which bodes well for the future of education. But at present one thing is critically needed. In this pioneer age of reconstruction, the work of the schools demands teachers of discretionary intelligence and the power of suspended judgment, able to deal with working hypotheses. Not all the old is useless,

but the old comes down to us in the terminal moraine of a glacier of mediæval metaphysics, now evaporating, and modern pedagogues must do what modern scientists, modern philosophers, and modern theologians are doing, — proceed to pick up from this detritus any odds and ends of precious metal for which the new world offers a market.

The great trouble caused by the old conception and method now is that principles are stated in universal form which in fact have only a limited application; and the danger from the new spirit is that possible hypotheses are sometimes set forth as axioms. Pedagogy must be

submitted to the same crucial process of *Aufklärung*, in the light of all the facts that the correlative modern sciences are offering, to which all other forces of civilization are subjected. To this spirit and method the normal school must open its doors. It must become, to some extent, a work-shop of first-hand investigators, not a retail junk-shop for the disposal of the catechisms of the Mahatmas who once lived on the Mountain, serenely contemplating the world and life as an unbroken plain, breathing an atmosphere of universality, and thinking in terms of reverberating definitions and ornamental classifications.

Frederic Burk.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers!"

I.

* EDINBURGH, *April*, 189—.
22, Breadalbane Terrace.

WE have traveled together before, Salemina, Francesca, and I, and we know the very worst there is to know about one another. After this point has been reached, it is as if a triangular marriage had taken place, and, with the honeymoon comfortably over, we slip along in thoroughly friendly fashion. I use no war- "friendly," because, in the highest tides of feeling and the coast of triangular alliance, because, in the second place, "fr." is a word capable of putting to blush many a more passionate and endearing one.

Every one knows of our experiences in England last year, for we wrote vol- VOL. LXXX. — NO. 480.

umes of letters concerning them, the which were widely circulated among our friends at the time and read aloud under the evening lamps in the several cities of our residence.

Since then few striking changes have taken place in our history.

Salemina returned to Boston for the winter, to find, to her amazement, that for forty-odd years she had been rather overestimating it.

On arriving in New York, Francesca discovered that the young lawyer whom for six months she had been advising to marry somebody "more worthy than herself" was at last about to do it. This was somewhat in the nature of a shock, for Francesca has been in the habit, ever since she was seventeen, of giving her lovers similar advice, and up to this time no one of them has ever taken it. She therefore has had the not unnatural hope, I think, of organizing

at one time or another all these disappointed and faithful swains into a celibate brotherhood ; and perhaps of driving by the interesting monastery with her husband and calling his attention modestly to the fact that these poor monks were filling their barren lives with deeds of piety, trying to remember their Creator with such assiduity that they might, in time, forget Her.

Her chagrin was all the keener at losing this last aspirant to her hand in that she had almost persuaded herself that she was as fond of him as she was likely to be of anybody, and that, on the whole, she had better marry him and save his life and reason.

Fortunately she had not communicated this gleam of hope by letter, feeling, I suppose, that she would like to see for herself the light of joy breaking over his pale cheek. The scene would have been rather pretty and touching, but meantime the Worm had turned and dispatched a letter to the Majestic at the quarantine station, telling her that he had found a less reluctant bride in the person of her intimate friend Miss Rosa Van Brunt ; and so Francesca's dream of duty and sacrifice was over.

Salemina says she was somewhat constrained for a week and a trifle cynical for a fortnight, but that afterwards her spirits mounted on ever ascending spirals to impossible heights, where they have since remained. It appears from all this that although she was piqued at being taken at her word, her heart was not in the least damaged. It never was one of those fragile things which have to be wrapped in cotton, and preserved from the slightest blow — Francesca's heart. It is made of excellent stout, durable material, and I often tell her with the care she takes of it, and the moderate strain to which it is subjected, it ought to be as good as new a hundred years hence.

As for me, the scene of my love story is laid in America and England, and has

naught to do with Edinburgh. It is far from finished ; indeed, I hope it will be the longest serial on record, one of those charming tales that grow in interest as chapter after chapter unfolds, until at the end we feel as if we could never part with the dear people.

I should be, at this very moment, Mrs. William Beresford, a highly respectable young matron who painted rather good pictures in her spinster days, when she was Penelope Hamilton of the great American working-class, Unlimited ; but first Mrs. Beresford's dangerous illness and then her death have kept my dear boy a willing prisoner in Cannes, his heart sadly torn betwixt his love and duty to his mother and his desire to be with me. The separation is virtually over now, and we two, alas, have ne'er a mother or a father between us, so we shall not wait many months before beginning to comfort each other in good earnest.

Meantime Salemina and Francesca have persuaded me to join their forces, and Mr. Beresford will follow us to Scotland in a few short weeks when we shall have established ourselves in the country.

We are overjoyed at being together again, we three womenfolk. As I said before, we know the worst of one another, and the future has no terrors. We have learned, for example, that : —

Francesca does not like an early morning start. Salemina refuses to arrive late anywhere. Penelope prefers to stay behind and follow next day.

Francesca hates to travel third class. So does Salemina, but she will if urged.

Penelope likes substantial breakfasts. Francesca dislikes the sight of food in the morning.

Francesca would like to divide a pint of claret with Salemi. Salemina would rather split a bottle of beer with Penelope.

Penelope hates a four-wheeler. Salemina is nervous in a hansom. Francesca prefers a victoria.

Salemina likes a steady fire in the grate. Penelope opens a window and fans herself.

Salemina inclines to instructive and profitable expeditions. Francesca loves processions and sightseeing. Penelope abhors all of these equally.

Salemina likes history. Francesca loves fiction. Penelope adores poetry and detests facts.

This does not sound promising, but it works perfectly well in practice by the exercise of a little flexibility.

As we left dear old Dovermarle Street and Smith's Private Hotel behind, and drove to the station to take the Flying Scotsman, we indulged in floods of reminiscence over the joys of travel we had tasted together in the past, and talked with lively anticipation of the new experiences awaiting us in the land o' heather.

While Salemina went to purchase the three first-class tickets, I superintended the porters as they disposed our luggage in the van, and in so doing my eye lighted upon a third-class carriage which was, for a wonder, clean, comfortable, and vacant. Comparing it hastily with the first-class compartment being held by Francesca, I found that it differed only in having no carpet on the floor, and a smaller number of "squabs" or buttons in the upholstering. This was really heart-rending when the difference in fare for three persons would be at least twenty dollars. What a delightful sum to put aside for a rainy day; that is, you understand, what a delightful sum to put aside and spend on the first rainy day; for that is the way we always interpret the expression.

When Salemina returned with the tickets, she found me, as usual, bewailing our extravagance.

Francesca descended suddenly from her post, and, snatching the tickets from her duenna, exclaimed, "'I know that I can save the country, and I know no other man can!'" as William Pitt said

to the Duke of Devonshire. I have had enough of this argument. For six months of last year we discussed traveling third class and continued to travel first. Get into that clean, hard-seated, ill-upholstered third-class carriage immediately, both of you; save room enough for a mother with two babies, a man carrying a basket of fish, and an old woman with five pieces of hand-luggage and a dog; meanwhile I will exchange the tickets."

So saying, she disappeared rapidly among the throng of passengers, guards, porters, newspaper boys, golfers with bags of clubs, young ladies with bicycles and old ladies with tin hat-boxes.

"What decision, what swiftness of judgment, what courage and energy!" murmured Salemina. "Is n't she wonderfully improved?"

Francesca rejoined us just as the guard was about to lock us in, and flung herself down, quite breathless from her unusual exertion.

"Well, we are traveling 'third' for once, and the money is saved, or at least it is ready to spend again at the first opportunity. The man did n't wish to exchange the tickets at all. He says it is never done. I told him they were bought by a very inexperienced American lady (that is you, Salemina) who knew almost nothing of the distinctions between first and third class, and naturally took the best, believing it to be none too good for a citizen of the greatest republic on the face of the earth. He said the tickets had been stamped on. I said so should I be if I returned without exchanging them. He said it was a large sum of money for a railway company to return. I said it was a large sum for three poor Americans to expend simply for a few 'squabs.' I said that was extremely dear for game at any season. He was a very dense person, and did n't see my joke at all, but that may have been because 'squabs' is an American upholsterism or an upholsterer's Americanism, and perhaps squabs

are not game in England; and then there were thirteen men in line behind me, with the train starting in three minutes, and there is nothing so debilitating to a naturally weak sense of humor as selling tickets behind a grating, so I am not really vexed with him. There! we are quite comfortable, pending the arrival of the babies, the dog, and the fish, and certainly no vender of periodic literature will dare approach us while we keep these books in evidence."

She had Royal Edinburgh, by Mrs. Oliphant; I had Lord Cockburn's Memorials of his time; and somebody had given Salemina, at the moment of leaving London, a work on "Scotia's darling seat" in three huge volumes. When all this printed matter was heaped on the top of Salemina's hold-all on the platform, the guard had asked, "Do you belong to these books, mam?"

"We may consider ourselves injured in going from London to Edinburgh in a third-class carriage in eight or ten hours, but listen to this," said Salemina, who had opened one of her large volumes at random when the train started.

"The Edinburgh and London Stage-Coach begins on Monday, 13th October, 1712. All that desire . . . let them repair to the *Coach and Horses* at the head of the Canongate every Saturday, or the *Black Swan* in Holborn every other Monday, at both of which places they may be received in a coach which performs the whole journey in thirteen days without any stoppage (if God permits), having eighty able horses. Each passenger paying £4 10s. for the whole journey, allowing each 20 lbs. weight and all above to pay 6d. per lb. The coach sets off at six in the morning' (you could never have caught it, Francesca!), 'and is performed by Henry Harrison.' And here is a 'modern improvement,' forty-two years later. In July, 1754, the Edinburgh Courant advertises the stage-coach drawn by six horses, with a postilion on one of the leaders, as a 'new, gen-

teel, two-end glass machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter. Passengers to pay as usual. Performed (if God permits) by your dutiful servant, Hosea Eastgate. *Care is taken of small parcels according to their value.'*"

"It would have been a long, wearisome journey," said I contemplatively; "but, nevertheless, I wish we were making it in 1712 instead of a century and three quarters later."

"What would have been happening, Salemina?" asked Francesca politely.

"The Union had been already established five years," began Salemina intelligently.

"Which Union?"

"Whose Union?"

Salemina is used to these interruptions and eruptions of illiteracy on our part. I think she rather enjoys them, as in the presence of such complete ignorance as ours her lamp of knowledge burns all the brighter.

"Anne was on the throne," she went on with serene dignity.

"What Anne?"

"I know the Anne!" exclaimed Francesca excitedly. "She came from the Midnight Sun country, or up that way. She was very extravagant, and had something to do with Jingling Geordie in The Fortunes of Nigel. It is marvelous how one's history comes back to one!"

"Quite marvelous," said Salemina dryly; "or at least the state in which it comes back is marvelous. I am not a stickler for dates, as you know, but if you could only contrive to fix a few periods in your minds, girls, just in a general way, you would not be so shamefully befogged. Your Anne of Denmark was the wife of James VI. of Scotland, who was James I. of England, and she died a hundred years before the Anne I mean, — the last of the Stuarts, you know. My Anne came after William and Mary, and before the Georges."

"Which William and Mary?"
 "What Georges?"

But this was too much even for Salemina's equanimity, and she retired behind her book in dignified displeasure, while Francesca and I meekly looked up the Annes in a genealogical table, and tried to decide whether "b. 1665" meant born or beheaded.

II.

The weather that greeted us on our unheralded arrival in Scotland was of the precise sort offered by Edinburgh to her unfortunate queen, when

"After a youth by woes o'ercast,
 After a thousand sorrows past,
 The lovely Mary once again
 Set foot upon her native plain."

John Knox records of those memorable days: "The very face of heaven did manifestlie speak what comfort was brought to this country with hir — to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness and all impiety — for in the memorie of man never was seen a more dolorous face of the heavens than was at her arryvall . . . the myst was so thick that skairse nicht onie man espy another; and the sun was not seyn to shyne two days befoir nor two days after."

We could not see Edina's famous palaces and towers because of the *haar*, that damp, chilling, drizzling, dripping fog or mist which the east wind summons from the sea; but we knew that they were there, shrouded in the heart of the opaque mysterious grayness, and that before many hours our eyes would feast upon their beauty.

Perhaps it was the weather, but I could think of nothing but poor Queen Mary! She had drifted into my imagination with the haar, so that I could fancy her homesick gaze across the water as she murmured, "Adieu, ma chère France! Je ne vous verray jamais plus!" — could fancy her saying as in Allan Cunningham's verse: —

"The sun rises bright in France,
 And fair sets he;
 But he has tint the blithe blink he had
 In my ain countree."

And then I recalled Mary's first good-night in Edinburgh: that "serenade of 500 rascals with vile fiddles and rebecs;" that singing, "in bad accord," of Protestant psalms by the wet crowd beneath the palace windows, while the fires on Arthur's Seat shot flickering gleams of welcome through the dreary fog. What a lullaby for poor Mary, half Frenchwoman and all Papist!

It is but just to remember John Knox's statement, "the melody lyked her weil and she willed the same to be continued some nightis after." For my part, however, I distrust John Knox's musical feeling, and incline sympathetically to the Sieur de Brantôme's account, with its "vile fiddles" and "discordant psalms," although his judgment was doubtless a good deal depressed by what he called the *si grand brouillard* that so dampened the spirits of Mary's French retinue.

Ah well, I was obliged to remember, in order to be reasonably happy myself, that Mary had a gay heart, after all; that she was but nineteen; that, though already a widow, she did not mourn her young husband as one who could not be comforted; and that she must soon have been furnished with merrier music than the psalms, for another of the sour comments of the time is, "Our Queen wear eth the dule [weeds], but she can dance daily, dule and all!"

These were my thoughts as we drove through invisible streets in the Edinburgh haar, turned into what proved, next day, to be a Crescent, and drew up to an invisible house with a visible number 22 gleaming over a door which gaslight transformed into a probability. We alighted, and though we could scarcely discern the driver's outstretched hand, he was quite able to discern a half-crown, and demanded three shillings.

The noise of our cab had brought Mrs. M'Collop to the door, — good (or at least pretty good) Mrs. M'Collop, to whose apartments we had been commended by English friends who had never occupied them.

Dreary as it was without, all was comfortable within doors, and a cheery (one-and-sixpenny) fire crackled in the grate. Our private drawing-room was charmingly furnished, and so large that notwithstanding the presence of a piano, two sofas, five small tables, cabinets, desks, and chairs, — not forgetting a dainty five-o'clock tea equipage, — we might have given a party in the remaining space.

"If this is a typical Scotch lodging I like it; and if it is Scotch hospitality to lay the cloth and make the fire before it is asked for, then I call it simply Arabian in character!" and Salemina drew off her damp gloves, and extended her hands to the blaze.

"And is n't it delightful that the bill does n't come in for a whole week?" asked Francesca. "We have only our English experiences on which to found our knowledge, and all is delicious mystery. The tea may be a present from Mrs. M'Collop, and the sugar may not be an extra; the fire may be included in the rent of the apartment, and the piano may not be taken away to-morrow to enhance the attractions of the dining-room floor." (It was Francesca, you remember, who had "warstled" with the itemized accounts at Smith's Private Hotel in London, and she who was always obliged to turn pounds, shillings, and pence into dollars and cents before she could add or subtract.)

"Come and look at the flowers in my bedroom," I called, "four great boxes full! Mr. Beresford must have ordered the carnations, because he always does; but where did the roses come from, I wonder?"

I rang the bell, and a neat white-aproned maid appeared.

"Who brought these flowers, please?"

"I couldna say, mam."

"Thank you; will you be good enough to ask Mrs. M'Collop?"

In a moment she returned with the message, "There will be a letter in the box, mam."

"It seems to me the letter should be in the box now, if it is ever to be," I thought, and I presently drew this card from among the fragrant buds: —

"Lady Baird sends these Scotch roses as a small return for the pleasure she has received from Miss Hamilton's pictures. Lady Baird hopes that Miss Hamilton and her party will dine with her some evening this week."

"How nice!"

"The celebrated Miss Hamilton's undistinguished party presents its humble compliments to Lady Baird," chanted Francesca, "and having no engagements whatever, and small hope of any, will dine with her on any and every evening she may name. Miss Hamilton's party will wear its best clothes, polish its mental jewels, and endeavor in every possible way not to injure the gifted Miss Hamilton's reputation among the Scottish nobility."

I wrote a hasty note of acceptance and thanks to Lady Baird, and rang the bell.

"Can I send a message, please?" I asked the maid.

"I couldna say, mam."

"Will you be good enough to ask Mrs. M'Collop, please?"

Interval; then: —

"The Boots will tak' it at acht o'clock, mam."

"Thank you; is Fotheringay Crescent near here?"

"I couldna say, mam."

"Thank you; what is your name, please?"

I waited in well-grounded anxiety, for I had no idea that she knew her name, or that if she had ever heard it, she could say it; but, to my sur-

prise, she answered almost immediately, "Susanna Crum, mam!"

What a joy it is in a vexatious world, where things "gang aft agley," to find something absolutely right.

If I had devoted years to the subject, having the body of Susanna Crum before my eyes every minute of the time for inspiration, Susanna Crum is what I should have named that maid. Not a vowel could be added, not a consonant omitted. I said so when first I saw her, and weeks of intimate acquaintance only deepened my reverence for the parental genius that had so described her to the world.

III.

When we awoke next morning the sun was shining in at Mrs. M'Collop's back windows.

We should have arisen at once to burn sacrifices and offer oblations, but we had seen the sun frequently in America, and had no idea (poor fools!) that it was anything to be grateful for, so we accepted it, almost without comment, as one of the perennial providences of life.

When I speak of Edinburgh sunshine I do not mean, of course, any such burning, whole-souled, ardent warmth of beam as one finds in countries where they make a specialty of climate. It is, generally speaking, a half-hearted, uncertain ray, as pale and as transitory as a martyr's smile, but its faintest gleam, or its most puerile attempt to gleam, is admired and recorded by its well-disciplined constituency. Not only that, but at the first timid blink of the sun the true Scotsman remarks smilingly, "I think now we shall be having settled weather!" It is a pathetic optimism, beautiful but quite groundless, and leads one to believe in the story that when Father Noah refused to take Sandy into the ark, he sat down philosophically outside, saying, "I'll no be fashed; the

day's jist about the ord'nar', an' I wouldna won'er if we saw the sun afore nicht!"

But what loyal son of Edina cares for these transatlantic gibes, and where is the dweller within her royal gates who fails to succumb to the sombre beauty of that old gray town of the North? "Gray! why, it is gray, or gray and gold, or gray and gold and blue, or gray and gold and blue and green, or gray and gold and blue and green and purple, according as the heaven pleases and you choose your ground! But take it when it is most sombrelly gray, where is another such gray city?"

So says one of her lovers, and so the great army of lovers would say, had they the same gift of language; for

"Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be, . . .

Yea, an imperial city that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee. . .
Thus should her towers be raised; with vicinage

Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,

As if to indicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty."

We ate a hasty breakfast that first morning, and prepared to go out for a walk into the great unknown, perhaps the most pleasurable sensation in the world. Francesca was ready first, and having mentioned the fact several times ostentatiously, she went into the drawing-room to wait and read *The Scotsman*. When we went thither a few minutes later we found that she had disappeared.

"She is below, of course," said Salemina. "She fancies that we shall feel more ashamed at our tardiness if we find her sitting on the hall bench in silent martyrdom."

There was no one in the hall, however, save Susanna, who inquired if we would see the cook before going out.

"We have no time now, Susanna," I said. "We are anxious to have a walk before the weather changes, but we shall be out for luncheon and in for dinner, and Mrs. M'Collop may give us any-

thing she pleases. Do you know where Miss Francesca is?"

"I couldna s—"

"Certainly, of course you could n't; I wonder if Mrs. M'Collop saw her?"

Mrs. M'Collop appeared from the basement, and vouchsafed the information that she had seen "the young leddy rinnin' after the regiment."

"Running after the regiment!" repeated Salemina automatically. "What a reversal of the laws of nature! Why, in Berlin, it was always the regiment that used to run after her!"

We learned in what direction the soldiers had gone, and pursuing the same path found the young lady on the corner of a street near by. She was quite unabashed. "You don't know what you have missed!" she said excitedly. "Let us get into this tram, and possibly we can head them off somewhere. They may be going into battle, and if so my heart's blood is at their service. It is one of those experiences that come only once in a lifetime. There were pipes and there were kilts! (I did n't suppose they ever really wore them outside of the theatre!) When you have seen the kilts swinging, Salemina, you will never be the same woman afterwards! You never expected to see the Olympian gods walking, did you? Perhaps you thought they always sat on practicable rocks and made stiff gestures from the elbow, as they do in the Wagner operas? Well, these gods walked, if you can call the inspired gait a walk! If there is a single spinster left in Scotland, it is because none of these ever asked her to marry him. Ah, how grateful I ought to be that I am free to say 'yes,' if a kilt ever asks me to be his! Poor Penelope, yoked to your commonplace trousered Beresford! (I wish the tram would go faster!) You must capture one of them, by fair means or foul, Penelope, and Salemina and I will hold him down while you paint him. There they are! they are there somewhere, — don't you hear them?"

There they were indeed, filing down the grassy slopes of the Gardens, swinging across one of the stone bridges, and winding up the Castle Hill to the Esplanade like a long, glittering snake; the streamers of their Highland bonnets waving, their arms glistening in the sun, and the bagpipes playing *The March of the Cameron Men*. The pipers themselves were mercifully hidden from us on that first occasion, or we could never have borne the weight of ecstasy that possessed us.

It was in Princes Street that we had alighted, — named thus for the prince who afterwards became George IV.; and I hope he was, and is, properly grateful. It ought never to be called a street, this most magnificent of terraces, and the world has cause to bless that interdict of the Court of Sessions in 1774, which prevented the Gradgrinds of the day from erecting buildings along its south side, — a sordid scheme that makes one shudder in retrospect.

It was an envious Glasgow chiel who said grudgingly, as he came out of Waverley Station, and gazed along its splendid length, "*Weel, wi' a' their yammerin' about it, it's but half a street, onyhow!*" — which always reminded me of the Western farmer who came from his native plains to the beautiful Berkshire hills. "I've always heard o' this scenery," he said. "Blamed if I can find any scenery; but if there was, nobody could see it, there's so much high ground in the way!"

To think that not so much more than a hundred years ago Princes Street was naught but a straight country road, the "Lang Dykes" as it was called.

We looked down over the grassy chasm that separates the New from the Old Town; looked our first on Arthur's Seat, — that grand and awful slope of hill, that crouching lion of a mountain; saw the Corstorphine hills, and Calton Heights, and Salisbury Crags, and finally that stupendous bluff of rock that

culminates so majestically in the Castle. There is something else which, like Susanna Crum's name, is absolutely and ideally right! If there is a human creature who can stand in Princes Street for the first time and look at Edinburgh Castle without being ready to swoon with joy, he ought to be condemned to live in a prairie village for the rest of his life.

The men who would have the courage to build such a castle in such a spot are all dead; all dead, and the world is infinitely more comfortable without them. They are all gone, and no more like unto them will ever be born, and we can most of us count upon dying safely in our beds, of diseases bred of modern civilization. But I am glad that those old barbarians, those rudimentary creatures working their way up into the divine likeness, when they were not hanging, drawing, quartering, torturing, and chopping their neighbors, and using their heads in conventional patterns on the tops of gateposts, did devote their leisure intervals to rearing fortresses like this. Why, Edinburgh Castle could not be conceived, much less built, nowadays, when all our energy is consumed in bettering the condition of the "submerged tenth"! What did they care about the "masses," that "regal race that is now no more," when they were hewing those blocks of rugged rock and piling them against the sky-line on the top of that great stone mountain! It amuses me to think how much more picturesque they left the world, and how much better we shall leave it; though if an artist were requested to distribute individual awards to different generations, you could never persuade him to give first prizes to the centuries that produced steam laundries and sanitary plumbing.

What did they reckon of peace congresses and bloodless arbitrations when they lighted the bale-fires on the beacons, flaming out to the gudeman and his sons ploughing or sowing in the Lang Dykes the news that their "ancient enemies of England had crossed the Tweed"!

I am the most peaceful person in the world, but the Castle was too much for my imagination. I was mounted and off and away from the first moment I gazed upon its embattled towers, heard the pipers in the distance, and saw the old 79th swinging up the green steeps where the huge fortress "holds its state." The modern world had vanished, and my steed was galloping, galloping back into the place-of-the-things-that-are-past, traversing centuries at every leap.

"To arms! Let every banner in Scotland float defiance to the breeze!" (So I heard my new-born imaginary spirit say to my real one.) "Yes, and let the Deacon Convener unfurl the sacred Blue Blanket, under which every liege burgher of the kingdom is bound to answer summons! The bale-fires are gleaming, giving alarm to Hume, Haddington, Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Eggerhope. Rise, Stirling, Fife, and the North! All Scotland will be under arms in two hours. One bale-fire: the English are in motion! Two: they are advancing! Four in a row: they are of great strength! All men in arms west of Edinburgh muster there! All eastward, at Haddington! And every Englishman caught in Scotland is lawfully the prisoner of whoever takes him!" (What am I saying? I love Englishmen, but the spell is upon me!) "Come on, Macduff!" (The only personal challenge my warlike tenant can summon at the moment.) "I am the son of a Gael! My dagger is in my belt, and with the guid broadsword at my side I can with one blow cut a man in twain! My bow is cut from the wood of the yews of Glenure; the shaft is from the wood of Lochetive, the feathers from the great golden eagles of Lochtreigsidhe! My arrowhead was made by the smiths of the race of Macphedran! Come on, Macduff! And cursed be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'"

And now a shopkeeper has filled his window with royal Stuart tartans, and I am instantly a Jacobite.

"The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
 Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
 Hae to a man declar'd to stand
 Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
 Come through the heather, around him gather,
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
 And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king,
 For wha 'll be king but Charlie?"

It is the eve of the battle of Prestonpans. Is it not under the Rock of Dun-sappie on yonder Arthur's Seat that our Highland army will encamp to-night? At dusk the prince will hold a council of his chiefs and nobles (I am a chief and a noble), and at daybreak we shall march through the old hedgerows and woods of Duddingston, pipes playing and colors flying, bonnie Charlie at the head, his claymore drawn and the scabbard flung away! (I mean awa'!)

"Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
 And be 't complete an' early;
 His very name my heart's blood warms
 To arms for Royal Charlie!"

(O shades of Washington, Lincoln, and James K. Polk, forgive me! I am not responsible; I am under the glamour!)

"Come through the heather, around him gather,
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
 And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king,
 For wha 'll be king but Charlie?"

I hope that those in authority will never attempt to convene a peace congress in Edinburgh, lest the influence of the Castle be too strong for the delegates. They could not resist it nor turn their backs upon it, since, unlike other ancient fortresses, it is but a stone's throw from the front windows of all the hotels. They might mean never so well, but they would end by buying dirk hat-pins and claymore brooches for their wives, their daughters would all run after the kilted regiment and marry as many of the pipers as asked them, and before night they would all be shouting with the noble Fitz-Eustace,

"Where's the coward who would not dare
 To fight for such a land?"

While I was rhapsodizing, Salemina and Francesca were shopping in the Ar-

cade, buying some of the cairn-gorms and Tam o' Shanter purses and models of Burns's cottage and copies of Marmion in plaided tartan covers and thistle belt-buckles and bluebell penwipers, with which we afterwards inundated our native land. I sat down on the steps of the Scott monument and watched the passers-by in a sort of waking dream. I suppose they were the usual professors and doctors and ministers who are wont to walk up and down the Edinburgh streets, with a sprinkling of lairds and leddies of high degree and a few Americans looking at the shop windows to choose their clan-tartans; but for me they did not exist. In their places stalked the ghosts of kings and queens and knights and nobles: Columba, Abbot of Iona; Queen Margaret and Malcolm — she the sweetest saint in all the throng; King David riding towards Drumsheugh forest on Holy Rood-day with his horns and hounds and huntsmen following close behind; Anne of Denmark and Jingling Geordie; Mary Stuart in all her girlish beauty with the four Maries in her train; John Knox in his black Geneva cloak; Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald; lovely Annabella Drummond; Robert the Bruce; James I. carrying The King's Quair; Oliver Cromwell; and a long line of heroes, martyrs, humble saints, and princely knaves.

Behind them, regardless of precedence, came Robbie Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd, Boswell and Dr. Johnson, Dr. John Brown and Thomas Carlyle, Lady Nairne and Drummond of Hawthornden, Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter; and is it not a proof of the Wizard's magic art that side by side with the wraiths of these real people walked, or seemed to walk, the Fair Maid of Perth, Jeanie Deans, Meg Merrilies, Guy Mannering, Ellen, Marmion, and a host of others so sweetly familiar and so humanly dear that the very street laddies could have named and greeted them as they passed?

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

FORTY YEARS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

WITH this number *The Atlantic Monthly* ends its fortieth year.

On the 29th of April, 1857, Longfellow wrote in his journal: "Lowell was here last evening to interest me in a new magazine, to be started in Boston by Phillips and Sampson. I told him I would write for it if I wrote for any magazine." A week later the journal contained this entry: "Dined in town at Parker's, with Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot, Underwood, and the publisher Phillips, to talk about the new magazine the last wishes to establish. It will no doubt be done; though I am not so eager about it as the rest." The eagerness of Phillips himself did not receive its full impetus until Mrs. Stowe promised him her cordial support. That there was at least one other dinner for the discussion of the project before it was definitely adopted, Longfellow's journal gives further testimony. In Pickard's *Life of Whittier* the following passage is found: "At a dinner given by Mr. Phillips, the publisher, in the summer of 1857, there were present Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Edmund Quincy, and other writers of high reputation. The plans for the new magazine were discussed and arranged at this dinner. Mr. Underwood nominated Lowell as editor-in-chief, and his name was received with enthusiasm. Holmes suggested the name *The Atlantic Monthly*. The success of the enterprise was assured from the start, and a new era in American literature was inaugurated."

Lowell had shrewdly insisted as "a condition precedent" that Dr. Holmes should be engaged as the first contributor. He demurred, but yielded to his friend's urgency, and in later years could say of Lowell that he "woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was

half slumbering, to call me to active service." Mr. F. H. Underwood was chosen assistant editor.

Ten of the fourteen authors who made the principal contributions to the first number were Motley, Longfellow, Emerson, Charles Eliot Norton, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, J. T. Trowbridge, Lowell, and Parke Godwin. Whittier and Longfellow each contributed a poem; Lowell, his sonnet *The Maple*, the verses on *The Origin of Didactic Poetry*, and editorial pages of prose; Emerson gave, besides the essay *Illusions*, four short poems, of which two were *Days and Brahma*; Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Trowbridge were represented by short stories; and there was the first installment of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*. All the articles were unsigned, and it is no wonder that every one asked himself and his neighbor who this *Autocrat* might be, with his offhand introduction, "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted;" for there could not have been one reader in a thousand who recalled that in the old *New England Magazine* for 1831 and 1832 there were two papers of an *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* by a young student of medicine; and the whimsicality of going on after an interruption of twenty-five years would have puzzled even the knowing ones of a generation which had not yet learned the *Autocrat's* habit of thought. The authorship of the articles was evidently an open secret in some quarters, for the Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* was able to send his paper immediately an ascription of all the articles to their several writers.

These notes about the first number of *The Atlantic* — for this paper is a bundle of random notes rather than formal history — are set down to recall the serious and clear aim of the projectors of

the magazine : they were making American Literature. It was not as a mere publishing enterprise, but as an institution, that they regarded it. Nearly all the other American magazines that were then in existence have perished, and those that have survived have radically changed their character. Holding fast to the faith of its founders, that Literature is one of the most serious concerns of men, and that the highest service to our national life is the encouragement and the production of Literature, *The Atlantic* has never had owner or editor who was tempted to change its steadfast course by reason of any changing fashion. The first volume contained several articles which are curiously paralleled by contributions of the past twelve months. It would be extremely interesting to develop this parallelism, but it must suffice here to give two lists of titles, representing respectively the first volume of *The Atlantic* and the seventy-ninth : (1) Béranger, Intellectual Character, The Winds and the Weather, Notes on Domestic Architecture, The Kansas Usurpation, Mr. Buchanan's Administration, The Financial Flurry, Florentine Mosaics, Our Birds and their Ways ; (2) Ferdinand Brunetière and his Criticism, On Being Civilized too Much, Mercury in the Light of Recent Discoveries, Two Interpreters of National Architecture, A Typical Kansas Community, Mr. Cleveland as President, The Good and the Evil of Industrial Combinations, Notes of a Trip to Izumo, Young America in Feathers.

In 1857 there were not wanting those who were on a keen lookout for heterodoxy in matters of religious belief in the pages of the new magazine. Of the very first number one of the sectarian papers, published in Boston, said, "We shall observe the progress of the work not without solicitude." Their watchfulness was soon rewarded in a measure, for of the third number they declared, "The only

objectionable article is one by Emerson on Books, in which the sage of Concord shows his customary disregard of the religious opinions of others and of the fundamental laws of social morality." The next month it was a little better : "With the exception of a slur at the doctrine of eternal retribution, in the Literary Notices, we do not recall anything really exceptionable in its pages." The curious reader may find the slur in a single sentence of Dr. Holmes's review of Mrs. Lee's *Parthenia*, — a sentence which, aside from its great length, has nothing astonishing about it except the fact that forty years ago its sentiments could not pass unchallenged.

It was, indeed, especially in the writings of Dr. Holmes that the seeds of danger were believed to be planted. In a letter written to Motley in 1861, he exclaimed, apropos of *The Atlantic*, "But oh! such a belaboring as I have had from the so-called 'evangelical' press for the last two or three years, almost without intermission! There must be a great deal of weakness and rottenness when such extreme bitterness is called out by such a good-natured person as I can claim to be in print." Even the *New York Independent*, which was printing every week the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, said of The Professor at the Breakfast-Table when it appeared as a book : "We presume that we do but speak the general conviction, as it certainly is our own, when we say that that which was to have been apprehended has not been avoided by the 'Professor,' but has been painfully realized in his new series of utterances. He has dashed at many things which he does not understand, has succeeded in irritating and repelling from the magazine many who had formerly read it with pleasure, and has neither equaled the spirit and vigorous vivacity nor maintained the reputation shown and acquired by the preceding papers."

Writing of these papers nearly twenty-five years after their first publication,

Dr. Holmes himself said: "It amuses me to look back on some of the attacks they called forth. Opinions which do not excite the faintest show of temper at this time from those who do not accept them were treated as if they were the utterances of a Nihilist incendiary."

The reverential liberality of religious thought, expressed by Emerson and Dr. Holmes, each in his own way, became (as it could not fail to become) characteristic of the magazine. James Freeman Clarke wrote for *The Atlantic* most of his *Ten Great Religions*, and at a later time John Fiske published here *The Idea of God*, a study in religion from an evolutionist's point of view, which forms part of a series that is not yet concluded.

In 1862 scientific articles by Agassiz began to appear, and a long succession of his writings was brought to an end by a paper published in 1874, just after his death. Even if *The Atlantic* had done nothing else in the field of science this record would be worth making; but the great achievements of these later years have always formed an important part of its contents, and have been related by men like Rodolfo Lanciani, Percival Lowell, N. S. Shaler, G. F. Wright, and T. J. J. See, who has a notable article in the present number.

The choice of Lowell as editor committed *The Atlantic* at once to the highest standards in literature and politics. The first number showed clearly its views with regard to the overwhelming social and political problems of the time. In an article on the Financial Flurry Parke Godwin wrote of "the Slave Power, which consults no interest but its own in the management of government, and which will never make a concession to the manufacturers or the merchants of the North, unless it be to purchase some new act of baseness, or bind them in some new chains of servility." To the second number Edmund Quincy contrib-

uted a spirited denunciation of the outcome of slavery, in an article under the title *Where Will it End?* It was to the use of such articles as these that Mr. Underwood referred when he wrote, "The public understood and felt that this was the point of the ploughshare that was to break up the old fields."

When the war began, the spirit of the magazine was shown by its ceasing to print on its cover the rather melancholy woodcut of John Winthrop, and putting in its place the flag of the Union, which is to be found on the title-pages of the bound volumes as late as 1873. But the real patriotism of *The Atlantic* was written in every kind of contribution to its pages. As one of the many forms of expression which it took, it is pleasant to recall that here for the first time appeared Barbara Frietchie, *The Man without a Country*, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, *Our Orders*, and the second series of *The Biglow Papers*. The list might be almost indefinitely extended, to include writings passing beyond the war-time, through all the troublous days that followed, and into these later decades charged with new problems of their own.

In dealing with all these new problems, — of reconstruction, of civil service reform, of our foreign relations, of a sound currency, — liberality and vigor, we hope it can be said, have marked the course of *The Atlantic*. Certainly, one important fact has never been forgotten, — that political questions are, and have always been, material for good literary work. It is but a few years since the ringing lines of Mr. Aldrich's *Unguarded Gates* carried on the tradition of the magazine in bringing the art of the poet to bear upon a matter of the highest moment to the citizen; and during the last twelve months, E. J. Phelps, Charles W. Eliot, E. L. Godkin, Albert Shaw, Francis C. Lowell, and Theodore Roosevelt have added to our political literature articles on *Arbitration* and our *Relations with England*, *American Liquor*

Laws, the Real Problems of Democracy, the Nominating System, Greater New York, Legislative Shortcomings, and Municipal Administration.

The first important change in The Atlantic's history followed the breaking up, in 1859, of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., through the death of the principal partners. It passed then into the hands of Ticknor & Fields. From them it has descended, through the succession of firms which has followed, to the present publishers. For more than a year after the transfer to its new proprietors Lowell remained its editor. His correspondence, through all the period of editorship, is full of references to The Atlantic. "To be an editor is almost as bad as being President," he says, at a time when he was "at work sometimes fifteen hours a day."

In 1864, when The North American Review, of which Lowell was at that time one of the editors, also passed into the hands of Ticknor & Fields, he wrote to Mr. Fields: "It's a great compliment you pay me that, whenever I have fairly begun to edit a journal, you should buy it." In 1861 he had handed over to Mr. Fields himself the editorship of The Atlantic, with this philosophical conclusion to a most cordial letter: "Nature is equable. I have lost The Atlantic, but my cow has calved as if nothing had happened." All the good wishes that he made for the success of the new editor were abundantly realized. Mr. Fields possessed, to an exceptional degree, the power of establishing and maintaining intimate personal relations with such men and women as those who had been associated with The Atlantic from the first. By the use of the same gift the circle of opportunity was extended year by year, and all the results were inevitably to the advantage of The Atlantic and its publishers. In recording his recollections of Mr. Fields, John Fiske has said that "in his youth he

used to surprise his fellow clerks by divining beforehand what kind of a book was likely to be wanted by any chance customer who entered the store."

If one should go through the volumes between 1861 and 1871, the decade in which Mr. Fields conducted the magazine, and transcribe the names of most frequent recurrence, together with some of the titles to which they are joined, the result would be merely a list of many of the best known authors and their works. Lowell himself remained a constant contributor of the best things that came from his pen, as for example The Cathedral and the Commemoration Ode. It was almost as if he had a vision of the future that when he sent his successor the poem from which the lines are cut into the granite beneath St. Gaudens's imperishable monument to Shaw, he wrote, "I wanted the poem a little *monumental*."

Besides the names that have already been recited, there were other shining ones steadily reappearing. Among them, that of Hawthorne, under the writings published in his last years and posthumously, must stand alone. From the earliest days of the magazine, when Lowell wrote to Mr. Higginson, not yet a colonel, that he thought his contributions "the most *telling* essays we have printed," there was an infinite variety of work from the pen which within the present year has been recording those Cheerful Yesterdays. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, who wrote for the first number, has been a contributor at intervals ever since; only a few months ago he wrote about Kipling's latest volume of verse. Beginning almost as early, and continuing virtually as late, have been the contributions of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. In the earlier days the names of E. P. Whipple and Richard Grant White were constantly in evidence, and by the side of Mrs. Stowe, in the long list of notable women who in this early time wrote for The Atlantic, stood Miss Prescott, now Mrs. Spofford, Miss Rose Terry,

afterwards Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Thaxter, Miss Lucy Larcom, Miss Rebecca Harding, now Mrs. Davis, and Helen Hunt. This brilliant group of women were the forerunners of many more, among them Mrs. Fields, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mrs. Catherwood, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Wiggins, Miss Jewett, Miss Murfree, Miss Preston, Miss Repplier, Blanche Willis Howard, "Octave Thanet," Miss Bayler, Miss Alice Brown, Miss Sophia Kirk, Miss Vida Scudder, and Miss Eliza Orne White. But a catalogue of Homeric completeness would attain Homeric dimensions.

As the magazine was inaugurated at a dinner-table, and owed still more to a certain Breakfast-Table, it is not surprising that a sort of social bond was felt to exist between the publishers, editors, and principal contributors. Longfellow and Underwood have both recorded the meetings of an Atlantic or Magazine Club which met for dinner at about the time *The Atlantic* was issued each month. Later, the publishers of *The Atlantic* celebrated the seventieth birthdays of Whittier, Holmes, and Mrs. Stowe, by giving "breakfasts" or garden-parties of an importance and a significance greater by as much as the fame of the writers they sought to honor had grown during the interval.

Even in the days of the monthly Atlantic Dinner — which was made possible by the fact that most of the contributors lived in the neighborhood of Boston — the magazine was not local. It attracted to itself writers from all sides, and soon had many contributors at distances which forbade their participating in Boston festivities. It is seldom now that a number appears which does not show the coöperation of authors in many parts of the country, — if not, also, from other lands.

After the passing of its first group of great writers, *The Atlantic* continued to hold a supremacy which was generally conceded. The year 1866 was marked by the coming to Boston of the two men whose names for the next twenty-four years were to be most closely associated with the magazine, Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. W. D. Howells. When Mr. Fields retired from the editorship, Mr. Howells succeeded him. Lowell wrote to him about "sitting in the seat of the scorpion where I used to sit." From 1871 until 1880, when he gave place to Mr. Aldrich, he was not only the editor, but so constantly a contributor that perhaps no one person in the whole history of the magazine has given more to its pages. Mr. Aldrich, too, has published in these pages, before and since his period of editorship as well as during that period, much of his permanent work in prose and verse. Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who became editor in 1890, had already done much work as a contributor of both signed and editorial articles.

There is a long list of other famous names: in Fiction, for instance, besides Howells and Aldrich and the brilliant women already named, Henry James, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Thomas Hardy, F. Marion Crawford, Arthur S. Hardy, Frank R. Stockton, S. Weir Mitchell, Gilbert Parker, F. Hopkinson Smith, and many more. In later years, too, and down into the present volume, has come the unique work of Lafcadio Hearn. Of other kinds of literature may be mentioned, in a passing list that makes no pretensions to completeness even in the enumeration of the greatest names, Mr. Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*, Mrs. Kemble's *Reminiscences*, Dr. Hale's *A New England Boyhood*, Mrs. Lathrop's *Memories of Hawthorne*, Colonel Higginson's *Cheerful Yesterdays*, Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *A Talk over Autographs*, and the many contributions, both prose and verse, of John Hay, Charles Dudley Warner, E. C. Stedman, R. H.

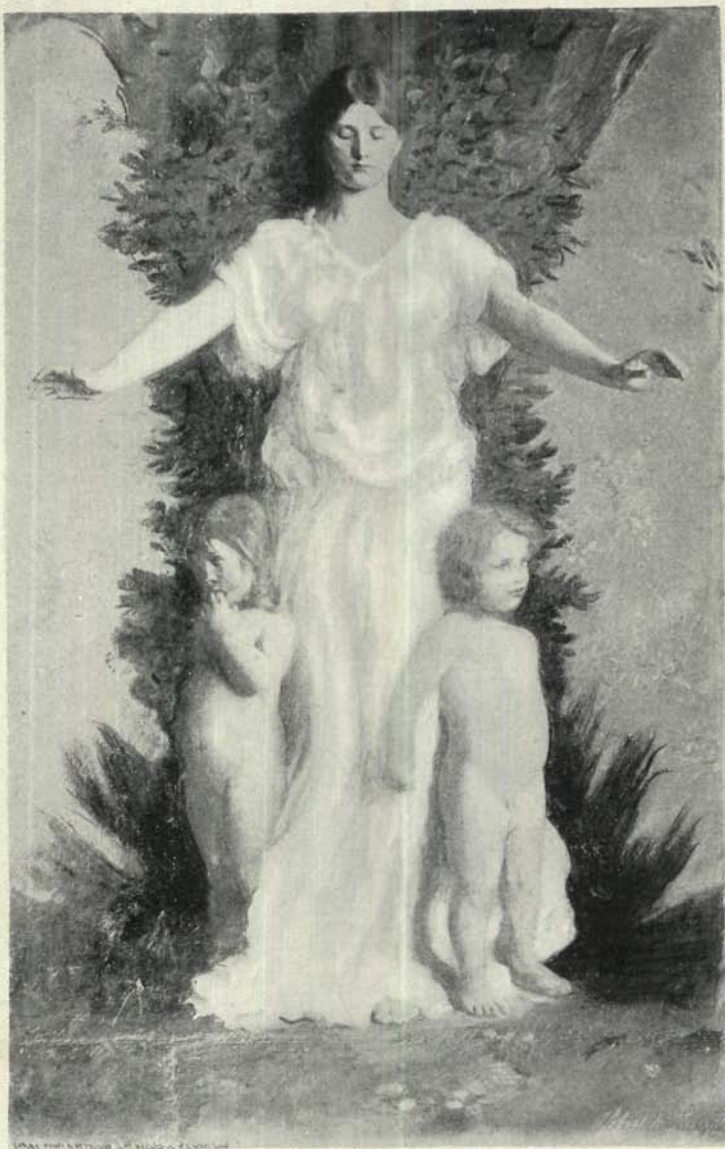
Stoddard, G. E. Woodberry, John Burroughs, and Bradford Torrey.

In *Politics and History* The Atlantic has never lost sight either of the foundations of our national life or of the great questions of current interest. Parkman in his studies of colonial history, and Fiske in a great variety of historical papers, afterward gathered into his several books, are among the contributors in this field. They call to mind, also, Carl Schurz's Abraham Lincoln, James C. Carter's Tilden, Royce's Frémont, Mahan's series of the companions of Nelson, Ropes's General Sherman, Dr. Allen's Phillips Brooks, J. N. Denison's General Armstrong, Senator Dawes's Recollections of Stanton, Woodrow Wilson on President Cleveland, Fiske on Arbitration, Eliot on Five American Contributions to Civilization, and a long line of articles by Charles Francis Adams, Edward Atkinson, William Everett, Henry Cabot Lodge, and F. B. Sanborn.

As is sure to be the case in note-making, one of the most important subjects of many papers in *The Atlantic* has not yet even been mentioned. The contributions to Education that have been published in the magazine began earlier than President Eliot's formulation of the New Education in 1869, and have continued in an unbroken succession down to the present. Conspicuous, but not alone among the notable papers on Education have been Mr. Scudder's which furthered the revolutionary movement for the use of complete pieces of literature in the schools.

The conditions of American life have changed greatly since the early days of *The Atlantic*, and the task of a magazine whose aim it is to give literary interpretation of American life is a very different task from what it was forty years ago. Not only is life much more complex, but the conditions of the publication of literature are wholly different, — unlike what they were even a

dozen years ago. The increased volume of production that has followed the cheapening of manufacture and the lessened cost of distribution has not unnaturally led to much confusion of thought. We sometimes hear that the day of a high literary standard and of definite literary aims is past. Yet fair comparison of the literary work done in the United States to-day with the work that was going on in 1857 will show that there has been no real decline except in Poetry. In Fiction, if Hawthorne be set aside (as it is fair to set aside any great genius), there is much more work done now of the grade next to the very highest than was done forty years ago; in History there has been as great an improvement in style as there has come a wider and surer grasp in these days of fuller knowledge; in Politics and Social Science there has been no falling away by our few best writers, and the field is larger and the spirit of liberality more generous; and by the Exact Sciences new worlds full of revelation and romance have been discovered since Agassiz first wrote for *The Atlantic*. The conspicuous changes that have taken place are two: we have no single group of men of such genius as the group that contributed to the early numbers; and as a result of the spread of culture no man of less than the very highest rank can now hold as prominent a position as a man of the same qualities held when good writers were fewer. There are in fact more contributors to the present volume of *The Atlantic* who have made literature the chief work of their lives, whose standard is high, whose aims are definite, and who have won success, than there were to the first volumes; and the range of subjects treated now is wider. But amid all the changes of these forty years the magazine has tried not to forget the purpose of its early days, — to hold Literature above all other human interests, and to suffer no confusion of its ideals.



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